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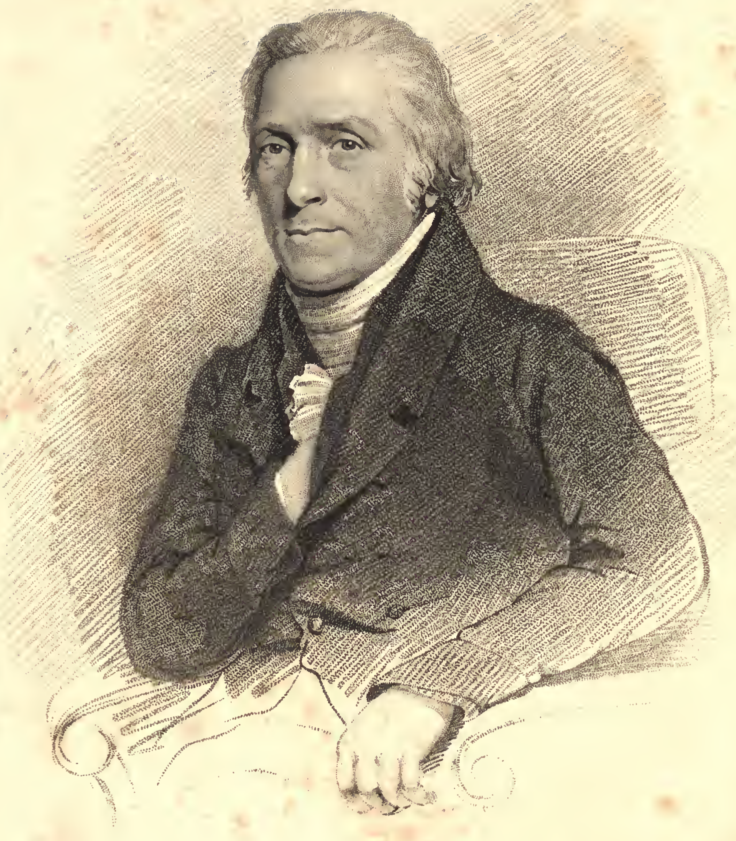

Geo: Burder

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MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. GEORGE BURDER,

AUTHOR OF "VILLAGE SERMONS,"

AND

SECRETARY TO THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

BY

HENRY FORSTER BURDER, D.D.

LONDON:

FREDERICK WESTLEY AND A. H. DAVIS.

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PREFACE.

From the importance and the extent of the sphere of Christian activity, in which, during a long course of years, it was the happiness of my revered Father to move, some Memoirs of his Life may be naturally and reasonably expected. The mournful yet deeply interesting task of preparing these for the press has devolved on me, as the eldest son, at the request of my dear brothers. To my own mind it is not only a welcome relief, but a source of inexpressible satisfaction, to be able to present to the Christian public, Memoirs which, though brief, are comprehensive and characteristic, from my beloved Father's own pen. It does not indeed appear that they were intended to meet the eye of any one beyond the circle of his own family;

and some of his reminiscences must, of course, be still reserved for their peculiar use. The greater part, however, of the manuscript written by my Father will be presented to the readers of the following pages, under the confident persuasion, that their estimate of his mind and of his heart will not be lowered by the unstudied simplicity of his style. Unless I am greatly mistaken, there will be discernible in the habits and in the incidents of his life, in the turn of his thoughts, and in the spirit of his reflections, an intellectual and moral portraiture, which will be recognized at once by those who had access to the living original. The reflections of my own mind on the occurrences narrated, will be but occasionally and sparingly introduced, especially in the earlier parts of the Memoirs.

The principal demand on my time and labour, has had respect to his epistolary correspondence. An ample mass of letters required inspection. The number of these has been the principal cause of retarding the appearance of the present volume. A selection has been made both from letters written by himself, at various periods of his life, and also from the letters of valuable correspondents, illustrative of his character and his course. In some instances the entire letters are given; but in the greater number, some passages are omitted, either because they would not have been sufficiently interesting to the general reader, or because they had reference to the details which belong only to the intimacies of relationship and of friendship.

These letters will be found interwoven with the thread of the narrative, so as to add greatly, it is presumed, both to the amount of information, and to the depth and accuracy of the impressions, which such biography is calculated to produce.

May the God, whom my honoured Father delighted to serve, deign to smile on this unpretending publication, and to render it, in some degree, influential in promoting the advancement of his glory, and the edification of his servants.

HENRY FORSTER BURDER.

HACKNEY,
Jan. 21, 1833.

BRIEF MEMOIRS

OF MY LIFE,

compiled from my Memorandum Books and other papers; by the review of which my recollection was assisted.

I HAVE intended, for many years, to commit to paper those circumstances of my past life, the recollection of which may be useful to myself, and the perusal of which may be serviceable to my family when I am no more in this world. Too long has this been neglected, like many other things which I intended. I believe it is a great loss to myself, that I have not kept a diary. I could indeed have recorded little which would not have humbled me; but even that has its use.

GEORGE BURDER.

August 18, 1796.

THE FIRST PERIOD.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

"I WAS born in London, June 5, 1752, or rather on the 25th of May, which, by the alteration of the style in the September following, was accounted June 5.

"My dear father, Mr. Henry Burder, was the son of Henry Burder, who lived and died in Fair Street, Horselydown, Southwark. Mr. Henry Burder, Sen. was the youngest son of Thomas Burder, who lived at Bugden, in Huntingdonshire, and who had eighteen children, all of whom lived to be married.

"I have no distinct recollection of any thing worth notice in the years of my childhood. I began to learn Latin at about ten years of age. Part of my school education was at a Mr. Brown's, in Great Kirby Street, Hatton Garden; but the chief part at Mr. Crawford's, in Cross Street, Hatton Garden. I attained to be at the head of the school, and was a favourite with my master, having, in general, more gravity and attention, I believe, than most of the boys. We made an annual exhibition of our talents in speaking, at the great room of Tunbridge Wells Gardens, near Islington, where I took pains to excel, and more than once spoke a Latin oration.

"Having discovered, as my father thought, some partiality for drawing, I was placed under the care of Mr. Isaac Taylor, an artist of some eminence.

"Thus commenced a new era in my history. But I should previously have noticed the death of my dear and good mother, which happened before I knew the value of a tender parent, on the 4th of April, 1762. She was but forty-four years of age. She had been ill a considerable time. Some few years before, she attended occasionally the ministry of that great man, George Whitfield; and she judged that her conversion was under his preaching; though, I believe, my father considered her a real Christian before that time. She suffered much in her illness, but, I have been told, with great patience, and towards the latter end of it with joy. She peacefully departed on the morning of the Lord's day, to begin her everlasting Sabbath above.

"I remember this event, but I had no other than childish thoughts about it: yet I remember I shed tears at her grave. She was buried at Bunhill

Fields. An upright stone is placed at the head of the grave; and I earnestly desire *my* children and *theirs* to repair or renew that stone, in memory of her. Since I have been a parent, and not before, I have known how to appreciate a mother's worth; but I was then a child, not ten years of age, and 'thought as a child.'

"When I was learning Latin, I little thought of being a minister, and how much need I should have of learning, or probably I should have been more diligent, though I liked it much when I had made some progress. This, however, convinces me, that children should be put upon acquiring as much knowledge as may be, for none can tell what future occasions in their lives may render it highly serviceable.

"I remember at times, (and I think about the period of my mother's death,) especially when I had been visiting the tombs in Bunhill Fields, that I had some affecting thoughts of death, and of the worth of an immortal soul. I then thought that I should live to good purpose, if, in the whole course of my life, I should be so happy as to become the instrument of converting one soul to God. This made a deep impression upon me more than once; but it was transient, and not effectual to restrain me from youthful vanities, and a general carelessness about religion.

"But I must never forget June 5, 1762:—it was my birth-day (ten years old); which, if I am correct, was on the Lord's day. After tea, and before the family worship, my father was accustomed to catechise me, and examine what I remembered of the sermons of the day. That evening, he talked to me very affectionately, and reminded me that I was now ten years of age; that it was high time I began to seek the Lord and to become truly religious. He particularly insisted upon the necessity of an interest in Christ, and shewed me, that as a sinner I must perish without it; and recommended to me to begin that night to pray for it.

"After family worship, when my father and mother used to retire to their closets for private devotion, I also went into a chamber (the same room in which I was born); and then, I trust, sincerely and earnestly, and, as far as I can recollect, for the first time, I poured out my soul to God, beseeching him to give me an interest in Christ, and desiring, above all things, to be found in him.

"Reflecting on this evening, I have often been ready to conclude, that surely I was born of God at that time—surely I then was brought to believe in Christ—surely there was something more than nature in all this.

"And yet, when I consider the sad mixture of sin and vanity that prevailed for several years after this, I call it all in question and say, Could this be grace? Could grace live in such a heart as mine, an inmate with so much sin? And to this hour I cannot decide.

"In looking over some loose papers which are yet preserved, I find something written June 5, 1767, which I copy:—

"This day I have arrived at the fifteenth year of a sinful life—a life, alas! spent in the service of sin and Satan. How much time has run to waste! How little have I done for God and for his glory, compared with some younger than me! Surely I have reason to bewail my unfruitfulness. I would observe this birth-day rather as a day of humiliation than of joy; because I was 'shapen in iniquity and conceived in sin.' I would from this time, God helping me, give up, and devote my whole self to the service of God. I would take up my cross and follow Christ. I would renounce every sublunary enjoyment, and count every thing, compared with Christ, 'dung and dross, that I may win Christ and be found in him.'"

"When I reflect on this, (November 5, 1801) what can I say? Was not this the act of my judgment rather than of my heart? O how inconsistent with all this was much of my after demeanour at times, especially as I advanced towards manhood.

"I find a remark, dated July, 1767, on an accident which befell a young friend, who broke his arm by falling from his horse in the Strand;—'O that the Lord would hereby teach him and me also, how entirely we are in his hand, and by how trifling a circumstance he can destroy us! O may I hereby be quickened to a more humble and close walk with God; and may I be daily preparing, by every providence, whether merciful or afflictive, for the great change by death, and be continually fitting for the glorious inheritance of the saints in light!'

"I find the following memorandum, dated October 31. 'I have begun a correspondence with my brother about spiritual things: may the Lord smile upon us in it, and make it very useful—a means in his hand of confirming and building one another up in our most holy faith.'

"Another paper is dated Nov. 3. 'His Royal Highness the Duke of York, next brother to His Majesty, has been interred at Westminster. He was brought to London from Greenwich the night before. He died at Monaco, near Venice, in September last. Here is a striking lesson before me; the Lord enable me to improve it! We are all dust, and to dust we must return. The greatest are not exempt from death. Therefore I should not trust in the things of the world, nor take up with them as my portion. The saint's rest is above; his treasure is there, and so his heart should be too. O may every stroke of death upon others, teach me so to number my days that I may apply my heart to wisdom!'

"Some subsequent reflections bear the date of June 5, 1768. 'Alas! one year more is elapsed, but O how little improved! If I look back impartially and seriously into my conduct during the last year, I shall find it shamefully defective. O how have I provoked a holy God by many transgressions and miscarriages! I might at this moment have been in hell among devils and lost spirits. I might have been, at this instant, blaspheming my God, and adding to my torments. The thoughts of a long eternity might have been at this time as insupportably terrifying, as I hope, through grace, they are pleasing. I would once more lie low in the dust, on the consideration of another year's guilt. O how little have my Sabbaths been regarded or improved; but, on the contrary, how have they been profaned! I have made it too much a day of pleasure, or at least of recreation. How little have I improved by the providences which have passed over my head since my last birth-day! Afflictions have not tended, as they ought, to wean me from the world, or to mortify sin in me; and, as to my mercies, how unthankful have I been for them! How great my vile ingratitude! I have had, besides the necessaries of animal life, plenty of the means of spiritual life, and, added to that, dear, affectionate, tender, and pious relations,—a father, a brother, and others; how many kindnesses have I received from my friends, who love me in the Lord, and are tenderly concerned for my spiritual as well as temporal advantage.

Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. Perhaps this may be my last birth-day; before one more year is gone, I may be gone for ever. But if I go to heaven, how much better will it be for me! I desire to submit to God's holy will and disposal, whether for life or for death. But if God be pleased to give me an assurance of my interest in Jesus, if the Spirit of God should in any measure bear witness with my spirit, that I am a child of God, I think I should be well contented to depart, to be with Christ, which is best of all. And if God see fit to continue my life, O may the next year be better spent than the last has been! May I fill up every station in which I am fixed, to the entire satisfaction of all I have to do with, to our mutual comfort, but, above all, to the glory of God!

" ' May I make a sanctified use of every mercy and every sorrow; and God Almighty grant, that as I grow in years and in stature, I may grow in grace and in favour with God and man. Amen.' "

" I cannot find any memorandum of this sort for several years. I am inclined to think I was much injured by the vain conversation of some of the artists with whom I had occasion to associate; this fanned the flame too natural to youth. I found also an inclination to the dangerous scenes of the theatre. When I reflect on this part of my youth, I am amazed at the goodness of God in keeping me from those gross vices into which many young men fall. Fear of disgrace was, I doubt not, a considerable preventive, under the restraining hand of God.

"On the 4th Nov. 1768, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, as I was passing through a narrow street, (now a part of Newcastle Street, Strand,) an old house fell, which filled up the whole breadth of the street, immediately after I had passed it but a few yards. O what a deliverance! Let me never forget it!

"By some memoranda in short-hand, made at Christmas this year, I perceive I was spending my holiday-time at some friends' houses, and with children of persons professing religion—Dissenters and Church-members—in a very idle manner, with much vanity; from which I conclude that a sense of divine things was much weakened in my mind about this period.

"By a memorandum in my pocket-book, of the year 1769, I find I was much interested in the political disputes of the day, in which Mr. John Wilkes made so conspicuous a figure. He, his supporters, and his adversaries, are now in the dust. What avail the conflicts and the triumphs either of the patriots or the courtiers—men *in* place, or men *out!* The 'one thing needful' was probably forgotten by them all—alas! too much by me! I made for some time a register of the state of the thermometer. Alas! I took little notice of the frame of my soul!

"About this time, on a summer's evening, I went to bathe in the Thames with my brother and Mr. W——. We took a boat on the south side of Blackfriars' Bridge, and plunged into the water at some distance. My brother leaped in first, and being taken with the cramp, cried out. Mr. W—— and I inadvertently jumped in, and neither of us could swim. My brother could; and, recovering himself, desired us to take care of ourselves. But Mr. W—— got out of his depth. The waterman hastened to his help, and passed by me, who was a little nearer shore, and a little taller: he took up Mr. W—— by his hair, then took up my brother who had swam to a barge of timber. He returned for me, who was standing on tip-toe, and almost overwhelmed — the tide coming in. But we were all preserved, blessed be our Preserver! One circumstance deserves remembrance. As we crossed the river to Temple Stairs, we talked of our last thoughts. Mr. W——, who had become insensible for a moment, said that his last thoughts were, that a paragraph would appear in the next day's paper, stating, that three young men, bathing in the Thames, were drowned! To what a sad uncertainty do men often expose the interests of their souls—

> ‘And, to the mercy of a moment, leave
> The vast concerns of an eternal state!’

“August, 1769.—About this time I heard Mr. Whitfield preach several sermons, particularly his two last in London; that at Tottenham Court chapel on Sabbath morning, and that at Tabernacle on Wednesday morning at seven o’clock. I remember a singular thought which passed my mind, I think, as I was going to hear his last sermon,—‘Which would I rather be, Garrick or Whitfield?’ I thought each, in point of oratory, admirable in his way. I doubt not conscience told me which was best.

“I wrote Mr. Whitfield’s farewell sermons in short-hand, though standing in a crowd. The latter I copied out, and, by the request of a friend, it was printed in about a week. I remember sitting up part of a night to write it out, and at the same time I observed the comet which then appeared. The sermon was very incorrect, and Mr. Whitfield, being detained at Deal before he left England, saw it, and complained of it.

“When the news of Mr. Whitfield’s death came to England, I republished this sermon, connected with the other preached at Tottenham Court Chapel. The same sermons are contained in the volume of eighteen sermons printed by Mr. Gurney. Mine were more exact in some particulars; but I was too young then for such an undertaking, and too forward.

"1770.—About this time my dear and honoured father again entered into the state of matrimony, by being united with Miss Elizabeth Lamplow, aged fifty-two years. A long and intimate acquaintance had subsisted between them. I have been assured that my own dear mother, during her long and painful illness, had told him her wish, that if ever he married again, it might be to that lady. This seemed indeed very improbable, especially from the disparity of their worldly circumstances. She was the only daughter of Mrs. Lamplow, who was co-heiress, with her sister, Miss Ann Forster, of John Forster, Esq. of London, who had good estates in Shropshire and in Hampshire. When Mrs. L. died, her son became heir of her moiety of the estates. Soon after this he died, and his children also, so that Miss Lamplow became heiress of her mother's property, and subsequently, on the death of her aunt, Miss Forster, of her's also. This was altogether a remarkable providence, and brought my father into circumstances which allowed him much time for reading and devotion, and much opportunity for usefulness, which he carefully improved.

"1772.—I think it was about this time that a young person died with whom I was acquainted, which affected me much. A Miss W—— was brought to town by her father for medical advice; I happened to come to my father's door as she got out of the chaise. Her countenance exhibited the effect of a consumptive disorder, which had made such a vast alteration since I had seen her, some months before, that I was much struck; and I was still more affected when I heard, some weeks after her return, that she was dead. I think this touching and impressive event was made a blessing to me.

"It was also about this time, I think, that having heard of Mr. Scott, of Shropshire, generally called Captain Scott, I was induced to go to hear him on a Tuesday or Thursday evening at Tottenham Court chapel. I was exceedingly struck with his solemn addresses to the conscience, and something he said about death and eternity. I think it gave me new views and desires.

"On recollection, I do think that it was on the very same evening, after I had heard Mr. Scott, that, going to my father's, I met Miss W—— before mentioned, at the door, and that the sight of her ghastly countenance, together with the impressions of eternal things from the sermon, united in their religious force upon my mind.

"From about this time I became much more fond of that sort of preaching which was then termed methodistical. I found it much more useful to me than any other. My judgment was before informed, but I found my heart affected by this preaching.

"1773.—I find I was about this time much engaged in musical pursuits; I began the year with a society in Bow Lane, which met once a fortnight. This sort of company, which was very vain, could do me no good. Blessed be God, that it did me no more harm than it did.

"About this time I became a student in the Royal Academy, Somerset House, for improvement in drawing and perspective. I drew from the casts of antique figures. I also attended lectures on anatomy, on architecture, &c.

"1774.—It was in the beginning of this year that I was taken very ill. I had a fever for several days, and was bled in the arm and temples. I immediately considered this as a kind dispensation in providence, to check my too eager pursuit of worldly things; and, I doubt not, it was beneficial, working, among many other things, for my spiritual good.

"About this time I more frequently went to the Tabernacle, and also heard Mr. Romaine often at Blackfriars' and St. Dunstan's. I found this kind of preaching really useful to me.

"I find I went to an Oratorio, March 4. O how slowly do we forsake worldly vanities!

"On the 25th of May, I set off with my father and mother for Shropshire.

"On Sunday, June the 5th, I heard Mr. Fletcher, in his church at Madeley, and was surprised with the vivacity and energy of his preaching. I heard him also in a house at Wheaton Aston, it being the time of the wakes; I was much pleased with the spirituality of his conversation. The observations which this journey enabled me to make on the ignorance of persons in country places, through their want of Gospel preaching, together with a greater appearance of zeal and simplicity in some of the preachers and people, contributed much to fan that spark of love which I felt to the souls of men, and to increase my latent desire to be a minister of Christ.

"In the month of August, 1775, I went with a friend to Lewes, to the opening of a new chapel there. Mr. Peckwell preached in the morning and evening, and Mr. Pentycross in the afternoon. In my memorandum I find this record of my feelings: 'I think I never felt so sensibly the power of God's Spirit displayed before. I think I, with many, could say, it was good to be here. Next morning I rode to Brighthelmstone, and then first beheld *the sea*—that noble object!'

"I find the following memorandum made on Lord's day, Sept. 17, 1775.

"'This morning I was admitted to the blessed privilege of commemorating the divine love of the dear Redeemer at his table, with the good people of the Tabernacle. My soul cries out, Lord, how great is my unworthiness! 'Why was I made to hear thy voice?' My soul was greatly overpowered with the solemnity of the ordinance, and I prayed earnestly to the Lord to enable me to honour him by a strong faith. I hope I had my desire in some measure fulfilled; for sure I am that Christ was lovely in my eyes—'the chief among ten thousand, a sun among ten thousand stars,—yea, altogether lovely.' I hope I gave up myself into his dear hands, resolving to be 'for him and not for another.' And I thought with myself, if, when the world smiles, and I am surrounded with God's dear people, in health, ease, and abundance, it is so hard, with full assurance of faith, to trust a faithful God,—if unbelief struggles so much now, how can I support the near prospect of eternity when upon my dying pillow! I have no other hope than his grace, which is sufficient for me; his strength will be perfected in my weakness; his love is without a parallel.

"'And now, upon the close of the day, I humbly beg of thee, O most loving Saviour, ever to keep me close to thee; fasten the cords of divine love round and round my heart; and let neither sin within, nor Satan and the world without, be suffered to prevail when they tempt me from thee. Lord, guide me through this barren land. Send comfort and support, and grace for grace, till all is terminated by the beatific sight of Him, who has, I trust, loved me and given himself for me; to whom be all the glory for ever and ever.'

"The ordinance was that morning (seven

o'clock,) administered by Messrs. Rowland Hill, Owen, English, and Short.

"At the close of the year my desires were thus recorded:

"'Would to God the old man may be buried with the old year; that a new heart may be given me, and a right spirit; that the life I live in the flesh, may be by faith in the Son of God. O Lord, pardon the last year's sins, especially my ingratitude for so many mercies as I have enjoyed. Give me grace to lead a new life.'

"Early in the year 1776, the Evangelical Society was established, of which I became a subscriber and director; and found my heart much engaged in the object of it.

"About this time I bought many useful books of divinity. I began also to study Greek with a view to the Greek Testament, and soon afterwards Hebrew.

"I now attended the Tabernacle regularly on the Lord's day, and on Wednesday evenings.

"The following paper is dated June 5: 'Through the very good hand of a gracious God upon me, I live to see another birth-day. Four and twenty years are gone since first I drew my breath in this sinful, and therefore miserable world. Early did the Lord shew me the truth, and conveyed, I believe, a little of its power to my roving heart.

Some affections seemed to move to God, but the various tempting vanities of a present state allured my fancy and withdrew my soul from him. Yet he left me not to mix with the profane, dissipated herd, who have no fear of God before their eyes, but granted me restraining grace. And this, I trust, is not all. He has shewn me the plague of my own heart; and, by his sweet attracting influences, he is compelling me to fix my choice on Jesus. I long have known that he is a Saviour, but now I look to him as *my* Saviour. My polluted soul longs for his salvation, and the darling desires, once indulged with little opposition, are (blessed be his name!) forced to yield to his Almighty word. Complete, O glorious Redeemer, thy begun work, and command my corruption back to its native hell.

" 'To-morrow, if God permit, I am going a long journey, I hope in his fear. My friends (kind friends) have poured out their hearts in my behalf; their fervent prayers will surely be effectual. Lord, hear them. O, thou blessed Jesus, take me into thy care; watch and guard my out-goings and my in-comings, and teach me (thou knowest it is the chief desire of my soul) to glorify thee wherever I am, in whatever engaged. Make, O make me, in the ensuing part of my life, more and more thine own. Accept my renewed and solemn dedication. Let my heart be thy house, and rule and reign the Lord of every motion there. Amen and Amen.'

"I had now formed a strong desire to be useful to the souls of men; and this journey was undertaken, if I rightly recollect, with that view, and a desire, if called to it, to open my mouth for the Lord.

"June 8.—Arrived at the house of Mr. York, at Sheriff-Hales. I find this memorandum on Monday, June 10. 'I would not be idle here; I wish to be useful, if the Lord will honour me so far.

Lord, make me faithful to thy call,
Content for thee to give up all.

Be thou my present portion, and my everlasting happiness, when the polluted world which I inhabit shall be dissolved.'

"June 11.—Visited the Common, near Moreton, one of my father's estates, and conversed with a poor woman, who, with her husband, lived in a cabin, a temporary hut, in a wood which was then in part being cut down. She informed me that many people in that neighbourhood were hungering and thirsting after righteousness—earnestly desiring that the Gospel might be preached to them. These two persons belonged to Mr. Wesley's connexion, and used, on a Sunday, to receive such as would come to their hut, and to read to them a sermon of Mr. Whitfield's, or of some other evangelical minister. My friend

Mr. York, took this occasion to press me to speak to the people. I find this memorandum.—‘ The Lord knows my unfitness—yet I love souls, and would fain be the instrument of spiritual good. Lord, lead me :—shew me the path :—guide me with thine eye :—suffer me not to offend thee :—give me true humility.’

“ Next day rode to Madeley, and dined with Mr. Fletcher. I had much pleasant and profitable conversation with him, and pressed him much to come and preach to the people at the Common ; but he declined it, being at that time busily employed in his controversial writings.

“June 13.—Went to my father’s farm at Clotley, and ascended the Wrekin in a very hot day—a most tiresome exertion ; and thought of Moses walking to meet death on Mount Nebo, and of Abraham leaving his servants below and ascending the hill to worship. O, for a little of his faith! O, for a little of Moses’ courage and fitness for his great change! Thou, God of Abraham and of Moses, thou canst give this and be glorified. Grant me this favour!

“ What an extensive prospect I beheld from the top! How trifling appeared the busy towns below, yet how full of active, scheming, striving men! This idea came into my mind—Was pride made for man? What is man compared with Him who taketh up the isles as a very little thing, and weighs a thousand such hills and greater mountains in a balance; the inhabitants of the whole earth being only as grasshoppers in his sight!

" In the evening I visited a poor woman who receives a small bounty from my father, mother, and self. On entering her poor mean cottage, she fell down on her knees, overpowered with gratitude for the small benefaction. O, what a lesson! O, my heart, is thy *gratitude* as much superior to her's, as thy *benefits* are? Ah, no! Lord, pardon, pardon my cold insensibility. Teach me praise; teach my tongue; teach me every moment praise!

" On the Lord's day went to Madeley. A young man, Mr. Owen, preached on—' Many shall say Lord, Lord,' &c. At the close of the service, he pronounced no benediction. The people waited and seemed surprised. Mr. Fletcher, who had read prayers, and was in the desk, cried out,—' My reverend brother has not forgot the blessing; it is the people, who are going so fast out of church; they run away from it; the Sacrament is to be administered, and, according to the order of the Church, the blessing follows after that.'

" After dining at a private house I went to Mr. Fletcher's, where there was a number of serious people from the country around, met for prayer, and I was desired to pray with them. Mr. Fletcher came and took me by the hand into his study, speaking in an encouraging way to me.

"Mr. F. obliged Mr. Owen unexpectedly to preach again in the afternoon, which reluctantly he did from the parable of the Sower. Being unprepared, he was much dejected afterwards when he came into the house. Mr. F. in his lively way, said, 'Come, come, never mind; it will do you good. It will make you humble. Come, let us harrow the word by prayer.' So we kneeled down, and he prayed for a blessing on the sermon.

"In the evening I spoke a few words to the family at Mr. York's; this was my first attempt. I hope I can say I was in earnest, and shall be unspeakably happy if the Lord bless the word. Lord, keep me humble, low in the dust!"

THE SECOND PERIOD.

HIS ENTRANCE ON THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

"Monday, June 17, 1776.—Memorable day! I spent the day with Mr. York, at the farms about Moreton. Mr. Y. had informed the tenants and others, that there would be preaching, at six in the evening, at Edward Bates's, a farm-house of my father's. The kitchen was full, and some stood without. I endeavoured, in the fear of God, to speak from Luke iv. 18: 'The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor,' &c. I was much assisted; and had far more boldness and liberty than I expected. The people were all attention; some wept much, and many were greatly moved. 'Lord, thou canst cause the seed to spring up and bring forth fruit in much abundance. O Jesus, friend of sinners, make it useful! Make me so happy as to hear of some turned to thee. Lord, give me true humility. Let me not fall into the condemnation of the devil. Only thou, Lord, canst keep me. O vouchsafe to grant me this foundation grace!'

"I was somewhat encouraged by this first attempt, and therefore ventured to speak again on the following Sabbath.

"Wednesday, June 19.—In the evening I spoke to the young ladies at a boarding-school, from the Prodigal Son. Some were affected.

"Sunday, June 23.—In the afternoon I preached, for the first time, in a meeting-house, at the little place at Newport, from Matt. xviii. 3.: 'Except ye be converted,' &c. The congregation appeared dull.

"In the evening, about seven, I preached at Bromstone Heath. The house where I had preached, on the Monday before, my first sermon, was insufficient to hold the people assembled from all parts; we therefore went forth, though it rained a little, and I took my station under an old oak-tree, and preached to a mixed assembly from Rev. iii. 20: 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock,' &c. Some were serious and melted down; many laughed and attempted to disturb; others, I hear, threatened. O that some may be truly converted!

"Thus I began my ministerial career, in the methodistical way, which I have never seen reason to repent. I believe it is the best way still. (Feb. 11, 1802.) I rejoice that I began, at first, to go 'without the camp, bearing his reproach.'"

It may be interesting to the reader of these memoirs, to be put in possession of the notes which my Father wrote of this sermon. He preserved them with care, and wrote upon a slip of paper attached to them:—"Notes of a Sermon preached under a tree at Bromstone Heath, the evening of the first Sabbath I ever preached." Will the reader pardon and tolerate the filial minuteness and obtrusiveness of his biographer, in stating, that many years ago, in his early youth, he gazed on that venerable oak with emotions of interest not to be described, and that he feels at this moment a pensive gratification in writing by the use of a large inkstand, formed from a part of that aged tree.

Rev. iii. 20.

What *God* thinks of the Laodiceans.
What *they* think of *themselves.*
Nothing good said of them.
Yet God is good still. "I counsel thee," &c.

Observe 4 things:—

I. Who is at the door?
II. At whose door He is.
III. What He does.
IV. What He says.

I. Who?

The Amen—the Alpha and Omega.
The Prophet, to instruct.
The Priest, to atone.
The King of kings and Lord of lords, to conquer our enemies both within us and without us.

II. At whose door?

What is man in his best estate?
A worm—a beggar.
A slave—an enemy.

III. What He does.

"Knocks" by *outward* means,
the word preached and read.
Providence.
by *inward* means,
Checks of conscience.
Striving of the Spirit.

IV. What He says.

"If *any man*"—all sorts.
"*hear*"—men are deaf. Isa. xxix. 18.; xlii. 18.
"*open*"—it is shut—barred.

"I will come in"—though the house be dirty and filthy, as described Gen. vi. 5.; 1 John iv. 16.; 2 Cor. vi. 16.; Isa. lvii. 15.

"I will sup with him," &c.
Christ brings the provision.
"My flesh is meat indeed," &c.

Heavenly bread, living water, pardon, peace, love, assurance, joy.

Don't be content to see it upon the table, but fall to and eat, yea, eat abundantly.

Remember He "stands."

He has waited to be gracious,—ready to depart,—God forbid it.

You that have opened the door, make much of Him.

Adore his patience, condescension, entertainment.

Turn out his enemies.

These notes, written on three very small pages, appear to have been designed for a pocket bible, of the smallest size. Such was the full extent of *written* preparation to which, for many years, my Father was accustomed. On comparing these notes with others on the same text written thirty years afterwards, it is easy to discern the mental progress which might be expected, in point of accuracy and of comprehensiveness of thought. It is, however, interesting to perceive, even in the very outset of his ministry, and without any previous discipline in forming plans of sermons, that characteristic perspicuity, simplicity, directness, point, brevity, and methodical arrangement, which, through life, pervaded all his discourses and all his productions.

" About this time," my Father writes, " I meditated on my intended sermons chiefly in some neighbouring woods. On one of these occasions I lost myself for a time in the wood; and I thought it much resembled this wicked world,—full of entanglements and obstructions, where we can see but little before us, and find it much easier to get *out* of the path, than to get *into* it when out. O Lord, keep me in thy way evermore, till I have got beyond the wilderness.

" Lord's-day, June 30.—This evening I preached in Edward Bates's fold, to about 500 persons, as was supposed, from—' I am the way,' &c. Some were rude, many attentive, some affected.

" The next day I set off for London. Thus hath the Lord most mercifully carried me out and brought me home; preserved me by day and by night; led me through uncommon scenes, supported me in them, and indulged me at times with his divine presence. To thee, O Lord, I again dedicate a spared life. To thee am I determined to live; and as long as I do exist here, let it be to thy glory!

" In the following spring I preached occasionally in London. The first time I recollect was for Mr. Clayton, then in Lady Huntingdon's connexion, at the temporary place in the Mulberry Gardens. This was, I think, about October. I preached from Isaiah lxii. 12. I also preached one

Sabbath evening at Jewin Street, from 2 Thess. i. 7, 8. to a large congregation, with a good deal of liberty. I preached two or three times for Mr. Crole at Cumberland Street chapel, and also at Richmond.

"I was often in doubt whether it was my duty to go on or not. Once, particularly, I was much exercised at Mulberry Gardens. I entreated, in private prayer before service, that if it were not the Lord's will for me to proceed, I might rather be humbled and stopped before the people, than go on contrary to his will. I was indulged with a comfortable season.

"I could not find liberty for a long time to speak to my father on the subject. I knew that he was opposed to such an irregular entrance into the ministry as I was making; and that if he approved of my being a minister, he would wish me to go to a dissenting academy. But I was at this time scarcely determined whether to take my lot with the Dissenters or not. I had found abundantly more of the power of God with the evangelical clergymen, and with the Calvinistic Methodists; besides which, the formality, stiffness, and apparent pride and self-importance that I saw, or thought I saw, among some of the academicians, disgusted me. I was rather inclined to enter into the Church, under the apprehension of obtaining a more extensive field of usefulness; but when I considered some of the principal objections made by the Dissenters to the office of baptism (as it seems represented to be regeneration), and the office of burial, with other articles, I found my mind freed from that bias. And I have since had sufficient ground to conclude that I determined rightly; for I cannot see how I could conscientiously have subscribed to many things in the Church; and having had so much more opportunity of travelling and opening new ground, I am exceedingly well satisfied with the choice I made.

"Nov. 13, 1776.—I finished and took to the press a little book for children, entitled 'Early Piety.' The first edition of 1,500 was sold in a very few months. I have much reason to bless God for having given it great success. It was published January 1, 1777; a new edition of 5,000 in May, the same year; and a great number of editions have since been called for.

"On May 11, 1777, I preached at Woolwich, at Mr. Percy's chapel. In the afternoon I went in a boat on board the *Justitia*, the hulk where the convicts were confined. The preachers who visited Woolwich had frequently done so. As we went, the prisoners on board another hulk *(The Taileur)* hailed us, and expressed a strong desire for preaching, which they had never yet had. We were doubtful as to the propriety of going, as the captain had not been consulted. We went forward, therefore, to the *Justitia*, and I preached there on deck. It was a melancholy sight to behold the wretched people in irons. They were generally attentive. As we were coming back, the *Taileur's* people loudly called upon us again. We rowed to the side of the vessel. They entreated me to give them a sermon. We objected that we had not the captain's leave. But the mate, if I remember, assured us that the captain would not be displeased. I therefore consented. When I first stood up, many seemed very thoughtless, and laughed. But we had no sooner begun prayer than a very visible alteration took place in their behaviour; they fell on their knees unasked (as far as I know), the noise of their irons on deck was tremendous; many were affected so as to weep. I then preached a short sermon, quite extempore; it was, I think, on repentance; but rain coming on, a bustle ensued, which obliged me to stop. The captain, who came on board while I was speaking, insisted on my coming into the cabin and taking refreshment. I apologised for venturing to preach without his leave; he said, he was much pleased, and (sailor-like) swore by his Maker, that 'if *that* would not bring them to repentance, nothing would.' I returned to Woolwich and preached a fourth time, and was unusually weary.

"About this time I had many anxious thoughts about going fully into the ministry. I felt a backwardness to seek counsel from able friends, yet wished to take the advice of some eminent ministers, particularly of Mr. Berridge, but I had not sufficient courage.

"I find a memorandum made about this time, in two columns, under the heads *Encouragement* and *Discouragement*.

"I. Encouragement.

"God is carrying on a great work. The harvest is great, the labourers are few. Many who love the Gospel, and long for it, cannot obtain it. When Moses' real humility and diffidence pleaded with God to be excused from his arduous mission, though God answered all by asserting his greatness and authority as the Maker, not only of man, but of man's mouth; yet Moses still persisting in his reluctance, which now became sinful, 'the anger of the Lord was kindled against him.' A sincere aim at the glory of God in the conversion of sinners cannot, methinks, be displeasing to God. He *has* accepted, and *does* accept, the well-meant endeavours of his people, even though they may mistake, in some particulars, the way of duty.

"The being fixed in a calling is no objection against being called to other service. Of old time, David was called from feeding sheep, Elisha from the plough, and some of the Apostles from their fishing-boats. Our own times also afford instances of many useful ministers who have forsaken their former occupations for this purpose, and whose usefulness therein is a presumptive proof that their conduct was, at least, not displeasing to the Lord. 'He that desireth the office of a bishop (a minister) desireth a good work.'

"II. Discouragement.

"The work is exceedingly solemn, important, and laborious. All who are faithful find it so; yet the more so they find it, the more useful are they likely to be, as they will depend the more, not on any ability of their own, but on his grace, which is sufficient for the work.

"It may be said, 'Will you leave a certainty for an uncertainty? You are comfortably settled. God has prospered you, and given you favour in the sight of men.' All this is true, and I desire to give glory to the God of all my mercies for all my comforts; nor would I dare to think lightly of any favours of his providence. But let not any temporal employment or prospect weigh a grain against the glory of God, or the good of one single poor immortal soul. Let Christ's words be remembered: 'Whoso loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.' But he also assures us, that whosoever leaves temporal things for him shall be rewarded both in this world and in the next. And of this one thing I am glad, that I *have* a little to leave for God. If business had so failed as to leave me nearly destitute, and I had then thought of the ministry, people might have said, 'One profession fails, and he takes up another.' Let no such thought ever find a place in my mind, as that trusting in the Lord for the body as well as the soul is trusting to an uncertainty. I do indeed hereby give up all thoughts of gain, riches, or worldly treasure; but so much the better. I am content, through grace, to trust the Lord for food and raiment, and therewith I pray to be entirely content.

"I must mention one thing more. It may be said, It is a sudden immature scheme, like many other whims of youth. I answer, It is very far from being so. Some wishes of this kind I had very early indeed; but the most memorable were in my first journey to Staffordshire and Shropshire, where I saw so much want of the Gospel. I have ever since wished to become a 'helper to the truth,' and this desire has followed me and grown upon me continually. I have suspected myself, and have therefore, month after month, prayed that if it were a temptation, it might pass from me. I have begged that pride might have no share in my views; and I must own, that the nearer I have been admitted to the Lord in prayer, the stronger has been my desire of this work. From all this, I cannot but conclude that it is of the Lord."

In the month of June he again visited Shropshire and Staffordshire. At the end of that month he wrote a letter to his father, of which the following passages are a part:—

Sheriff-Hales, June 30, 1777.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,

You know the design of my present journey. It is not for business or for pleasure, but to promote, if it be the Divine will, the interest and kingdom of the Redeemer. In this simple pursuit I have found much opposition from within and from without: — from *within*, by much fear, temptation, pride, stupidity, a sense of inexperience and ignorance;—and from *without*, by the malice and enmity of different sorts of people. I have now a controversy with a clergyman, who, knowing my character, and being aware that I was in the church while he was preaching a club-sermon against Christ and all true religion, charged the Methodists with being enemies to diligence and moral duties, and brought on me the contemptuous smile of a large congregation, and afterwards the insults of the people while riding along the streets. I wrote, I hope, a faithful and friendly letter to him. He has condescended to answer me; and in his answer he has ridiculed and blasphemed the Spirit of God and his work. He preached a set sermon yesterday, to defend his former one; wherein he said, that the devil was the teacher of Methodists, with much more than the compass of this letter will suffer me to relate.

But this is little to what we suffered at Gnosall, where we escaped, through the Divine goodness, but with the hazard of our lives. Soon after preaching was begun, in a house there, the mob collected, some people were dressed up in a fantastic way, and approached the house with prodigious noise; and, by certain signals, shouted so as, if possible, to hinder our proceeding; but this they did not accomplish. The trial was yet to come,—how to get away. Our horses were young ones, and the street quite filled; when we mounted, the horses were greatly frightened with the noise, and then the people began to pelt us, but no harm was done; our friends on foot were in a still worse situation; they were followed nearly a mile with all the circumstances of insult and scorn that can be conceived of, but no one was seriously injured.

A great part of Staffordshire is in total darkness, and many places seem resolved that the Gospel shall never make an entrance among them.

* * * *

With love, &c. &c.
Your affectionate Son,
George Burder.

In the following month he wrote a further account of his proceedings to his friend, Mr. Thomas Williams, with whom, together with the Rev. Anthony Crole, and one or two other young men of similar views, he had been accustomed for some time to associate intimately for mutual aid in the promotion of their highest interests, and especially for the study of the Scriptures in the original languages. My best acknowledgements are due to Mr. Williams for kindly favouring me with many valuable letters written to him by my Father at this important period of his life.

Sheriff Hales, July 10, 1777.

DEAR FRIEND,

In this country, societies called clubs, contribute towards a stock for sickness or for widows, and have generally a sermon annually. One of these, not caring to give half a guinea to the parish minister, and five shillings to the clerk as formerly, without which they cannot have a church sermon, have invited me to preach one to them, which, they know, will be gratis; and the day fixed is Friday, July 18, at twelve o'clock. My friends think, on a variety of accounts, that this is a call of Providence, and demands my stay. Had not this happened, I intended to leave on Monday morning next, but now it will not be till the Saturday or Monday following. I have promised to return by Brewood, Wolverhampton, Sedgeley, Bilston, Wednesbury, and perhaps Worcester, to preach at these places, and so to London.

Last Sunday night I preached at Brewood in a barn; the mob assembled, and soon began to disturb, by banging at the door and windows; presently, a stone, or brick-end, aimed at me, hit a lady violently; then several rotten eggs came, which, though they missed me, broke over my head against the door I stood by, and splashed me; we were pelted too in coming up the lane afterwards. O, Sir, this convinces me more and more that the Gospel is true, and that man's heart is just what God describes it — perfect enmity.

I pass through a great variety of scenes, some pleasing and others the reverse: my frames of mind, like the wind, are one hour serious and happy, the next, full of pride, or shame, or levity, or fear.

"O for a closer walk with God," — a more fixed seriousness and sensibility,—a warmer love for souls, and zeal for Christ! Pray for me, especially, that the very public sermon before me may be blessed to many precious souls. The novelty of the matter may perhaps (especially considering the late controversy) draw great numbers, and who is sufficient for such a scene?

My thanks to Mr. Crole for his agreeable and pleasant letter; it did me good.

The post which brought your last encouraging letter, conveyed me one from my father, in which he disapproves of my preaching, and questions my call to the work. I hope, however, it did me good, and led me to the throne. Poor as I feel my attempts are, yet I know that to God's people about here they have been blessed, and many people are excited to come. The issue I leave with my God, who, I hope, will direct and bless me, and terminate every matter to his own glory and my real felicity.

I remain, affectionately,

Your despised, itinerating friend,

GEORGE BURDER.

"About the month of September, Mr. Robert Gardner, of Lancaster, a sail-cloth manufacturer, who stood forwards to promote the Gospel in that town and neighbourhood, came to London, and was looking out for a minister, either for Lancaster or for Ulverstone, where a chapel was then building. Having heard me two or three times, he came to my house and made me a proposal of going down to Lancaster with him, and preaching in different places, so that I might form a judgment whether to settle there or not.

"After prayer, deliberation, and advice, I consented to go, and entirely laid aside my business as an artist. I left London with Mr. Gardner and Mr. Thomas Phillips, then minister at Elswick, near Preston, in Lancashire, on horseback, Tuesday, Sept. 30, 1777. We spent the Sabbath, Oct. 5, at Walsall, and Wednesday at Bilston. We spent some time with Mr. Scott, at Wolleston, near Drayton. On Lord's day, Oct. 19, I preached at Garstang in the morning and afternoon, and got to Lancaster, I think, in the evening. Mr. Gibbons had been the preacher there for some months.

" During this winter Mr. Gibbons and I preached alternately in Lancaster and Ulverstone, each of us in general two sabbaths in turn. I had some very dangerous journeys across the sands when the tide was out between those places (twenty-one miles), and went through considerable fatigue, but was mercifully preserved.

" I used to go a little circuit east of Lancaster, towards the borders of Yorkshire, on the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, about every other week. In some of these places I had most miserable accommodation, and sometimes endured much from the weather, bad beds, and other annoyances. There were also some villages near Lancaster where I used to preach occasionally, and also some in the neighbourhood of Ulverstone.

Whilst thus engaged, my Father received a very kind and friendly letter, containing excellent advice, from the Rev. Jonathan Scott, commonly called Captain Scott, who had formerly been a Captain of Dragoons.

Chester, Nov. 21, 1777.

My Dear Brother,

Two days ago I received your kind favour; its contents, like all the various scenes of this present life, and the Christian's inward experience, are checquered with good and evil. I would rejoice at the former, and mourn at the latter; but wish to acquiesce, since it pleaseth our Heavenly Father to permit things thus to be for the present. Blessings on his holy name, for a good hope of spending a blissful eternity, in regions far off from sin and sorrow, for ever with the Lord.

It gives me pleasure to hear the Lord gives you assistance in your public ministrations, but far greater, on account of the sweet experience he gives you in your own soul, of those blessed truths you recommend to others. It is this, and this only, that will make you "a workman who need not be ashamed," as it will keep you simple, single-eyed, and humble, conscious of your own sinfulness and helplessness. You will delight with heart and voice to exalt the Lord alone, and to give him all the glory; and those that thus honour him he delighteth to honour.

My dear brother, the Lord hath exalted us to a great, honourable, and delightful work; but withal to so arduous an one, that it made the great Apostle cry out, "Who is sufficient for it?" Had we nothing to do but to preach ourselves, it were easy to attain oratory, and the powers of pleasing both ourselves and others, and to get our reward for so doing; but, I trust, we have not so learned Christ; but through grace are "determined to know nothing but Christ and him crucified;" therefore, in the prosecution of this determination we are become soldiers, and we must fight;—labourers, and we must toil;—watchmen, and we must wake whilst others sleep; and in all our work we shall find opposition from the adversary, and his servant, the world, both profane and professing; but the greatest of all from our own hearts: therefore, we have need to keep our hearts with all diligence, as our usefulness to others greatly depends on our own spirituality; without this, whilst we are insisting on the medicinal virtues of the Gospel to heal all the diseases of the heart and life, they will cry out, "Physician, heal thyself." Therefore, we should always first preach our sermon to our own hearts, and enforce its reception there, by the strong argument of love to self, love to souls, but, especially, love to the adorable Jesus. Were I not assured that my dear brother would receive what I write, as I write it, in love, I should not be so free; but having been learning a little experience in a great many years, I am willing to communicate the small stock of my knowledge for the use of my younger brethren; and indeed I have felt a union of heart with you ever since you first wrote to me, which was sweetly confirmed when with me at Wolleston; and I have often lamented that I did not improve the time when we were then together as I might have done, and likewise that I did not know my dear brother's intention of going forth to labour in the Lord's vineyard, in our line, till I heard you were going down to Lancashire; otherwise I should have been happy to have had you a co-partner with me in my department, where your help would have been most acceptable to me and the people I preach to; and who can tell but yet we may be so happy, as you tell me things at Ulverstone have not so agreeable an aspect as they had, and as was represented? This be assured of, that if matters do not turn out to your mind there, you will meet with a hearty reception by your unworthy brother; and I think, if we had help round about, at Newcastle and Drayton, Newport, Bromstone Heath, &c., we should not labour in vain, as our fields appear white unto harvest. You will always meet a hearty welcome from

Your affectionate Brother,
JONATHAN SCOTT.

A letter received before the close of this year from his Father, renders it fully evident that, although he had considered his Son's entrance on the Christian ministry not so regular, as if he had obtained an introduction and a preparation through the medium of a theological seminary, yet that he now contemplated his engagements and his prospects with cordial satisfaction. The letter breathes a truly paternal spirit. It is dated, *Islington, Dec.* 5, 1777.

My Dear George,

Being a prisoner of providence, by a smart fit of the gout, I take up my pen to converse with a beloved child at so great a distance; and blessed be God for such a channel of intercourse! I would find myself an hour's employment, which, through the blessing of God, may do us both good, and take off my mind from attention to pain. O, what a great good word is that, "All things work together for good to them that love God!" I wish you and I could fully enter into its extensive meaning, and live every day, every hour, under its influence; but though our unbelief may hinder us, as to the comfort of this and many other sweet and precious promises; yet, glory be to God, they shall "not make the promise of none effect;" no, no, "the promises are sure to all the seed."

Accept this letter as an expression of my most tender concern for your direction, support, comfort, and success in the work of the ministry; my heart is often with you, as are my earnest prayers for you. Once I looked on you with many fears; but I trust God has turned my mourning into gladness, my sorrows into joy, and my prayers into praises. My dear son, O labour and strive, and pray against that most subtle, insinuating sin—pride and self-love; I do assure you, I find more and more of it springing up in my heart. Sometimes I cannot pray, no, not in my closet; but I am ready to think, O how fervent, how evangelical, how experimental have I been! surely God will hear me; how would my friends have admired me as a great Christian,—one that had great nearness to God and intimacy with him! and I feel the same pride and self-conceit in my meditations, and in my converse with my religious friends. I find that I thirst after applause and commendations, and this is hateful to God; but, blessed be God, I hope I can say, *I hate it.* How desirable then is it to be delivered from this body of death; and, *blessed* be God, we shall be made perfect in holiness. These our enemies whom we now see, and are grieved and hurt by, we shall soon see no more for ever. Hold out then faith and patience; and "he that *shall* come, *will* come, and will not tarry." As to me, I have every day the monitors of my dissolution; and I sometimes hope I am more disengaged in my affections from present things; sometimes, I hope, I look on death with pleasure and desire.

Your mother joins with me in warm love to you. May all the blessings of the covenant be poured into your soul!

So prays
Your affectionate Father,
HENRY BURDER.

About the beginning of the year 1778, he wrote a letter to his friend, Mr. Williams, of which the following is an extract.

Ulverstone, Jan. 26, 1778.

You begin with rejoicing in the success of the Redeemer's kingdom; it is right, and a mark, which I hope is in us both, of belonging to that kingdom ourselves. With respect to my success, perhaps you have formed too great an idea of it. I will tell you more particularly. The Lord has made my preaching acceptable almost everywhere. (I speak most freely to you.) To the more numerous congregations my subject is generally Justification—or distinguishing between the Law and the Gospel. I am told by judicious people, that few, even of Gospel ministers, level their discourses to their auditories, or insist enough on the way in which a sinner must become a saint. These fundamentals are taken for granted too much; hence some that have heard preaching for years, tell me that they never understood these things before.

The second Sabbath night I preached at Lancaster, the Lord gave me his presence and power as I scarcely ever felt before. I preached from Gal. ii. 21. Shewed what the Moral Law was,—how holy, just, and good — its spirituality — its extent — its design — and then the stupid ignorance — devilish pride — and monstrous perverseness of seeking salvation by the works of it.

The people were silent, and two men, journeymen carpenters, most notoriously and proverbially abandoned, were struck: a reformation commenced and continues. Last Wednesday night, I preached near the house of one of them, ten miles from Lancaster (he has a family there), and he attended; the wonder, I doubt not, of many. It was in a strange place among rocks; and the poor convert, (as I hope,) led my horse a great way on my return; for I was obliged to return in a bitterly cold and rainy night, though I had been severely ill just before.

A young lady of a principal family in the congregation is, we hope, under serious impressions. She used to ridicule the ministers, and came generally with reluctance to meeting; but she now comes constantly, and says, she never understood the truth before.

By preaching at Scotforth, a mile distant, several have been engaged to attend at Lancaster, and we hope there is a good work among them. I am to go again, Feb. 4, at night: pray for me. A sermon, at two o'clock on Friday, Nov. 7, at Aram, about nine miles from Lancaster, was so far blessed to an aged woman, whose daughter was just before admitted a member at Lancaster, that her persecution of her daughter ceased, her prejudices were removed, and she now comes to hear. Her daughter hopes she is converted. I just spoke to her at Wray, a place to which she came four or five miles on a bitter night to hear, and she seemed to speak as one who has tasted "that the Lord is gracious."

I do not find yet any particular blessing has attended the word by me *here*, but I cannot tell; the people hear attentively.

"Feb. 21, 1778.—I crossed the sands. It was most intensely cold. While passing across without a guide, the waves sometimes breaking over my horse's neck, the bit of the bridle broke in the middle. My situation was very alarming. I was a young rider, and no person was near me. I was in the midst of a strong current, and could scarcely keep any warmth in my fingers: but I was mercifully preserved.

"March 3, 1778.—I returned to London on horseback by Chester, Drayton, and Sheriff-Hales. On Lord's day, the 15th, I preached at Gnosall in Staffordshire, where the Gospel had very lately been introduced. Here we had a formidable riot. The next day I attended, with Captain Scott, and Mr. Davies, of Drayton, at a meeting of justices at Eccleshall, where eleven persons were brought before them for a riot on a former day. The violence of the rioters was amazing, and they openly boasted that they stood up for the church. Mr. Eld, a senior justice, observed to a ringleader, that if he had as much zeal for the state as for the church, he had better go for a soldier, as the king wanted men. (It was during the American war.) The rioters were obliged to find bail for their appearance at the next quarter sessions at Stafford, where, however, the bill was rejected by the grand jury. I returned through Oxford, and got to London on the 20th of March.

“Being now determined to give myself wholly up to the work of the ministry, I left London and all worldly business, on Friday, May 1, 1778. I got to Oxford on Saturday. Mr. Dore, of Cirencester, preached at the meeting in the morning, and I in the afternoon and evening. On the Saturday afternoon I drank tea with Mr. L—— and Mr. C—— at Jesus College. After tea they requested me to pray with them, which I did with a low voice in the furthest corner of the room. I learned afterwards, that notwithstanding this precaution, it was reported by some of the students that a Methodist preacher had been there praying; which was reckoned, I believe, more scandalous than an event which took place a few days before, when, in consequence of the gentlemen drinking the contents of a two-gallon bowl, filled with punch (presented to that college by Sir W. W. W——), many were intoxicated. After preaching at the meeting, I supped with them, on Sunday night, and was not a little amused to think that the porter mistook me for the Head of the House as I returned, and was very civil.

"I preached on Tuesday for Mr. Turner at the Baptist meeting at Birmingham; on Wednesday at Mr. Cole's, Wolverhampton; on Thursday, at Shiffnall; on Friday, at Wheaton Aston; on Saturday and on Sunday, at Drayton.

"On Monday I preached at Newcastle, and slept at Mr. Harrison's at Stoke, little then thinking that Miss H. was to be my future wife.

"I arrived at Lancaster on Thursday, May 14. On the two following Sunday evenings I preached out of doors, near Lancaster, to many people."

Before the end of this month he received the following letter from his Father:—

Islington, May 22, 1778.

My Dear George,

You inform me of the care of Providence over you, and of the help afforded you in your great Master's work. I would rejoice with you, and am pleased that you observe the ways of the Lord towards you. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even he shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."—An employment this, which is as pleasing as it is profitable, and, I doubt not, acceptable to God. It has been said, and I think well said, "He that observes providences shall never want providences to observe;"

and I wish for you and for myself to observe the providence of God to others as well as ourselves.

As to myself and wife, we had a merciful and comfortable journey to London, and a most warm and affectionate meeting with our beloved and loving friends. O, how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! I am at times very doubtful whether my complaints will not return, for I am not so well as I was at Bath. O that I could say, "Here I am, let him do with me as seemeth good in his sight;" and how happy to be able to say, "Life is mine, and death is mine, and God is mine, in Christ Jesus;"—and why not say, "God is mine?" it is but the echo of what God is graciously pleased to say, over and over again, in his word to his people,—"Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God."

Mr. Welch and myself have met Mr. Wilson and several ministers and others to consider of establishing an English Academy, wherein we propose the instructing proper persons in the English Grammar, in Divinity, and in the best method of composing sermons. Eleven articles have been agreed to, a tutor and treasurer chosen, and we are to meet again next Tuesday week to pursue our plan.

Do not the churches in our day need a fire to "purge the floor?" Do we not need a something to rouse up our sleeping souls? I look on others with grief; more so on myself; seldom, very seldom, do I feel my soul warmed in ordinances and duties. How few spiritual impressions, and those how feeble, how soon lost! I verily believe, at least I greatly fear, that almost all our churches, and by very far the greatest part of professed believers, ministers not excepted, are very far gone into a Laodicean spirit. O for a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, on them, and on my own soul! I cry for it, but cannot attain it. May the Lord hasten it in his time!

I am, with strong affection,
Your Father,
Henry Burder.

The expression of these views and feelings must have been peculiarly gratifying to the mind of my Father. They were the very sentiments which *he* had been for some years constrained to entertain; and they had the effect of inducing him to associate less with the churches and ministers among whom he had been educated; and more with those good men who were branded as Methodists. At first, my grandfather viewed such a course with regret, and even with repugnance; but it is evident to me that, by degrees, his views were greatly modified by the representations, the proceedings, and the usefulness of his son. At the same time, the lessons of wisdom, and prudence, and caution, frequently conveyed in paternal epistles, had, I doubt not, a very beneficial effect on the mind of the son, who uniformly cherished towards his father the most profound respect, as well as genuine and strong affection.

"In the month of June, at the request of Mr. Whitridge, of London, I went to Bootle, in Cumberland, and preached there, first in a house, and afterwards in a barn, to a great part of the parish, the church being then under repairs. I have reason to believe, that the word was not preached in vain. Mr. Whitridge, then a scholar at St. Bees, intended for a clergyman, received at that time, I believe, his first impressions of divine truth. He has since been a faithful minister of the Gospel.

"Occasional preaching was kept up here for a time, by Mr. Gibbons, myself, and others; and at length a chapel was built at the expense of Mr. Whitridge.

"On Friday evening, the 18th of June, I preached at the Stocks, on the Green at Poolton, near Lancaster, where rather an odd circumstance happened. The people of the village kept aloof, none choosing to come forth from their houses to the Stocks; and I seemed likely to have no congregation but the two or three friends who accompanied me from Lancaster. The minister of the parish, however, who was going, with a large hammer in his hand, to mend a gate, stopped and talked with me on the impropriety of appearing there to preach. I pleaded the example of the Apostles and Reformers. He said, the times are now much altered. I allowed they were, but I feared for the worse, and asked if there were no swearers, drunkards, and other immoral persons in his parish: he said there were. 'Then, Sir,' said I, 'it is for the sake of such sinners I came here.' This conversation drew together a number of people. The parson departed to mend his gate, and I mounted the chair, hoping to mend the people.

"The new chapel at Ulverstone was opened July 8. A great number of persons were present. I preached in the morning, Mr. Gibbons in the afternoon, and Mr. Collins in the evening.

"About this time, I frequently preached at various places in the country, especially at Wray, Thinoaks, Bentham, and Gressingham, where Mr. Ingham and his associates had some years before been very successful; but where, by the introduction of Sandemanianism, and the prevalence of a disputing violent temper, the congregations were almost all scattered, and several of the meetings shut up. In conversation once with Mr. Romaine, in London, he said, he thought there was once the greatest work of God in those parts that he ever knew; that he was at one time much inclined to join them; but that all was ruined by that fatal *northern blast,* as he called it. Two of their best preachers, being dissatisfied with their discipline, went to Scotland, to converse with Glass and Sandeman and others. Before, they were Baxterians in sentiment, and liberal in their connexion with all good men. They returned red-hot Calvinists, and fiery disciplinarians. They laughed at all their former views of experience, and told the people they had been leading them to hell. Disputes without end arose; excommunication upon excommunication followed; they condemned one another for hair's-breadth differences; and were thus split, like a wrecked ship, into a thousand pieces:—an awful example to future societies of lively Christians!"

About this time, my Father received a characteristic letter from his friend, the Rev. Matthew Wilks, with whom, at a later period of his life, he had so much cordial co-operation in various efforts to extend the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, especially by means of missions to the heathen.

No. 3, Owen's Row, Sadler's Wells.
July 31, 1778.

VERY DEAR BROTHER,

I have just received yours, and with pleasure comply with your request. Mark, (Mr. Wilks's brother) is a Baptist. I saw him baptized; and though I never heard him mention the subject in the pulpit, and believe he has some doubts relative to the scriptural authority of it, yet I believe he would prefer a Baptist charge to any other. I neither wish him or you so much evil as confusion.

That will be a blessed day when "the watchmen shall see eye to eye;" when envy and vexation between Judah and Ephraim shall subside; and yet we see often that this confusion of tongues is a blessed mean of peopling the spiritual world. This is the Lord's doing; with David, we say it is marvellous; and with Paul, "O the depth of the riches of the wisdom of God!" How does God's wisdom shine through our ignorance and folly! I would have you give Mark an invitation to visit you for a week or two; there seems to be an opening for you to interrogate him personally, and to lay before him the nature of your plan; I am sure he is so honest, that he would not conceal his sentiments, in the least, when examined. He has sense, experience, and gifts; and I would wish him connected with you upon honourable and useful principles. But every star has her station, and every planet his orbit. These are wisely dispersed through nature, and are beautiful and useful in their order. We cannot be too inquisitive to know which is our sphere, nor too careful to occupy it with a planetary beauty, regularity, and usefulness. O that He, whose voice is "as many waters," may hold us in his right hand; and then, when and where he shall appoint us, it shall be well; though, as you find, this will in no wise be for the ease of the flesh. The Holy Ghost witnessed to Paul, that bonds and afflictions awaited him in every city; and experience witnesses, that if not bonds, yet afflictions await us, though I know of no bonds so grievous as being "bound in the Spirit." O that Jesus would break our bonds asunder, and cast these cords from us! I am glad to hear that you go on fairly, though softly;—well, fair and softly is better than fast and foully. God's ways are beautiful. Israel was to watch the motion of the cloud. When God stands, may we stand; when he walks, may we walk; when he runs, may we run; when he flies, may we fly! It is never well to make more haste than good speed; and I think we can never make good speed, but when we make God's speed. It is a distinguished blessing to be, and to labour, where the people love their minister. I hope you will prove, in the Lord, that "the voice of the people is the voice of God." May God make you a useful overseer; and may you feed the church of God with knowledge and understanding! Jacob had a great regard for his flock when he would not overdrive them for the presence of an appeased brother; and why? Because "they were what God had given him." You know how to apply it.—I wish you a happy wedding, and long and prosperous lives together.—I have heard much of Sir Harry Trelawney to his dispraise, but I am glad to hear, by our friend Clayton, that most of it is ill-grounded. Clayton was at my house yesterday; he has got a call to a Church of a deceased minister in London, though he is not determined how to act; this, with every other movement, requires prayer. God forbid that we should sin against the Lord by not praying for each other! We daily expect to hear of an engagement between Admiral Keppel and the French Admiral; their fleet is much superior to ours. Do not forget to pray for England; for Zion's sake, and England's too. "Except the Lord keep the city," all our efforts are vain. O that the God of Jacob would be our defence! He has many thousands in England that have not bowed the knee to Baal. O that his long-suffering may lead us universally to repentance!

My love to Mr. Gardner and all unknown Christians, and accept the same from,

Dear Brother,
Yours in Jesus,
MATTHEW WILKS.

P. S. Mr. Knight is in town; Mr. Hill will be in town to-night for field preaching. Preachers go down to the camps to preach; so runs the blessed Gospel; so rides Jesus. May it be "conquering and to conquer." Mr. Toplady is either at the point of death, or dead. May we die the death of the righteous, and finish our course with joy!

Mrs. Wilks gives her kind love to you. God has given us another fine boy. I do, as Hannah, give him to God again.

In the ensuing month my Father wrote the following letter to his correspondent, Mr. Williams:

Lancaster, Aug. 22, 1778.

Very Dear Brother,

This morning I got a sight of the Gospel Magazine for this month, and saw the *vera effigies* of my dear friend, Mr. Crole. Shall I beg you to add another favour to the many you have done me, that is, to get a good impression for me. I shall rejoice to have it hanging up by me where I study. I shall think him saying to me, "Study for God and souls; preach a free Gospel; fear no man;" and many other quickening speeches. Again, (for I have many heads in my letters to you,) pray get me Mr. Toplady's dying avowal of his principles. I expect great things in it.

I think I wrote to you, that I had accepted the call given me to settle in the ministry here, and that the day of ordination cannot yet be fixed; it will, however, be, I suppose, within two months.

I have in contemplation the publishing a sort of address, in as small a compass as possible, to persons in general, especially the inhabitants of Lancaster, about their souls. I beg earnestly of you to study in what way one may instruct and exhort careless, ignorant people, in the most profitable manner. I would wish it more doctrinal than most compassionate addresses of this kind are; and yet more compassionate than any doctrinal one I remember. It should be something that could be sold for sixpence, that one might afford to give away. Suggest some plan to me; something striking and uncommon, I would have it, yet very plain; every sentence weighty. I have thought of making it in two parts: the first, rather in the compassionate and inviting strain; and then the second, to instruct in some fundamentals of doctrine. I think there should be many chapters, and short; as pointed and decisive as possible; and the concluding paragraph of every chapter, home application; with occasional notes from acceptable authorities; as from Reformers, Bishops, Martyrs, Prayer Book, Homilies, modern Divines; and here and there a well chosen, sterling anecdote, to preserve attention. One might introduce a strong picture of popery, short, but alarming; addressed to people's fears and feelings; built on facts. You could send me one of the covers or proposals for the Book of Martyrs, with Ryland's address of this sort. It is all fire, you know.

My dear friend, let me beg you to think of this scheme. Pray it over. Can you bend your thoughts to a more useful theme? I have reason to think, that if it were accomplished, many in this country might be brought to read what else they never would, on account of its being published here.

If you can assist me in this, our gracious Master will not let you go unrewarded: he takes very kindly those poor services that his own grace inclines us to, and helps us to perform. What a good God have we! I have found him so many times lately, especially last Thursday night, in preaching from "Truly our fellowship is with the Father," &c.; and I have had some happy moments to-day, in reading and thinking upon the resurrection—a subject I intend preaching upon to-morrow by particular request. It is a glorious subject. The Lord increase our faith in it, and expectation of it. It will surely come.

"O, what cordial consolation
Doth this blessed hope afford;
We shall gain his full salvation,
We shall meet our smiling Lord.
We shall soon appear before thee,
We the stars and sun outshine,
Shout among the sons of glory,
All immortal; all divine!"

I was telling you of the goodness of God to me, but I cannot say much of my behaviour towards him: indeed I cannot; it is frequently cold, indifferent, and ungrateful; often perverse and rebellious. I see if ever I am saved, it must be by grace. Yet, blessed be God for that grace, which habitually disposes me to seek and delight in his blessed self; which longs to see more loveliness in Jesus, and to feel more affection to him; and which leads me, I think daily, into deeper discoveries of the plague of my own heart. I often think, "if he had meant to destroy me, he had never shewn me such things as these." Pardon so much of self. The Lord pardon it. Write soon to

Your sincere friend,

GEORGE BURDER.

THE THIRD PERIOD.

HIS ORDINATION AND MINISTRY AT LANCASTER.

"Having received a unanimous call from the Church at Lancaster, I thought it my duty to accept it. I was solemnly ordained to the pastoral office, on Thursday, October 29, 1778.

"Mr. Mac Quhae, of Blackburn, delivered an introductory discourse, and asked the usual questions. Mr. Titus Knight, of Halifax, gave the charge from Acts xx. 28. Mr. Edwards, of Leeds, preached to the people, from Isa. lxi. 3. Mr. Knight also preached in the evening. O may I never forget that the vows of the Lord are upon me!

"On the following Sabbath, I preached in the morning from 2 Cor. iv. 7. and in the evening from Luke ix. 35. In the afternoon I catechized the children.

"In the course of the week, I removed from the house of Mr. Gardner, where I had boarded, to a small house of my own.

"In the month of November I went to Preston, and took a large room (a warehouse) for a preaching place. After a few years a chapel was built, and a church formed."

The following letter was, about this time, addressed to Mr. Williams:

Lancaster, Nov. 13, 1778.

VERY DEAR BROTHER,

I am not used to neglect you, whoever of my correspondents is neglected. But a great variety of important concerns has hitherto prevented my writing since the day of my ordination. I have now a list made out of the members of the Church, and find their number to be about fifty. I hope several more will join us soon.

For some time past I have been in general in a very undesirable frame of mind, and have enjoyed but very partial and temporary glimpses of the light of the Lord's countenance. It is poor living without Christ. I have now entered my new house, and I have been a preaching journey into Yorkshire. This journey has been rather remarkable, as I have had an interview with one of the first preachers in the great awakening in these parts, thirty years or more since. His name is William Batty, in Mr. Ingham's connexion. Sandimanianism destroyed that noble work, and broke up and split into numberless divisions a congregation of many hundreds. We preach once a fortnight in the neighbourhood of that once famous place, called Thinoaks, and are not without hopes that the place will soon fall into our hands, and that the Lord may set his hand to the work a second time. Mr. Batty preached, when I heard him, from Rom. i. 18. understanding the "wrath revealed" to be revealed in the Gospel; and manifested, in the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, to the heathen, who, before conversion, "held the truth in unrighteousness." His sermon was very sound, and he discovered a surprising knowledge of Scripture. He came to hear me that same night. I hope that the prejudices of many, who since the division (now fifteen years since or more) had hardly heard at all, will be removed. Mr. Batty resides many miles distant from this part. My hands are very full of business.

When I have more time, I will write longer letters to you: at present, farewell. Jesus be with and in you, and in your dear friend

George Burder.

P.S. Where is your new magazine? I would help you if I could, but if it is not a spiritual magazine, unspiritual as I am, I do not think I can.

At the close of this year, my Father received the following letter from my grandfather, detailing the origin and incipient arrangements of that seminary, which long afterwards flourished under the name of Hoxton Academy, the term of study and the course of education being progressively extended, and which now enjoys the confidence of the churches and the blessing of their Lord, under the more attractive designation of Highbury College. It would not have diminished the interest which my pious grandfather felt in writing this letter, could he have foreseen that his son's son would have the honour and happiness of sustaining the office of one of the tutors in that seminary during more than twenty years.

Islington, Dec. 26, 1778.

My Dear Son,

There is a new society united under the appellation of the New English Academy. Your worthy friend, Mr. Wilson, of Wood Street,* is chosen Treasurer. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Welch, the Rev. Messrs. Barber and Brewer, and one or two more, with myself, were the first projectors of this (I hope very extensively useful) design. The two divines mentioned are the tutors. The plan is this:—Persons wishing to be admitted must be recommended by one of the society, or must bring written testimonies from the pastor or deacons of the church to which they belong. They are also to give in an account of their faith, experience, and reasons for going into the ministry. They are to be examined by a committee appointed by the society, before whom they are to engage in prayer, and to give a specimen of their abilities; and, if approved, they are to be admitted as students, to continue under instruction not more than two years, and not to preach in less than one year from the time of admission, unless the tutors think proper. They are to be instructed in English Grammar, and in a course of Divinity, and to be assisted in understanding some of the more difficult parts of Scripture, and in the best methods of studying for the pulpit. We meet with much encouragement; several respectable persons, both Dissenters and Methodists, have joined us, and several have subscribed five guineas per year. I think our subscriptions amount to nearly or quite 150*l.* a year; but though we have had so much encouragement and unanimity, we are not without those that snarl at us, and start objections and difficulties; but I hope it will please God to smile on this design, and make it the happy means of spreading the light of the knowledge of the glory of Christ, and of gathering in his elect.

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* The father of the present honoured treasurer of Highbury College.

HENRY BURDER.

"January 12, 1779.—I applied to the Quarter Sessions at Lancaster for a license as a minister, took the oaths, and signed the articles. Among other justices, were the Rev. Dr. Marton, the Rev Mr. Fletcher, Colonel Bailey, and Mr. Fenton, the recorder. When about to sign the articles, Colonel Bailey said to the clerk of the peace: 'I hope you are not going to read the articles.' The clerk replied, 'No, Sir, I suppose the gentleman is already acquainted with them.' 'I dare say he is,' added the recorder, 'and, (alluding to some of the clerical justices, one of whom was just leaving the bench,) is a better friend to them than many who wear a black gown, and eat the bread of the Church.'

"On Feb. 10, was the first public fast, I believe, in the American war; I fasted till afternoon, but it made me very ill; and I learned that it was not my duty to fast."

The following letter to his Father contains some interesting statements.

Lancaster, March 19, 1779.

Dear and Honoured Sir,

Last night I preached a funeral sermon at the interment of a man, who used to attend my chapel, but was, till within a little of his death, a notorious drunkard. I visited him several times, and had some reason to entertain a hope respecting him. I find such services the most difficult by far of any I have to perform. To deal with sufficient faithfulness and tenderness with persons in the view of eternity, requires great grace and wisdom. It is dreadful to help to deceive, and sad needlessly to distress a dying person.

They have a strange custom in this country at funerals. The undertaker has a long list of names given him by the relations of the deceased, and goes about the town to invite, not only the near friends, but the acquaintance and all principally concerned in business, to the number frequently of one or two hundred. They are bid to come to the house at two, and they go out at four. These people follow the corpse in a cluster, without mourning, or any appearance of it in general. When one of our number dies, we have a large and mixed congregation. I suppose ours, last night, included Quakers, Papists, Arians, and Deists, as well as Churchmen. Many, who dare not indulge their curiosity at another time, for fear of being called Methodists, gladly push in with a crowd of different denominations.

My work last night was of a critical kind. Many expected, according to custom, a fine character of the deceased, and I knew they would immediately have said, "They care not how a man lives if he goes to the Methodist Chapel;" but the Lord helped me to be faithful. My words were nearly these at the close of the sermon. "And now, because it is customary in funeral sermons, it may be expected that I should say something respecting the deceased, and in the usual strain, giving the deceased an excellent character, whether he deserved it or not. But, I thank God, I have not so learned Christ; I have not learned to sport with immortal souls; and though, for the sake of surviving relatives, I could wish through tenderness to be totally silent, yet tenderness must for once give way to the public good. I will let this mixed congregation know that I am honest. I would have all this town know that we do not suppose a man's state to be good, because he attends this place of worship. You never heard from this pulpit,—and I hope you never will,—that profession is religion; or, that a change of principles will do without a change of heart and life. It is not my business to expose the particular sins of the deceased; but this I will say, Ye drunkards of Lancaster, there lies another victim of intemperance, (pointing to his coffin on the table.) How are the drunkards, once companions, dropping into the grave, one after another! How often shall God speak, and ye refuse to hear? And this I will add, men and brethren, if ye live as that man lived, and die without repentance, it had been better for you not to have lived at all; ye must be lost for ever! But stop, you have not heard me say, 'he is lost;' blessed be God, I think there was hope. More than once, he told me he saw himself the vilest of sinners. When he heard, a few days ago, of the death of one, too much like himself, how heartily did he thank God for sparing him a little longer. He professed to look alone to Jesus Christ, as the all-sufficient Saviour, and to rest upon him alone for salvation. His thoughts for some time were, night and day, intent upon divine things; and he expressed a humble hope, that his soul would be received to eternal glory."

O it is a great thing to die! but yet, as the sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, what cause have we to fear, if Christ our surety and law-fulfiller received the sting into his own body?—Here is all the fear, lest we should not be interested in him; but why fear that, while there is such a word as, " Whosoever cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." Dare we say, we have not come to Jesus? I dare not, though sometimes I doubt it.

G. B.

The following is the reply of his Father:

Islington, March 29, 1779.

MY DEAR SON,

Yours of the 3rd and 19th inst. are before me. The contents of the first are very pleasing: surely every one that knows the worth of his own soul must, yea cannot but rejoice, to see and hear of Zion's prosperity, and of precious souls brought out of darkness into Christ's marvellous light. But it really grieves, as well as offends me, to see the sad spirit of bigotry, to say no worse of it, that so clearly manifests itself in some who must know and love the dear Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth; this makes me pray for the time when "Judah shall not envy Ephraim, nor Ephraim vex Judah;" when all the contention shall be, who shall best serve and promote the interests of our Lord and his common salvation.

I am pleased with the propriety of your conduct relative to the funeral you mention. I hope it will be blessed to some poor sinners, and be a means of alarming their conscience. It is also pleasing to hear of some ground to hope that the deceased died in the faith and hope of the Gospel. You very justly observe, "it is a great thing to die." Indeed it is so. It is said concerning God's anger, "as is his fear so is his wrath;" that is, let our fears arise as high as ever they can concerning it, they cannot be greater than the wrath of God really is: so I say, we cannot have too solemn views of death, provided they are not such as bring us into bondage, as Paul speaks; but surely to die, to stand before a holy, righteous God in judgment, is one of the most solemn subjects the human mind can meditate upon; to be eternally happy in the blissful presence of God and the enjoyment of him, or to be eternally miserable in hell with lost spirits:—what mind can comprehend the awful theme? It swallows up all our conceptions; it hath not entered, it cannot fully enter into the heart of man to conceive of it; but, eternally blessed be God for the hope of the Gospel,—for the gift, the mission, the offices of Christ,—his resurrection, ascension, and intercession. I trust I felt the encouragement these considerations afford to hope in God. I shall only add, you have been much on my mind as to one thing. You will bear with my love in mentioning it to you. I have been young, and I remember how it was with me then. I have also observed how it has been, and is still with others in their youth; do not therefore wonder if I affectionately caution you against entertaining too high an opinion of self. You may be led into this snare unawares, by the kindness of friends, by good things said to you; yea, by your success in your work, and by your enlargements of heart in it too. O, pray for two things; humility, that you may be nothing in yourself; and for holy confidence and faith, that you may see you have all in Christ. That you may be kept by the mighty power of God, is the earnest prayer of

Your affectionate Father,

HENRY BURDER.

The following letter to his Father, specifies his reasons for field preaching:

Lancaster, April 20, 1779.

Honoured and Dear Sir,

Mr. Cockin, of Kippin, spent the last Sabbath but one here. He is an exceedingly lively and useful preacher. His congregation, to whom I preached the same day, has greatly increased since he has been there. In some parts of that country there seem to be more Dissenters than Churchmen. Little or no reproach attends a profession of religion. It is quite otherwise with us here. Notwithstanding which, I find, to my great grief, that some constant hearers are very immoral. O, how can they escape, who always hear of, yet always neglect, the great salvation! Now the evenings are become light, many who attended at our meeting in the winter, absent themselves for fear of shame. I do not know how you may approve it, but next Sabbath evening, if it be fair, I shall take my field-pulpit again, and warn careless sinners to flee from the wrath to come. No shame, no persecution can afflict me so much, as labouring in vain, and spending my strength for nought. I can now understand something of Paul's "travailing in birth, till Christ was formed in the hearts" of his hearers; and of his ascribing it to mercy, that having received the ministry he fainted not. Yet I comfort myself, or at least endeavour to comfort myself, under the fear of not doing much good, that the Prince of preachers, he who spoke as never man spake, did not speak with great success; and if the Lord uses me in his vineyard to do the least good, to convert one soul, to comfort one saint,—it is an honour the highest angel in heaven would value, and which, methinks, Paul or Peter would be willing to spend another life on earth to obtain.

I wish to be remembered to my kind friends; especially give my love and dutiful respects to my honoured mother.

I remain,
Your dutiful and loving Son,
George Burder.

"On the 9th of June, I met Mr. Gibbons at Kendal, where we took an old play-house for one year; in which, in the course of the following month, I preached for the first time. I took for my text, Gen. xxviii. 19.—'He called the name of that place Bethel, but it was called Luz at the first.' On the following morning I preached again, at six o'clock, as I did at many other places, to a considerable number of people.

"On the 2d of July I had the pleasure of meeting my dear father and mother at Preston, and of conducting them to Lancaster.

"August 23.—I went to Tatham chapel, not far from Wray, where a person, named Arthur Cost, who had heard me at Wray, had died, particularly desiring I might preach his funeral sermon from Eph. iv. 22—24. I met the clergyman of the parish (who was invited, with a great number, to the funeral,) at dinner. As he could not allow me to preach in the church-chapel, though he seemed willing if he could, I thought of preaching in the barn of the deceased; but he did not like that. The deceased had mentioned my preaching on the Green adjoining the chapel, if it could not be in the chapel. I went with him into the vestry, where he put on his surplice and I a gown. The corpse was laid on a bier on the Green, adjoining the church-yard; and I stood on the horse-block, which formed part of the burial-ground wall, and preached. The clergyman stood in the church-porch and heard. We parted with much civility.

"October 5.—I preached at Bootle; the foundation-stone of a chapel being laid the day before.

"Mr. W. Parks, who had retired from business in London, resided for a few years at Bootle. During his residence there, he invited Mr. Romaine, whom he had been accustomed to hear in London, to pay him a visit. He did so; and Mr. Parks, who was then churchwarden, obtained permission for Mr. Romaine to preach in the parish church on a week day evening. Accordingly Mr. Romaine attended, and, having read prayers in the desk, was about to enter the pulpit to preach: but in vain he tried to open the pulpit door; some mischievous person had screwed or nailed it up. Mr. Parks tried to open the door with all his strength, but in vain; nor could Mr. Romaine preach, till, a smith having been sent for, the door was opened, and Mr. Romaine preached. It happened that, during his sermon, a great storm of thunder and lightning came on, which Mr. Romaine endeavoured to improve by proper observations; but the ignorant people reported that he said, If the lightning were to be fatal, he and Mr. Parks would be safe.

"November 21.—I spent a Lord's day at Kendal; only in the afternoon went to Stainton, an old meeting in the neighbourhood almost deserted. In the evening at Kendal we had a most crowded congregation. It was with difficulty I could get to the pulpit, and was assisted so to do by the Rev. Thomas Hervey, a clergyman of the neighbourhood, who sometimes attended. He cleared the way, for he said, if they did not make room they would have no sermon. I preached on Rom. i. 16. He sat before the pulpit, and wrote the discourse in short-hand. This good man was very poor; having only a very small chapelry at Underbarrow, near Kendal. Mr. Romaine used to send him money occasionally.

"A curious circumstance may be recorded. It may be said of him—which can rarely be said of any preacher—he once converted his whole congregation.

"It was thus:—a man in the neighbourhood came many miles to hear him, having heard he was an uncommon preacher; but he came in the afternoon, when scarcely any attended. I think the bell had been rung, but not a soul appeared, except this stranger. Mr. H. desired him to sit down with him inside the rails of the communion table. He conversed with him, read and explained some of the articles and prayers, and the man's eyes were opened. Sometimes after this he came to hear me at Lancaster, a distance of ten miles from his habitation."

The following letter from his Father, may appear to be rather pungently expressed; but the advice and the caution were dictated alike by discernment and by affection, and produced, it may be presumed, the intended effect.

London, Nov. 18, 1779.

Dear Son,

If I mistake not, you tell your brother that you are not satisfied with Dr. Owen on Church Government; and intimate an intention of writing something on that subject. I remember I once heard of an expression employed in answer to a person who was finding much fault with that great man.—"It is an easy thing for a live mouse to run over a dead lion." Pray excuse me, I mean not to offend or grieve you; but as my beloved son, I warn you; I warn you not to think too highly of yourself. I mean not to depreciate your knowledge. I do not know what insight the Spirit of God may have given you into the subject; nor do I set up that great man as infallible; nor do I mean that no one can do any thing after him; but this I say, you are a thousand times more likely to bring severe reflections on yourself, than to fix one mistake on him. Beware what you do, and let alone strife before it be meddled with. "Hast thou faith? have it to thyself." If you think you have the mind of Christ, practise accordingly. You may communicate your thoughts to others about it; propose your difficulties; assign your reasons for differing in your judgment; but pray think a thousand times, before you publish once; you are a young man, a young minister. I say again, I do not intend to grieve you; but if you are inclined to pen your meditations on that subject, keep them by you; review, revise them; show them to the most judicious of your ministerial connexions; but, by no means think of the press. Take this as the advice of your affectionate father,

And well wisher,

Henry Burder.

The next letter was addressed to him, by his valued friend, the Rev. Anthony Crole—a man of great spirituality of mind, and of very clear and enlightened views of the Gospel.

Hoxton Square, Dec. 17, 1779.

Very Dear Sir,

My neglect will not admit of an apology, therefore I shall not attempt the hypocrite in making one. Ten thousand circumstances conspire to convict me of ingratitude, and to lay me low at the feet both of God and his people. I must know but this, that he is ever and superabundantly merciful, and that I am ever and most unnaturally forgetful of him, in comparison of what I ought to be. Jesus, I have proved, and do now find to be, an overflowing fountain of all kinds of goodness; my prayers have come up before him, and been presented by him with freedom of access, and most gracious acceptance in ten thousand instances; his blood, his righteousness, his adorable person, are everlastingly prevalent before the throne of the Majesty on high; and it is the grandest boast of Satan, when he can tempt us to leave out, or but sparingly to introduce, these in preaching. These topics God always has blessed, now does, and ever will bless to spiritual hearers, and nothing else but these to any kind of hearers whatever. A neighbour of yours, last time he was in town, grieved many of us sadly in the choice of his texts and manner of treating them; such words and phrases as these were singled out:—“Him,”—“nothing,”—“who can tell,” &c. &c. Then the ingenuity of the preacher was put on the stretch to torture these words through I do not know how many fancies, and into a correspondent number of ludicrous shapes. Such essays of skill please a certain congregation far better than a solid and well-digested discourse; and I am well persuaded that the good man was overcome by a temptation to please; and that, upon mature reflection, he will blush for his levity. We hope, if his voice is restored, that he uses it to better purposes than when in town last. Perhaps you may think it proper to give him a hint. Our time is short; souls are precious; death and judgment are at the door; who, then, should trifle or be idle? Popery increases, blasphemy is bold, and damnable errors, like the waters, are out almost every where. Is this a time for amusement? We have ten thousand thanks to render to our God for his mercies manifested in Pinner’s Hall; we are tolerably well attended, and are translated into quite a new climate. No greater blessings can there be to a minister, than to be connected with spiritual, upright, and honest men. God’s presence must not be expected to consecrate hypocrisy; nor his power to promote, under the mask of religion, a worldly plan. We had need to be cautious of our company; some men, to serve themselves, will not stick at ruining a minister's character or family;

and to cover a selfish end (as Mr. Hildersham says), would have him so heavenly, as not to need the institution of marriage; so strong in faith, as to coin money for all his supplies; and so holy, as to be without even an infirmity; and if he fails in all, or either of these, then he is "earthly, sensual, and devilish." Upon the whole, I think Christ grows more precious to me every day. O what a shame that ever our love should abate, or our zeal suffer one moment's eclipse! I love and admire Ryland for this; his honest zeal glows and shines in every page;—we have few such men;—our ministers here are almost half dead, nothing will rouse us but the trump of God; all the alarms of war, Popish bills, and declining grace, have little affected us yet. Lord, have mercy on this ungrateful and unfeeling land!

I have one favour to beg of you before I conclude, and that is, to help me to praise the God of all grace. My dear wife this morning was safely delivered of another daughter, and both are doing exceedingly well. The words of the Psalmist, by Dr. Watts, are well adapted to my case:—

"Give to our God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all his ways.
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song."

Time forbids my saying any more, than that I am sincerely yours,

In all Christian and brotherly love,

A. Crole.

"Dec. 31.—I find this reflection:—

"'Thus do I spend my years as a tale that is told. Another year is fled—is gone—gone for ever! O, how much time lost,—lost for ever! I am another year nearer the grave, I hope and believe nearer heaven. If I live another year, may I live to the Lord; if not, may I die in him, and live with him for ever. Amen. O Lord, make me next year (1780) more holy and more useful.'

"On a review of my journeys, I find I have ridden on horseback this year about 2,500 miles, and have preached 254 times, besides a variety of exhortations at prayer meetings and church meetings. Lord, I desire to give thee the glory of all the strength, health, and ability enabling me so to do."

My Father received the following judicious letter from his excellent brother, Mr. William Burder, who was afterwards one of the deacons of the church at Fetter-lane, London:—

London, January 13, 1780.

DEAR BROTHER,

I often wish I could do as the apostle did—go and visit my brethren (I mean at Lancaster), and see how they do; but as that cannot at present be, I must content myself with epistolary conferences, which I wish also were more frequent. Nothing can give me more pleasure than to hear of gospel prosperity among you. If the Lord is with you and your people, you have enough to satisfy a renewed soul; and I hope and trust this is, in some measure, the case. I rejoice to find you are gradually led into more acquaintance with the authority of our Lord Jesus, as King of his Church and people. You find, you say, practically, the necessity of discipline, which has been much neglected by many good people; but I account for the neglect in another way than you do; for I believe the history of the churches of Christ will bear me out in saying, that the attention and regard due to the discipline of the church never was regarded much by churches, where the power of religion had departed from them. Where there has been most of the life of godliness, and the presence and power of the Spirit of God, there have the laws and authority of King Jesus been most conscientiously regarded in all the parts of church order and government; and, *vice versâ*, where the power of godliness has departed, churches have sunk into a mere form, both as to doctrine and discipline, which, I fear, and greatly lament, is too much the case with many congregational churches at this day. The good Lord revive his work with power among us!

With respect to the man whose child you refused to baptize, I cannot see how you could act with propriety any otherwise than you did. I wish, for your sake, you had in the church persons qualified with spiritual gifts and graces to fulfil the office of deacons.

Persons duly qualified, and active and zealous, add much to the pastor's comfort, and are greatly helpful to him in his ministry. The exceptions mentioned are obstacles sufficient, in my view, as well as yours. The least difficulty of all is the age of the young man to whom you refer; for I see not the impropriety of a young deacon, any more than of a young minister; and, in some of these cases, the best choice that can be made must be made, and we must look up to God to qualify for the office and duties of it, which he often has done, beyond, perhaps, the expectation of all around.

I am satisfied in my own mind, that the ignorance and indifference of serious persons towards the duty of joining the church of Christ arise from the faults of the pastors of our churches. How should the people learn, except they be taught? And when is this subject touched upon? Seldom, indeed! If you design the church over which you are pastor should increase, avoid this common error, this silence on this part of the counsel of God, which should be declared as well as any other. People should be exhorted, for they need it. The rising generation, and the persons who compose our auditories, who are not members, are those who may be expected to come in, and fill up our churches. Let not these, then, be without the knowledge, that it is their duty to join gospel churches, nor without the knowledge also of what is the duty of members of gospel churches. Many know not that it is the duty of Christians to become members of a church of Christ, and so keep out. Others raise strange and frightful imaginations concerning church membership, and so are kept out by their fears. Ministers, deacons, and church members, should then be concerned to remove their prejudices, that the cause of Christ may be promoted, and our churches made more and more fruitful. I would not advise you to compile any thing on the subject as yet; I think you have not been long enough in the ministry, nor sufficiently acquainted with the subject. Study it yet longer; and I trust the Spirit of God will give you further light into the subject. "Zion is a city that is compact together." I often think this is a beautiful description of a church; and it is realized when the christians who compose it walk in faith, love, and unity. May the Lord Jesus make your church such an one! Whatever may be our wishes respecting the holiness, beauty, and perfection of our churches below, yet, after all, we shall find the truth of our Lord's words, "It must needs be that offences come." Things will not be as we could wish; professors will walk disorderly; the conduct of some will not be as becometh the gospel of Christ, although they know the pressing, authoritative, and affectionate exhortations of the apostle in these words, in which I think there is something very persuasive: "Only let your conversation be as becometh the gospel of Christ." The indifference and ignorance of some, the perverseness and shameful negligence of others, with respect to the performance of their church duties, are evidential of a want of love to the brethren, and a criminal neglect to promote the church's welfare and prosperity. These are matters which you already have met with, and, I dare say, will yet frequently experience in the course of your ministry. May the Lord the Spirit lead you and me into all truth, open our understanding in the knowledge of the mystery of the gospel, warm and invigorate our souls, strengthen our gifts and graces, and enable us to live, while here, to his glory, and useful to all around us!

I must think of concluding; and as a kind Providence hath permitted us to begin a new year, I wish you a happy and prosperous one; I mean chiefly as to the better part, "which shall never be taken away from us." May we enjoy, first of all, the presence of our covenant God, and, with that, all the blessings of this life, in covenant, which he may be pleased to give us! I hope, and would pray, that we may have a meeting together by and by, it being a long season since we saw each other, though, I believe, we do not forget one another, but frequently meet at a throne of grace.

Accept the love of your sister, and believe me yours, most affectionately,

William Burder.

The following letter my Father wrote to Mr. Williams, on the occasion of his marriage:—

Lancaster, March 7, 1780.

MY MUCH-ESTEEMED BROTHER,

I received yours, informing me of the change you have made in your condition; and I heartily congratulate you upon that event. I make no doubt that you have "married in the Lord," therefore you have done well. An increase of care, I know, you will expect; but this is necessary to balance an augmentation of temporal felicities. You have, however, a more enlarged sphere, in which you may (and may you!) move and shine, to the glory of our Immanuel.

You will now be able, better than before, to admire that love of Jesus, which he discovers as the husband of his blood-bought Spouse. That fellow-worms should be united in affection, should bear each other's burdens, and share each other's joys, is not much to be wondered at; but that our Maker, whose name is Jehovah-Sabaoth, should mingle his nature and interest with ours, should be the theme of joyful admiration. And would we indeed enjoy the blessings of so divine a union, and evidence the truth of it, it must be by a cordial attachment to his person and interest, and a constant return of love to him.

Now, my dear friend, you have a new lesson before you, and you shall have it in the apostle's own words: "It remaineth, that they that have wives be as though they had none;" and for this good reason,—the dearest comforts are precarious, transitory, and dying. Time itself is on the wing, and we are on the wings of time. O, therefore, let us pray and watch, that nothing hinder us in the grand affair, "or wean our hearts from Christ our love;" and indeed nothing shall,—for marriage is among "the things present or things to come," and none of these shall separate us from the love of Christ.

I am totally unacquainted with Mrs. Williams; but now she is *my* friend, because *your* wife; and I wish her all the blessings I wish you.

You inquire about my coming to London. If the Lord, who superintends and overrules all human affairs, be pleased to permit, I expect to spend the second sabbath of April in my native city; and I hope my dear friend will pray that my coming may be a blessing to many.

Assure yourself I am, warmly,
Your brother, in a precious,
precious Christ Jesus,
George Burder.

P. S. I cannot forbear to transcribe a sentence from an old divine, highly applicable to married christians: "It would be a good strife between them, one to labour to give no offence, and the other to labour to take none."

"I continued to make my preaching circuits frequently to Bootle, Kirksanton, Broughton, and Kendal, northward; and to Settle, Mewith, &c. in other directions.

"In the month of May I took a journey on horseback to Norwich, to exchange with Mr. Mark Wilks who was settled there.

"On the 15th I preached out of doors, at Heigham, near Norwich, where Bishop Hall lived. I was much interrupted by rude people; cows were driven through the congregation; a large black dog was mounted on a boy's shoulders, with a band round his neck, and his paws were made to imitate the motion of my hands. This was ill adapted to the solemnity of my text,—2 Cor. v. 11. 'Knowing therefore the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men.'

"On June 17 I returned home in safety, having ridden about 700 miles. I had reason to hope my labours at Norwich were useful, especially to one man.

"1781.—I think it was at the commencement of this year that I first printed a small tract, called, 'The Good Old Way;' in which the fall and recovery of man were stated and proved by Scripture, and confirmed by quotations from the Articles and Liturgy of the Established Church. I sent copies of this round Lancaster to each house, with a few words of dedication to the inhabitants. What effect it had I know not. One or two were sent back with abusive expressions. Whatever effect it might produce at Lancaster, I have great cause to be thankful that I wrote it; for it has been printed many times over in England and Scotland, and I suppose hundreds of thousands have been distributed, I believe to the good of many.

"An odd circumstance happened, I believe, at Bolton. I was told that two churchwardens, who observed its title, and thought it was written against Methodists and Dissenters, purchased and gave away two hundred at the church doors.—Sagacious officers!

"A singular incident happened at Preston. The room we occupied was over a cock-pit, seldom used, but some players took it for performing in. It was settled between the principal player and me, that we should not perform the same evening, as our people must, of necessity, pass through part of the theatre: but it so happened that a lady in the town ordered a play on a night which was our preaching night. Mr. Blackburn came to preach, and began to sing. This disturbed the players below, who were performing Romeo and Juliet. Romeo came up and expostulated. Our people were unwilling to give place; but Romeo threatened so violently, and with a drawn sword in his hand, that they felt constrained to yield and to give over the service.

"Monday, March 12.—Preached out of doors at Shiffnal in the afternoon. Here a drummer came, hired on purpose, and beat his drum directly before me, so that I was obliged to desist. The same evening I preached at Sheriff-Hales; on Tuesday at Drayton; on Wednesday at Wem; and on Thursday at Wrexham. This was the only time I preached in Wales; the people seemed all alive, and sang so loud that it shook the pulpit. Friday I preached at Nantwich, and on Saturday evening at Burslem.

"On Lord's-day morning I preached at Burslem in a house, and in the afternoon out of doors at Hanley, to a very large and attentive congregation. This was the beginning of the preaching there; where, afterwards, a long room was taken, and then the Tabernacle built. Hanley was thought the central place of the pottery, and best situated for a chapel. In the evening I preached at Newcastle.

"March 19, evening.—Preached to a great number, more than the house could contain, at Shiffnall; many came in consequence of the drummer's opposition the week before. Thank the drummer."

The following letter, giving a clear and concise description of the preaching of the celebrated John Wesley, is addressed to Mr. Williams:

Lancaster, April 2, 1781.

VERY DEAR SIR,

But two days since I returned from a preaching journey of 500 miles. I was in company more than once with Mr. John Wesley. I heard him four times; twice I liked him much, a few things excepted. He has the ear and heart of such numbers, that one might hope great things from his great diligence. I hope I have learned some things from him. He is concise; very logical and regular; yet not formal. He illustrates almost every particular with an anecdote. He keeps up great attention. He rises very early, and preaches at five o'clock. He preached much of love. In whatever he is wrong, he is surely right in preaching up that. O that the Lord would direct our hearts into the love of God! Faith, hope, and love, are the whole of religion. We err, at least we come short in the first, consequently in all.

Put up a petition for your unworthy friend,

GEORGE BURDER.

"August 31.—On this memorable day I entered into the marriage state with Miss Sarah Harrison, of Newcastle. I have great reason at this day (Sept. 15, 1809,) to bless God for directing me to so valuable and excellent a wife, and one who has been so uniformly pious and useful, and so excellent a mother to my dear children. We were married at Newcastle church by the Rev. Mr. Fernyhough. The bells, very contrary to our wishes, began to ring immediately on our coming out of the church, which announced the event to all the town. We dined at Mr. Harrison's, and arrived at Leek in the evening. On Saturday we proceeded to Buxton, where I preached twice on the Lord's day.

"Sept. 3. Monday.—Travelling in a one-horse chaise, the horse took fright when we were near the summit of a high hill, between Buxton and Dishley, and ran away down the hill with excessive speed. On the left was a terrible hollow or precipice; but we were mercifully preserved from injury, and turned the sharp angle at the bottom of the hill, over a bridge; the horse was then stopped by the rising ground. O let this deliverance never be forgotten! Staid at Manchester till Friday, and slept that night at Preston.

"8th.—Arrived, with my dear wife, at Lancaster. To this event of my marriage I may safely and thankfully apply Prov. xvii. 22. 'Whoso findeth (such) a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord.'"

On this occasion, he received the following beautiful and faithful letter from his Father:

Islington, Sept. 5, 1781.

DEAR SON AND DAUGHTER,

Beloved of God, I hope, called to be saints! Grace to you, and peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.

The good providence of God has now crowned your wishes, fulfilled your desires, and brought you into the closest, and sweetest, and most endearing relation known among men,—a relation prior to, and the great basis of all our relations—a relation constituted in innocency, which can be said of no other—a relation which Jesus honoured, not only with his divine presence, but with his divine power; at which he wrought his first miracle—a relation pronounced honourable by an inspired apostle, and, once more,—a relation which is dignified with being a type, if I may so call it, of that great and important union there is between Christ and his Church;—all which considerations are so many and important arguments and motives to all who have entered on that dear union, to preserve its purity, honour, and happiness. As to these points, I need say little, very little. Only give me leave to exhort you, in the bowels of a parent, to watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation. You are both of you, I trust, well acquainted with your Bibles; and a careful attention to God's word will be of unspeakable use to you: but as we are all of us poor, imperfect creatures, liable to many mistakes concerning ourselves and others, and as an almost infinite variety of events and changing scenes attend us in our passage through this present evil world, so you will find daily occasions to watch and pray that you do not lose the honour and happiness of the dear union which hath taken place. As my very dearly beloved children, I warn you to take heed to your own spirits; be not soon angry; permit no unkind thoughts of each other to enter, or by any means to find a lodging in your breasts. Surely I may apply here, what the apostle says concerning believers in general, "Be ye kindly-affectioned one to another, tender-hearted, in love preferring each other." As to you, my son, I charge you to be exceedingly tender towards her who now lies in your bosom. Do not wonder that I write these things; my own experience and observation tell me that such cautions are by no means unnecessary. I am sure that not watching over our own passions is one of the principal, if not the greatest spring of all our uneasiness; and, believe me, where there is true, real love between husband and wife, no uneasiness will be so much felt, as what arises from little tiffs between them. I hope you will be both strangers to them; but I persuade myself your own observation will confirm the truth; avoid therefore this evil. Pray, pray much *for* each other, and pray frequently *with* each other; not only morning and evening in your family, or in your private retirements separately, but retire *together* for this duty; in which season you may use a greater liberty than in the family. I now recommend to you what I have practised myself, and I hope not in vain. Again, in the course of events in providence, you may perhaps be of different opinions. In such cases, take heed of an unyielding spirit; guard against contradiction; and let your different views of things be expressed in the softest terms possible, and study how to agree with each other. No doubt there is some degree of authority allowed to the man, but it ever requires great wisdom to use it. Let, therefore, every thing be done in love; and "if any one lack wisdom, let him ask it of God." Your mother joins with me in wishing you both all the blessings that your all-wise covenant God sees good for you.

Your affectionate Father,
HENRY BURDER.

"Sept. 12.—The Lord having greatly prospered our attempts at Kendal, a new and spacious chapel, capable of seating about 400 persons, without galleries, was opened this day, to my great joy. Mr. Gibbons preached in the morning, I in the afternoon, and Mr. Hunt in the evening."

The following is a letter to Mr. Williams:

Lancaster, Feb. 19, 1782.

DEAR OLD FRIEND,

I could like well to meet with your new society, if Providence permit me so to do. I think and hope you will all be wiser and better for it. May the number of religious societies, in any form, increase; for society is almost universally abused. O how honourable to you and your friends, that the Most High is an auditor at your meetings, and, I trust, though invisible, a speaker too;—for, I doubt not, the Lord often conveys to you blessings by your brethren's lips.

As to myself, I make, I think, little improvement any way—am always hoping to do better; but

"All promise—is poor dilatory man."

Yet while I thus complain, I would indulge the humble hope, that I rather increase in faith a little, a very little. Faith has been my favourite subject lately. I need faith, and therefore preach on it. I would teach myself, therefore teach others. I could wish matters were somewhat otherwise, so that, being strong in faith myself, I might more experimentally illustrate the important subject. One of my texts was Heb. iii. 10.; another, Matt. xiv. 31.; perhaps the next may be Rom. iv. 20. Unbelief—little faith—strong faith.

I confess myself very desirous to simplify the doctrine of faith. It is written and spoken of in such a manner, that few plain people know what to make of it. I see more than ever the necessity of representing it as the crediting the divine testimony, whatever that testimony may be, especially the record God has given of his Son. My own experience agrees in this; for when I credit God, my heart is at rest. I could like to talk with you and Crole on the subject.

The scenes of distress you were witness to in the workhouse were truly shocking. What a world of misery and ignorance is ours! What a world will heaven be,—where no groan shall be heard, where no ignorance shall be found! All its inhabitants shall be happy, and all holy. "When shall we mount and dwell above?" When God pleases; and *would* we go before?

You told me some stories,—I will tell you one. Last Sunday night, a man from the country heard me. My text was, "Is not my word like a fire? saith the Lord." He was greatly impressed, and went to a serious friend. He even trembled all over, and said he had lived forty years in ignorance, and twenty in drunkenness, and he had never known any thing of religion before. He appeared hopeful; but I am never sanguine now. I do not expect one in ten to stand. Pray that *he* may.

I should really be glad to see you. Here there is no probability, nor, to tell you the truth, at London, for one year, at least. I have married a wife. I do not propose to come to London this next summer, but expect my father and mother down; that is some consolation. But I am partly weaned from the metropolis now. Happiness has many country houses—at least as many as town houses. Shall I tell you where she may always be found? Where *God* is, *she* is; in London or Lancaster;—in the field—the shop—the study—the pulpit—the prison. Only let us live in God, and happiness dwells with us.

Farewell, fear nothing; "be happy in our Christ," as one of the martyrs said. Tell Mrs. W—— to be so.

I am, as much as ever,
Your friend,
George Burder.

In the month of April, he received the following letter from his brother:

London, April 8, 1782.

Dear Brother,

It is with no small regret that instead of accompanying my father and mother, I can only send this; but this way of conversing is still better than none; though far short of the pleasure and profit of conversing with those whom we love, *vivâ voce.* It has given me frequently painful thoughts, that Providence has separated us so far; but the hand of God is in it, who determines the bounds of our habitation and converse too; and let us believe, as we ought to do, that it is best for us, as done by him who doeth all things well. And is the want of the converse and company of relatives capable of producing any pain? Yes, it is; but what is this to the want of the converse of the soul with a holy and beloved Jesus? I hope at all times I have known something of this, and hope I always long and desire to have the experience of it. This is life eternal, to know and converse with Jesus Christ, whom God hath sent. Were we but much in the experience of this sweet and delightful communion, (and what is life without it?) it would elevate our souls, it would raise our spirits, and keep us more from sinking under our many and various pressures and afflictions in this present evil world. What an amazing consideration is it, that the great and blessed God should so speak after the manner of men, and take so much pains throughout his word to persuade his poor, feeble, drooping children, not to fear! Well, well indeed, does a gracious God know how many things, both within and without, press on us, and are too strong for us; and as well does he know, too, how apt and ready we are to fear, and how much this lesson deserves to be inculcated upon us,—"Fear not;" and that we may not fear, he adds,—wonderful and glorious!—"For I am with you; I am your God!"

Since God, in his providence, has called me into the concerns of life, and given me a family, I have not been without my afflictions, and they have been many and frequent. O that I may but learn instruction by them! I am now under trials, personal and relative, and they have pressed with great weight upon my spirits. And in this season, when faith and trust in God are most needed, they are least, perhaps, at hand. Unbelief is ready to rise and prevail; but still I would hope, would at least desire, to trust in God, and to make use of Luther's favourite Psalm, "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble; therefore will we not fear." O may these words do my heart good, and encourage me yet, from the church's experience, to make use of a faithful God, who is ever the same, unchangeable and gracious, toward his people!

We would entreat your prayers for us, that these trials may work together for our good. These are the crosses and afflictions of this present evil world; and God's word directs us to say of them, "Sorrow endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." But a little space, and, to the believer, all trouble will be gone, gone for ever. It is but a little cloud, and will soon blow over. Happy for us, if faith were more active, and we bore up under our trials more cheerfully. I wish you gospel success in your work, that souls may be converted and established by your *instrumentality*, but through the efficiency of God's Holy Spirit, who worketh all in all. If you have any success and encouragement in recommending a dear Lord Jesus, be thankful; and may the Lord, whose work you are engaged in, strengthen, direct, and confirm your own soul, that you may throughly know and experience what you speak to others of Christ's great salvation. I long much to see you and my sister, but must long on, and wait patiently for that at a future season. For the present farewell, and accept our united love and affection to yourself and sister, from

Your most affectionate brother,

William Burder.

" In April I visited Mr. J. D. Hunt (that was not his real name, but Dalton), who was condemned for a forgery at Manchester. It is remarkable that he had been, when a youth, a pupil of Dr. Dodd, who was himself executed for forgery. He was a man of good talents, and, I think, head constable of Manchester. He was attentive to instruction. He was executed Saturday afternoon, April 20. The execution was deferred some hours in expectation of a reprieve. I preached a sermon on the occasion, on Lord's day evening, 21st, from Rom vi. 21."

The three next letters are from his Father.

Islington, April 22, 1782.

Dear Son and Daughter,

We received yours of the 13th, wherein you expressed your earnest desire of seeing us. I can with truth assure you, your mother is not a whit behind you in that respect, for I, and all her friends, have had no little work to persuade her to wait; for she seemed willing to have set off on the 4th, notwithstanding all the inclemency of the weather, and bad roads. I never knew her so intent on any journey in my life. I hope the Lord will give his angels charge concerning us, and be with us in the way which we go, and bring us back to our house in peace; then shall the Lord be our God, as good old Jacob said; and how was his prayer answered! You know the pleasing narration; when he returned, the angels of the Lord met him.

You know I do not expect to see a vision of angels, but I hope to have the benefit of their convoy. And I do assure you, I do not know that I ever set out on a journey with so earnest a desire of doing and getting good. It is promised, Micah v. 7. "And the remnant of Jacob shall be in the midst of many people, as a dew from the Lord," &c. I hope he will fulfil the desire, which, I trust, is his own planting in my heart.

Your mother joins with me in love to you both. Grace and peace be multiplied to you.

Yours,

H. Burder.

Islington, July 29, 1782.

Dear Son and Daughter,

It is with much pleasure we reflect on our journey to Newcastle, and the pleasing and affectionate interview with so many new relations, and the respect shown us, which on all occasions we shall be ready to acknowledge and return.

I hope my heart is somewhat affected with holy admiration and thanksgiving for our late journeying mercies. To travel 550 miles without any accident, or the appearance of any, notwithstanding so many different horses, carriages, and drivers employed, and nothing amiss, how great the mercy! I know you will help us to praise the God of our lives and mercies; but if temporal mercies are so worthy of our notice, and call for so much thanksgiving, how much more thanksgiving is due to God for his unspeakable gift,—our dear, dear, ever adorable Saviour, who saves to the uttermost all that come to God by him! O what a great, sweet word is that, "*Uttermost!*" I hope I have dwelt upon it lately with sweet encouragement. Do think of it again, and again, and again, and I really believe you will find it to stretch itself beyond all your objections, nay, all your conceptions. It is *God's* uttermost, and therefore, as I before said, it is an infinite uttermost; would to God I could use it against all Satan's temptations, against all my more clamorous and dangerous workings of unbelief. Satan, be silent—unbelief, be silent; Jesus is able to save to the uttermost.

I may say of this "uttermost," as Paul speaks of the love of God, Its heights, its depths, its lengths, its breadths, are immeasurable and incomprehensible. Indeed the word of God is rich with encouragements, had we eyes spiritually enlightened to see them, and the hand of strong and lively faith to lay hold of them. "Lord, increase our faith."

Your affectionate Father,
H. Burder.

Islington, November 12, 1782.

Dear Son and Daughter,

What a world do we live in! and how mixed is our state here below! Scarcely have we time to celebrate the goodness of God, and sing his praises, before some dark cloud interposes, and calls for a mournful strain. This morning, my dear, reverend, aged, and honoured friend and pastor,* took his flight to the realms of glory. A providence this, which I find affects me much more deeply than I could have thought it would. I did not know I loved him so well. He has had a hard conflict with the last enemy, and has endured much of the agonies of dissolution; but I doubt not he has been made more than a conqueror through Jesus' love. Ours is now the sorrow, his the joy,—joy eternal and full of glory, in the best, the fullest sense. Let me engage you to help us with your prayers on this very solemn occasion. Pray for his deeply-afflicted family; pray for his mourning desolate church; pray for the presence of Christ, the great Shepherd of the sheep, with us, now our under-shepherd is taken from us. We have to bless our God for the labours of the Rev. Dr. Davies among us, who has almost constantly supplied his pulpit since his confinement. He is an excellent preacher, and I do not hear of any among us who do not approve of him. As to myself, he is to me as though God had raised the Rev. Mr. Rawlins from the grave. But no more of this at present. My mind is so impressed with the mournful scene my eyes have this day been witness to at Hatton Garden, that I know not how to call it off to any other subject.

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* The Rev. J. Webb, many years pastor of the church in Fetter Lane, London.

But I will turn to a more pleasing theme. I know not whether you have heard from your brother of the goodness of God to him and his, in the safe delivery of his wife, on Thursday afternoon, of a daughter, all safe and well. O how good God is; how shall we praise him? or what shall we render to him for all his benefits? We will take the cup of salvation and call on his name! Can you find a better pattern of praise, or words more fit and full than those of David, Psalm ciii. first few verses? If we cannot remember all his benefits, yet surely we cannot forget all his benefits; if we do, let us be no longer written men and women, but beasts, and the basest of beasts,—for the ox knows his owner, and the stupid ass his master's crib. Nor let the thanks and praises of an hour, or a day, or a few days, suffice; but let his goodness be deeply engraven on our hearts, and every way suitably expressed by our lives of obedience, by love, trust, confidence, and submission to his will.

Your affectionate Father,
H. Burder.

"Oct. 31, 1782.—This day I became a father. My dear wife was safely delivered of a daughter at half-past eight in the morning. Praise and glory be to the Lord God of our lives and mercies!

"After sermon in the morning of December 8, I baptized my dear child, and named her Maria. I recollect to this hour (Nov. 9, 1817), the peculiar sensations of my mind, when singing that verse of a hymn,

"Kindly receive this tender branch," &c.

I trust I devoted her to God. She was a lovely child; and, at a very early age, loved to be told of Jesus Christ and the things of salvation. She was spared to us only four years and a half."

The following letter is to Mr. Williams:

Lancaster, Sept. 6, 1782.

Dear Friend,

I am grieved to hear of the doctrinal apostasy of Mr. S—— and Mr. J——. Let us, my friend, look and look again at Him, who alone is able to keep us from falling. Let us, as Watson says, "Keep our faith, and our faith will keep us." I go on, as to myself, sometimes creeping, sometimes walking, now and then running, and for a little while, perhaps an hour or two, I make a sort of a flight, as if I had wings; but, alas! I soon find I am a terrestrial being, at least, too much so; though, blessed be God, I can generally see I have something nature did not give me, and which could never be derived from Adam the first. You are pleased to say, "I write about Christ." I wish I could. For I assure you, friend Thomas (are you akin to T. Didymus?), there is nothing does me substantial good but Christ. You have given me a few texts; and that I may be just and honest, let me tell you, I have found much pleasure lately in preaching on some good ones; such as, "Who, being the brightness," &c. I got that text from Timothy Priestley; I preached a lecture with him about thirty miles from hence. He had that text. What he said made my heart dance for joy, and I hope some of ours did at Lancaster, when I used it. Dr. Owen, on the Person and Glory of Christ, is almost the only author I have met with who dives into that subject. Most others are skimmers. Oh, as Paul says, "that I may know him!" Priestley made a remark which struck me, and has been profitable. Take it, and profit by it.—"The chief difference which subsists among real sincere Christians, as to their comfort and their walk too, is owing to the different degrees of their knowledge of Christ." And I thought it so in fact. In proportion as we judge rightly of Christ, so is our faith, love, comfort, and holiness. O may He shine more and more into our hearts! It will transform us. Alas! that which is the whole of religion, is, with most, no part; with few, the chief; but, as my Sunday night's text says, "Christ is all," &c.

I remain,
Your affectionate friend,
George Burder.

"1783.—Early in this year I felt inclined to leave Lancaster. I thought my work there seemed to be done. I hope some good was effected; yet, by the frequent removal of hearers, and other circumstances, there was little or no increase of the church and congregation.

"My principal usefulness, I apprehend, was in being instrumental in introducing the gospel, or assisting in introducing it, in Kendal, Bootle, Garstang, Preston, and some other places.

"There seemed now a promising opening for more extensive service and usefulness, both at Walsall and Coventry, at both which places ministers were wanted. I visited both places. I spent Lord's day, June 15, at Walsall, and preached also on the Wednesday following. On Friday I preached for the first time at Coventry, and spent the following Sabbath there."

Previously to this, my Father wrote to my grandfather, requesting his advice, and received in answer the following faithful letter:

Islington, April 9, 1783.

Dear Son,

You propose to my consideration and advice a business of very serious and important concernment indeed. I almost tremble to give any opinion in so weighty a matter; and were you not a son, I should, I think, be totally silent. What shall I say? To have you nearer to me is very pleasing; to have your dear Sally near to her parents is very desirable; to have a larger auditory is an object to be wished for; as to a larger income, that you take no notice of. But however inviting such circumstances, yet give me leave to remind you, you are set on your watch-tower. Consider, consider, who set you there, and do not dare to stir from it, till He who appointed your station call you from it, on any pretence whatever. Excuse my plainness and faithfulness; it is at your peril to remove without your Master's leave and direction. If you oblige me, or any one else, without a divine direction and warrant, you may never have peace in your own mind, nor usefulness any where else as long as you live. But do not mistake me; I do not say or mean, that this may not be the will of your great Master: but be not hasty; wait, pray, and wait and pray again and again; be sure, if you can, that you follow, not run before, providence. And methinks I feel most tenderly for Christ's sheep where you are; they love you, nay, do they not dote upon you? Ask yourself, "Why am I disposed to move? Am I not comfortable? Am I not useful? Am I not beloved? Am I not provided for? Do I lack any thing? Has not my Master been with me, supported and helped me? Can I not look on the people before me, when in the pulpit, and say, such and such an one is the seal of my ministry; 'this and that man was born here;' this and that dear child of God has been converted here." My dear child, beware what you do. I say again, I do not mean to determine for your stay where you are; but I wish you to act as one that is not at his own disposal, and must give an account, not to man, or any men, however nearly related, but to God. But now it is time to close; more may be said when additional circumstances take place, and are known. The Lord direct your way for his glory, and your comfort and usefulness.

Mother joins with me in love to you, and dear Sally, and little Maria. Grace be with you.

Yours, &c.

HENRY BURDER.

My Father received, soon after this, a very kind and friendly letter from his friend, the Rev. Matthew Wilks, who had frequently visited Coventry, and was well acquainted with the people. It breathes a spirit of genuine humility, as well as sincerity. That in the following letter he underrates greatly his own talents, I am well persuaded. They were, notwithstanding his peculiarities, of a high order.

Tabernacle House, Bristol,
May 21, 1783.

DEAR BROTHER,

Yours is just come to hand, and I am happy to give you my information, which may determine your resolutions toward Coventry.

As to the dark side of that congregation, I know of none, but what is common to all; viz. some "who know not the God of their fathers."

My principal objection to settling there, was a sense of my own inability for a stated pastoral charge. I never did, I do not now, think myself equal to it. This is true. Those who have only a few buttons, buckles, pins, &c. to sell, should peddle them about the country in a little hand-basket; while those who have a large assortment of every valuable article, may, with greater advantage, open shop for fixed customers.

The reason why they have not yet had a minister settled over them, is chiefly owing to me, in not giving my answer sooner; though this was at their request, fearing that if I did it before I had paid them another visit I should do it in the negative. I wished them not to be in a hurry, and objected to some, who, I thought, would not do them any good. Ministers they might have had in abundance, but you know there are many who are rather a curse than a blessing where they go.

They are gradually increasing in regular hearers and in members; and they promise, under a godly minister, to be a very large interest; for the city is large, populous, and very ignorant, and yet there is a great spirit for hearing: indeed I think there is the beginning of a great work. There is a populous country around where you may labour, and, indeed, they want—(no flattery)—a man just of your make.

I begin to believe you are their long looked-for minister, and I hope I have not believed in vain.

Yours,

M. Wilks.

P.S. I do not know your wife; should I desire to be remembered to her, perhaps you would say it was ceremony; but I have a good opinion of her for your sake, and hope she will do every thing to merit it.

Soon after this, my Father received the following touching and edifying letter from his brother:

London, Nov. 14, 1783.

Dear Brother,

My father informed you of the bereaving providence which lately took place in my house. You may judge, though you cannot experimentally know, that I felt much through the afflictive, affecting scene, and especially during the last twelve hours of the babe's life, while lying in strong convulsions, gasping for breath, struggling, with strong pains and piercing groans, and conflicting with approaching death. Parental love worked strongly; but my hardest task was to endeavour to comfort and quiet my poor afflicted wife, whose grief was an overflowing and impetuous flood indeed. O, how closely doth the creature cleave to our affections! "How strong it strikes the sense," as Dr. Watts with great propriety speaks.

Such seasons I find very very solemn and very useful. To see the invisible power of the Lord working in a disease, and calling a beloved object away from our delightful embraces, — calling a sinful mortal into an eternal world;—to stand by, while the immortal soul invisibly wings its way into the world of spirits, and behold, in a moment, the body left dead, motionless, and inactive! I thought it a solemn sight, and my mind was deeply impressed with the awful scene, as this must one day be *my* most important situation. In the afternoon I went to meeting, and Dr. Davies publicly baptized Mr. Isaac Taylor's child. The sight was most solemnly pleasing to me, as there was so great a contrast, and yet, as my mind presented the thought, something similar.

I had been rendering back again, at the Lord's call, the child he had lent me for a season; in which period I had devoted it to the Lord, and enjoyed it as long as he designed I should. My friend came forward to acknowledge his child as the Lord's gift to him, and to devote it to the Lord, resigning it into his hand, and unto his sovereign disposal.

This solemn resemblance gave me a most sweet and solemn pleasure, and produced a quietness in my mind which I would be very thankful for. Could we, as Christians, always possess such a view of divine and eternal things as such a season is productive of, it would be well; it would cast a glory over the gospel profession, and bring a revenue of glory to the God of our salvation. I find the world a great enemy to my soul, whether I have little or much; a want of business is apt to dispirit, and fulness of business produces carnality of spirit. I would pray over and plead that sweet prayer of our Lord:—"I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil."

Remember me in your prayers, that I may be duly thankful, and be helped to walk humbly with the Lord, and that I may enjoy his smiles and favour, which, I hope, I long for, and prize above all terrestrial enjoyments.

Your affectionate Brother,

WILLIAM BURDER.

"On the 21st of July, I left Lancaster, and preached that evening at Preston, and the next evening at Manchester; I then proceeded to Newcastle, and met my father and mother at Coventry on Friday. I preached there on the 27th, and on Sabbath, August 3. On the next day I received an unanimous call from the Church assembling at West Orchard Chapel, to become their pastor. This call was seconded by a separate paper to the same effect, signed as unanimously by the subscribers to the place.

"After returning to Lancaster, I accepted the call from Coventry, judging that there the providence of God provided for me a scene of action in a larger congregation and a more populous city, where greater usefulness might, under the blessing of God, be hoped for; and the result proved that I was not mistaken."

THE FOURTH PERIOD.

HIS MINISTRY AT COVENTRY.

"INTENDING shortly to leave Lancaster, I paid a farewell visit to several places where I had preached;—to Kirkby-Lonsdale, Burton, Ulverstone, and Bootle. On the 11th of September, I crossed, for the last time, the sands between Ulverstone and Lancaster; the waters, in consequence of much rain, were broad and deep, but I was mercifully preserved.

"And now the painful moment of separation from my Lancaster friends, among whom I had laboured nearly six years, arrived. I took my leave of the pulpit on Lord's day, Oct. 12.

"I left Lancaster with my dear wife and child, on Wednesday morning, Oct. 15, feeling no small pang at parting. Mrs. Burder's anticipations rendered the journey the more anxious. We arrived between seven and eight in the evening at Manchester, where we continued over Sabbath the 19th.

We proceeded, on the 21st, to Newcastle, where I preached on the 24th, and at Burslem, Hanley, and Newcastle on Sabbath, the 26th.

"On Monday we went forward to Wolverhampton. I preached in Birmingham on Tuesday evening, but amidst many cares. On Wednesday we proceeded to Coventry, where we arrived at the house of our friend Mr. Evans, then an occasional preacher, all in good health. O that the mercies of this journey may ever be remembered with gratitude! A house being taken, our goods were soon put in order, and we removed into it in a day or two.

"On Lord's day, Nov. 2, I commenced my ministerial course at West Orchard Chapel; preaching in the morning from Acts x. 33. and in the evening, from Ps. cxxxvi. 23. Mr. Evans preached in the afternoon; after which I administered the Lord's supper.

"On Thursday, Nov. 27, Mrs. Burder was safely delivered of a son, our second child. I remember hearing his first cries, as I listened at the bottom of the stairs. He was named Henry Forster. Henry was the name of my dear father, and Forster was the name of the family from which my mother-in-law was descended.

"This has been indeed an eventful year, partly on account of my removal to Coventry, where I resided nearly twenty years, and partly by the birth of a son, whom the Lord has spared to this day (1817), and made a useful minister of the gospel.

"1784.—Began this year with a sermon to youth, on Ezek. xxxvi. 26. Thursday evening.

"January 11.—Lord's-day afternoon, baptized my son Henry at the meeting, having preached on Matt. xxviii. 19.

"The increase of the congregation induced us to erect galleries in our chapel; and as we, the congregation, were not able to meet the expense incurred, I undertook to visit London, to obtain pecuniary aid. Having heard of my intention, the Rev. Rowland Hill, with whom I had the pleasure of being previously associated in some itinerant labours, wrote to me the following friendly and humorous letter:—

St. George's Road, Southwark.

MY DEAR BROTHER BURDER,

And so you are coming up to London upon the delightful errand of begging. Much good may it do you. I have had enough of that to last me for a good seven years to come. To be sure it is true, that honest people should always pay their debts. I wish you success in paying off your Coventry debts; but you must know I have an old score against you, on which account I draw out the following just demand:—

George Burder, late bishop of Lancaster and its environs, now translated to the see of Coventry, debtor to Rowland Hill, rector of Surry chapel, vicar of Wotton Underedge, and curate of all the fields, commons, &c., throughout England and Wales;—for supplying one month the metropolitan church at Lancaster, and many other places, throughout the diocese at large; the sum of one month's labours for the Surry chapel, from the above-mentioned bishop, is most justly demanded.

And now, my dear brother, to come to a serious settling of the point. Through many difficulties, you must know, we have erected a large standard for the Gospel on this side London. The poor sheep left in the country are near my heart. I am looking up to the God of Providence to direct my way amongst them for a few weeks. Will you let me entrust the care of the chapel with you during my absence? You will by no means find it such a burden as entirely to confine you, if you would wish to go elsewhere. I dare say an acceptable exchange may be provided. We have only two sermons on a Sabbath, a lecture on Tuesday evening, and on Friday morning. Now I must request you to send me an answer to the following queries, as soon as you can. When do you come to town? How long do you stay? How far can you engage to supply my London rectory? My love and respect for you make me put this confidence in you and request this favour from you. That God may bless you in all your ways, and prosper you in all your undertakings, is the very sincere prayer of

Your very affectionate brother,
R. Hill.

" Early in February I went to London to collect for this purpose. During my stay in town, I preached about six times at Surry Chapel, which had been recently erected; preached also at the Tabernacle; for Dr. Davies, at Fetter Lane; for Mr. Crole, at Pinner's Hall; for Dr. Addington, Dr. Gibbons, and Mr. Trotman; and at Ram's chapel, Homerton; returned home in March: collected about 125*l.*; the galleries cost about 200*l.*

" In the month of April I attended William Summers, a young man under sentence of death. He was executed on Whitley Common, Wednesday, April 28. He appeared to be very penitent; and I was not without hope of his having obtained mercy; especially, as he felt great concern for others, and desired me to speak to the people just before he was turned off, and to warn them in his name, for he was too weak to speak. I gave notice that I would preach in the Park on the following Sabbath evening, to improve the sad event. The notice of this afforded him great pleasure.

" On the evening of the day of execution I preached at the meeting, on Job xiv. 10,—' Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?' As proposed, I preached on Sabbath evening, and probably to five thousand people, from 2 Cor. v. 10. 'Knowing, therefore, the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men.' The people behaved well; but I believe I could not be well heard, the wind was so high; and, if I recollect right, rain came on. But I do hope good was done, at least some were brought to attend the ministry of the Gospel.

"On the preceding Monday, April 26, having exchanged with my worthy friend, that faithful, useful minister, Mr. Moody, of Warwick, I attended the execution of three men; one was a coiner, the other two were housebreakers. One circumstance affected me very deeply. All the three were on ladders,—then the mode of execution,—with the ropes about their necks, about to be turned off, when the coiner, endeavouring to fortify his mind in this awful situation, uttered words to this purpose, which I distinctly heard, being at a short distance:—'I never killed any body, I never hurt any body,—I hope the Lord will have mercy upon me.' This poor creature seemed to die exactly in the spirit of the Pharisee,—'I thank God I am not as other men are, or as this publican;' for I thought he alluded to the two thieves suffering with him, who had robbed the Bull inn, I think, in Birmingham. I was so deeply affected, that I could scarcely refrain from crying out to the man, 'Do not trust to your own righteousness, look to

Christ.' It has often occurred to me, as one of the most glaring instances of a self-righteous spirit that I ever knew.

"I was not publicly designated to the pastoral office at Coventry until Wednesday, May 26; when Mr. Denny, of Long Buckby, and Mr. Scott, of Hinckley, prayed; Mr. Saunders, of Bedworth, preached on 'I know that this shall turn to my salvation,' &c.; and Mr. Grundy, of Lutterworth, concluded. Mr. Piercy, of Woolwich, preached in the evening.

"May 28.—My father and mother favoured me with a visit, to my great pleasure.

"June 5.—I was at Derby, to assist in opening a commodious chapel, built in great part by the generosity of Thomas Wilson, Esq. of London (father of the present T. Wilson, Esq. treasurer and chief patron of the Hoxton Academy), who had supported in great measure the expenses of preaching at Derby, near his native place, for some time. Mr. Scott (Capt. Scott) preached in the morning; I preached in the afternoon; Mr. Matt. Wilks in the evening.

"Many ministers and christian friends from various places having been collected together from the country, Mr. Wilson wished to render the meeting a kind of jubilee. Sermons were therefore preached for several successive mornings and evenings; Mr. Scott on Monday morning, and I in the evening. Mr. Plumb, of Nottingham, was to have preached on Tuesday morning, but being taken ill, I preached in his stead, and set off for Coventry after breakfast, being in haste to return on account of my father and mother being at my house.

"August 22.—Commenced a course of sermons on the Divine Perfections in the afternoons; did this more fully afterwards in London, the substance of which appears in Vol. VI. of the Village Sermons.

"23.—Began a series of observations, at the Monday evening prayer-meetings, on the Pilgrim's Progress. These were remarkably well attended, three or four hundred people, perhaps, being present.

"The remarks made on these occasions were afterwards improved, and printed in a new edition of the Pilgrim, divided into chapters. This was reprinted some years afterwards.

"If I mistake not, it was in this year that I first printed the "Closet Companion," on a sheet; I afterwards reprinted it in 12mo, in several editions. I have reason to hope it has been useful.

"1785. March 25. Good Friday.—Preached to the prisoners under sentence, and to a large congregation, in the County Hall. The hall was lent for the purpose by permission of the Mayor, who was present and much impressed,—I hope usefully; as he soon after left the Arian congregation, where he used to attend, and became my constant and serious hearer. It was an affecting season, and I hope good was done.

"March 31.—Preached again to the condemned men at the Gaol hall, to a very large congregation, from Acts xvi. 30, 31.—'What shall I do to be saved?' &c. The substance of this discourse is in the Village Sermons.

"Saturday, April 2.—My dear wife was safely delivered of a son. This son was afterwards called John, and is now (1817), and has been several years, a minister of the gospel, and an instrument of good to souls. Have I not, then, reason to bless God that he was born? and I hope many others will have reason to bless God too.

"Tuesday, April 5.—Preached again at the hall to the malefactors, and a great concourse of people, from Psalm cxxx. 4:—'There is forgiveness with thee,' &c. The men were respited for ten days.

"April 18.—Monday morning, eight o'clock, preached once more to the poor condemned men at the hall, from Amos iv. 12:—'Prepare to meet thy God.' After service they were taken in a mourning coach to Whitley Common, where I attended them, with Mr. Wilks. I had some hopes of the two younger men. I gave notice from the cart that Mr. Wilks would preach at West Orchard, my chapel, which he did in the evening, to a vast congregation, from these words: 'And, ye fools, when will ye be wise?'

"Sept. 11.—Exchanged with Mr. Denny, a pious minister of Long Buckby. He was one of the few of Dr. Doddridge's students, who preached and maintained evangelical sentiments fully. He told me in what a most serious manner the good Doctor would frequently talk with the students singly, in his study.

"This year Sunday schools were commenced at Coventry. They had been established at Manchester, Birmingham, and other places. Wishing to introduce them here, I inserted a letter, recommending them, in the Coventry paper. Soon after this, a meeting was held, and a committee chosen to begin them on the liberal plan of Manchester, by a general subscription in the town, and the parents of the children were to choose what place of worship they should attend.

"This method was pursued for two or three years, I think; but the Clergy never attended, not liking to unite with Dissenters, who were thought to have more than their share of scholars; and the union was dropped, all parties thinking it better to act separately.

"1786.—This year I constructed an electrical machine. This engaged a good deal of my attention—perhaps too much; yet I sometimes used it medically for neighbours with good effect.

"March 25.—A poor man was tried and condemned for burglary. The clergyman (Mr. R.) visited him, having previously agreed to receive five guineas from the sheriffs. The poor wretched man was executed April 19, and died in a most hardened manner. I preached that evening on Job xxii. 15, 16: 'Hast thou marked the old way which wicked men have trodden?'

"The town being of considerable length, I thought that if a large room were fitted up in one of its extremities, persons might be induced to hear the gospel, who could not come from any distance to the chapel. I therefore looked out for a place, and met with an old shop, not in use, which I fitted up. Here I began to preach on Friday evenings; and here, I have reason to believe, some were called by grace, two or three of whom afterwards went into the ministry. Here I preached in a way somewhat extempore, having a few outlines of a sermon, new or old; and I think I was enabled to dispense many great truths in a simple manner.

"Some years after I took a similar method at the western extremity of the town, but I think not with so much success as at the former place. In two or three private houses also I expounded, sitting in a chair.

"August 29.—My dear wife was delivered of another boy, whom we named George. I baptized him, Lord's-day, October 29th, having preached on 1 Sam. i. 28. I hope I did indeed 'lend him to the Lord' in sincerity. I wrote, on that occasion, in my pocket-book, 'O that he may be his! and, were it his will, *as Samuel was.*' But the Lord, to whom he was lent, was pleased to take him to himself about nine months after.

"1787. April 11.—Mary Falkin was executed for robbing the house of her master, and then setting fire to it. I visited her, as did several others, frequently, and had some reason to hope that she died a penitent. I spoke a few words to the people from the cart, at her execution; and preached that evening in St. Mary's Hall (the chapel being then shut up for enlargement), to a great number of people, from 1 Cor. iv. 7.—'Who maketh thee to differ from another?'

"On Sabbath evening I preached a sermon on the occasion, it having been requested by the deceased, from James i. 15. The hall was exceedingly crowded, so that many fainted, and hundreds went away, not being able to enter. O that good may have been done!

"April 26.—A great trial was appointed for me and my dear wife;—no less than the removal of our first-born, our dear Maria. At three o'clock in the afternoon, after about a week's severe illness, she expired, at the house of our friend, Mr. Evans, where she was on a visit when taken ill. Her disorder was the small-pox, then prevalent in the town, and at that time I was not quite satisfied about inoculation.

"She had been a very lovely child, in disposition as well as person; and though not four years and a half old, she seemed to take delight in hearing of Jesus Christ. O what a change did disease and death make in her pleasant form!

"Acute, beyond expression, were my feelings; yet, I trust, I was enabled to say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' He hath taken her away from this evil world, I doubt not, to himself. O that I, my dear afflicted wife, and the rest of my dear children, may be well prepared to follow her to endless glory!"

On this occasion my Father received the following consolatory letter from my sympathizing grandfather:—

Islington, April 30, 1787.

DEAR SON AND DAUGHTER,

I received the mournful account of dear Maria's departure on Thursday last. It was melancholy tidings, though expected. Your epistle contains very few words; but I think I may select from those few a word of consolation that ought to abate your griefs. You say, "Our dear Maria has just left this world for a better." You loved her; and can you grieve for her happiness? I know you will say, you do not. No; your loss is her gain. But you grieve because you have lost an earthly, uncertain enjoyment, a comfort mixed with many anxious fears and cares. I say uncertain, because we know not whether our children may prove comforts or crosses;—but she is gone, and, we hope, to enjoy those rivers of pleasure, which are at God's right hand for evermore. I this morning read in my family those important words: "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth." I thought them very suitable to you at this time: what you have lost is but extraneous; your real, your best interests are untouched. This loss makes no alteration in your state,—your relation to God as your covenant God—to Jesus, in all his offices, relations, and fulness. God has not, I trust, taken his Holy Spirit from you; you have the covenant and its promises still for your support. Set your affections on these things, and call them off from that which is not. True, one stream of pleasure is cut off; but have you not many left? True, you are called to sing of judgment (and by judgment I do not mean God's vindictive displeasure, but his fatherly chastisements); but have you not cause to sing of mercy also? Give me leave to call you to patient submission; say, with the Shunamite, "It is well." I am sure it is well; God hath done it, therefore it is, it must be well, and it shall work among the "all things" for good. I wish what I have said may have any influence to support and comfort you both under your trial.

Affectionately yours,

H. BURDER.

"This was a very afflictive event to me. O that it may prove lastingly instructive! Very shortly after this a similar affliction followed, in the death of my youngest child, George. He was visited by the same fatal disease, and, after one week's illness, expired. 'God hath spoken once, yea, twice, saying, Be ready.' May I always be so!"

At this time, and ever after, my Father had the pleasure of very friendly intercourse with several evangelical clergymen of the Established Church. One of these was that excellent and eminently useful servant of Christ, the Rev. Thomas Robinson, of Leicester. The following letter from him, on the subject of antinomianism, will not be deemed unworthy of insertion:

Leicester, December 22, 1787.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am sorry to hear of your alarm about antinomianism; but hope it will not spread, as your fears might suggest. Had I thought you unprepared to resist such an attack upon our most holy faith, I would have endeavoured to have furnished you with a few weapons. But, I doubt not, the Lord will enable you to defend his truth, and guard it against all dangerous perversion and abuse. In a few words, I would observe, that the system of antinomianism sets aside half the work of Christ, and the chief part of the operations of the Spirit, and leaves us where it found us, the slaves of sin, utterly unchanged. It puts a forced and most unnatural construction on all those passages which speak of holiness and good works; and keeps out of sight, or rather denies, the grand design of redemption, viz. to bring us back to God, by making us submit to his government. If the law be no rule of life, why does Paul talk of it, and shew what is contained in it? Why does he declare that he is not without law to God, but under the law to Christ? But I will not multiply passages on so plain a point. I will only observe, that the law of God is no other than a transcript of his most holy mind, and that whoever loves one must love the other. God is also unchangeable in his mind, and, therefore, his moral law (which is only the declaration of his will respecting the conduct of his rational creatures) cannot be repealed.

Excuse this very superficial scrawl, and believe that I love you, and wish you all success. Mrs. R. joins in respects to Mrs. B. and our other friends whom you know, with,

Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

T. Robinson.

"1788.—A most eventful and afflictive year.

"On the first evening of January I preached to young people, from Hosea vi. 4: 'O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee?' &c. It pleased God greatly to bless this discourse. I believe several were called by his grace under that sermon; among whom were Thomas Hassel, and a young woman, afterwards his wife; both of whom went, in 1796, as missionaries to Otaheite, with their children, and afterwards settled at Paramatta, in New South Wales.

"March 20.—Mrs. Burder was safely delivered of a daughter, called Elizabeth Lamplow, whom the Lord was pleased to spare till after she had attained her thirteenth year.

"On the 2d of May, I received a letter from Dr. Davies, informing me that my mother-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Burder, died the day preceding, after a few days' illness. I then received the following letter from my dear Father himself:

Islington, May 3, 1788.

DEAR SON,

You have received the mournful information of the removal of my dear other self, an event which hath made a wide gap in my creature-comforts; but a God all-sufficient can infinitely more than make it up. I feel the stroke very sensibly indeed, but desire to have my outward conduct and my inward disposition suitable to my afflicted condition. I doubt not having a share in your most affectionate remembrances and sympathy. She changed so fast that we were obliged to solder up the coffin yesterday afternoon. O what a change! the dear object of my warmest affections no longer fit to be seen, but I must bury her out of my sight. O this vile body! But, blessed be God, "this corruptible shall put on incorruption." Death makes a great change indeed; but, thanks be to God, the resurrection shall make a much greater, when it shall be raised like Christ's heavenly body; and who can tell what that will be? She had hope in her death, and, I doubt not, a hope firm and steadfast—a hope well founded, that hath not made her ashamed. She was very calm through her illness, composed, and free from the terrifying fears of the king of terrors. She repeated the 17th hymn of Dr. Watts's first book, "O for an overcoming faith," &c. with great seeming interest and delight, and talked with her friends of meeting them again, never to part.

I have fixed on those words in Isaiah for her funeral discourse:—"Fear not, for I am with thee," &c.; words which she seemed to have lived on for many years.

Your afflicted Father,
H. Burder.

"This was a very sudden stroke, and I felt strongly inclined to go up to town immediately, hoping I might help to comfort the mind of my dear father, who, I knew, was greatly afflicted; but I hesitated, especially as the sacrament day was at hand; and I received another letter, I think on Saturday, intimating that it was not expected I should come up to the funeral. Still, however, I felt strongly inclined to go; and on Monday afternoon I set off, and arrived at Islington about one the next day.

"On coming to my father's door, one of the servants informed me, that my father was very seriously ill; and so indeed I found him. On going into his chamber, I first saw his countenance in a glass opposite the bed—it was the countenance of a dying man. What an awful and surprising spectacle was this! Upon inquiry, I found that on Friday evening, when the undertaker's people came to solder up the leaden coffin of Mrs. B——, he had retired into the garden, with his grandson, Samuel, and that, it being an extremely cold evening (occasioned by a most severe easterly wind), he took cold; he was seized with shivering about noon on Saturday, and went to bed. His disorder was a pleurisy. He sent for advice early on Sabbath morning, and had also a physician afterwards; but medicinal applications were in vain. He lived but a few hours after I saw him. I had conversations with him, in which he expressed his having no hope but in Christ. The surgeon intimated, about four o'clock, his opinion that his case was dangerous, and that it was expedient to settle his affairs. We sent for his attorney, though my father thought it would be time enough on the morrow. Mr. W—— came about seven, took his instructions, and hastily drew up a short will; we sent for two neighbours to witness the signature. They came, and offered him the pen,—but it was too late; he fell back on my arm, and immediately expired.

"The shock was surprising; it was an awful moment. I scarcely knew where I was, or what I did, or how to realize the actual event. My brother, who was very unwell, had dined with us, but was gone home. A good neighbour prayed with us, and a most appropriate solemn prayer it was. The medical men were anxious that the body should be opened. It was found, that had he not been removed by this violent complaint, it is probable that he could have lived but a very short time, as the pylorus (the lower orifice of the stomach) was nearly grown up, which was probably the cause of his frequent sickness soon after he had taken food.

"The bodies of my father and mother were both interred together on the following Saturday afternoon. Dr. Davies spoke at the grave, and preached a funeral sermon on Sabbath afternoon at Fetter Lane, on—'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.'

"Altogether, this was a most solemn event, and affected me greatly; and with another death, which soon followed, threatened my health, if not my life.

“ Mrs. B. was seventy years of age, and my father sixty-seven.

“ My dear and only brother, Mr. William Burder, was then labouring under a heavy affliction. On taking the advice of an eminent surgeon, he submitted to a painful operation in July; but his constitution could not sustain the shock; a fever ensued, which proved fatal on the 24th.

“ My brother was a true Christian;—of his future happiness it was impossible to entertain a doubt; but he was cut off at an early age (forty-four), leaving a mourning widow and five children; the youngest then at the breast.

“ He was buried in a grave next that of my father and mother: over the former is a table-tomb, and it is my earnest wish, agreeably to the will of my honoured mother (to whose generous kindness I and my family, as well as my brother's family, are so much indebted), that my children, and his, may ever keep that tomb in good and perfect repair. It is situated in Bunhill Fields burial-ground.

“ The death of my father occasioned a journey or two to town, to settle our affairs, and the death of my brother another. The whole greatly affected me, and my friends had apprehensions for my health, but it was at length mercifully reestablished.

“ An accession of property enabled me to obtain additions to my domestic comforts, and to provide for the education of my children. I humbly hope it has not diverted my attention from the cause of

Christ and the conversion of souls. A deistical physician in the town observed that I should soon leave off preaching, but he has been mistaken. Had I entered upon the ministry for 'filthy lucre,' it might have been so, but I trust better motives induced me, and these are permanent, now nearly thirty years after (1817)."

Having been apprized that the amount of my Father's property has been, by some of his friends, greatly exaggerated, and that it has been represented as progressively augmented by accumulation, I think it due to his memory to state, that although his domestic expenditure was always regulated by a prudent economy, yet that, after contributing the proportion of his income which he judged suitable, to the cause of christian benevolence, he never had either the means or the desire of accumulation. He wished to leave to his family the estates which he inherited from his Father and Mother; but even that he did not find it convenient fully to effect.

"Jan. 13, 1790.—Attended a very numerous meeting of Dissenters, ministers and others, deputed by the dissenting congregations of nine midland counties, to consider the means of procuring a repeal of the Corporation and Test

Acts. Mr. Alderman Whitwell, of Coventry, accompanied me.

"I had no great satisfaction in the meeting. The Unitarians manifested a degree of violence that alarmed me, and some weeks after I withdrew from the Association, afraid of evil consequences from the spirit discovered.

"A General Baptist minister gave notice, at the close of the meeting, that a political sermon would be preached that evening; which was done; but I disliked it. Mr. W——, of Nottingham, an Arian minister, offered a prayer (if such it might be called) before sermon, but such a miserable performance I never heard. He seemed cramped and confounded, as if he tried to please all the parties present; however, he pleased none. I wish never to hear such a prayer again. I did not like my company."

About this time my Father received a very kind letter from the excellent Dr. Gillies, of Glasgow, expressing his favourable opinion of my Father's Notes on Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

Glasgow, June 14, 1790.

Rev. Sir,

Last winter I was agreeably surprised to see, in a bookseller's catalogue, your edition of the Pilgrim's Progress, and wondered I had not heard of it sooner. I immediately sent to London for a copy, and perused it with great pleasure, being instructed, and, I hope, edified by your valuable Notes. Pray, dear Sir, allow me to ask the favour of being admitted into the list of your christian brethren who are indebted to you for this publication. I love Bunyan for his piety and catholic spirit, for it was his principle to hold communion with saints as such. The Pilgrim seems to me a work he was incited to, and assisted in, by singular gifts of the Spirit of God. You will smile, perhaps, at an unexpected transition from the Pilgrim to Paradise Lost: but I am not ashamed to own, that both these performances appear to me in the same light with regard to the great use and end of them. The one " asserts eternal Providence, and justifies the ways of God to men," as recorded in the Scriptures of truth, for the use of philosophers and literary men. The other delineates christian experience in a lower style, suited to all capacities. In the one, Providence thought fit to employ sublime genius, universal learning, all the charms of eloquence and poetry; in the other, a most lively imagination and amiable simplicity, with much experience in the language and manners of the common people. Milton's book was long neglected, but has now raised its head above all other English books, to the vexation of infidels. You will hardly meet with a child in Scotland who can read another book, and has not read the Pilgrim.

I beg your prayers for me and my congregation, and remain, Rev. Sir,

Your most affectionate
Brother and Servant,
JOHN GILLIES.

"July 25.—Opened the new chapel at Lichfield, the first dissenting place of worship, I believe, ever known in that High-church town.

"Oct. 19.—Three of my children, Henry, Eliza, and Thomas, were inoculated with the small-pox. The two former had the disorder favourably, but Thomas was very dangerously ill, and one whole night two persons were obliged to give him some support every few minutes. But suddenly he became better, and recovered. Most painful was my anxiety on his account, when in danger. Convinced as I was that I did right in inoculating him, I felt as if I should be guilty of his death. I can never forget my distress; but God was gracious, and spared him in answer to earnest prayer.

"July 14, 1791.—On this day, the anniversary of the French Revolution, which some persons imprudently proposed to celebrate by a public dinner at Birmingham, there was a great riot of the High-church mob, who first burned down

Dr. Priestley's meeting house, then the Old meeting, and afterwards the private mansions and dwelling-houses of opulent dissenters. This formidable riot continued several days, until Sabbath evening, when some troops arrived from Nottingham, having marched fifty miles in that hot day.

" The terror spread through the country, and base people threatened our meetings at Coventry: a mob waited every night at ten o'clock to hear the news from Birmingham, and seemed only to want a leader to begin the work of destruction among us; indeed, it was suspected that some bad men of Coventry were the principal incendiaries at Birmingham. I was under some apprehensions, as it was rumoured that Dr. Priestley, who had fled from Birmingham, had taken shelter in my house. We had our plate and writings packed up, to be ready for departure on the first alarm. But some soldiers arrived, and no attempt was made. Blessed be God!

" I have not the least doubt that the riots were planned long before, and were intended to intimidate the Dissenters.

" An inquiry was proposed in Parliament by Mr. Whitbread, but was suppressed by the influence of the ministry. Dr. P. brought to light some important facts, and some very suspicious circumstances in his appeal, which impartial historians will not fail to notice.

" When I was at Stratford on the 14th, just about to set off to preach at Kineton, I saw a hand-bill which had been circulated at Birmingham, intimating that persons would attend at the door of the hotel, where the dinner was to be held, to take down the names of those who went in to dine. I then said, before the tumult happened, I was persuaded mischief was intended.

"A friend of mine, who lived near the hotel, having shut up his shop about five o'clock, on account of the mob collected about his doors, retired to an upper window, where he observed an attorney putting something into the hands of men standing about, which was no doubt money, saying, 'To the meeting, my lads, to the meeting.' A party soon after went off, and set fire to the Doctor's meeting.

"It is also very memorable, that when the fire began, and application was made to the usual persons for the key of the engine-house, it could not be found.

"This was certainly a High-church of England mob, as that in 1780, in London, was a fanatic mob against the papists. This appears to have been intended to suppress the revolutionary spirit, which, it was feared, the people had caught from France."

My Father had been for some time engaged in preparing an abridgment of Dr. Owen's prolix, but valuable work on the Holy Spirit. Having announced his intention, he received many friendly and interesting letters of encouragement. Among them were the following; the one from Mr. Ryland, and the other from Mr. Milner, the author of the "Church History" so justly celebrated.

Enfield, Dec. 22, 1791.

I have no words to express my joy which I feel at having received the news, that so wise and good a man as Mr. Burder, of Coventry, was going to publish an abridgment of Dr. Owen upon the Holy Spirit. I wish it had been done a hundred years ago. I rejoice that it is likely to be accomplished now. It is a book exceedingly needful at all times, but especially now, when the Holy Spirit is peculiarly hated and blasphemed. No man can wish a larger spread to this blessed work than myself; and if I had ability equal to my wish, I would give away a hundred thousand. I pray God that this glorious Author of all that is good and beautiful in man, may spread the knowledge of himself through the whole world. Dr. Owen's original work has dwelt with me above twenty years; I have read it with great pleasure and profit, but it was too big for my convenience; and I suppose that has been the case with many other Christians. The savour of gospel holiness which runs through it, is beyond all expression. The learning, though rich, encumbers it. The prolixity in many places renders it impossible to be read by God's people in general. This abridgment will put it into the possession of five hundred people to one in past times. If my word of recommendation among my particular friends, or the public in general, would stand for any thing, I would rejoice to give it, and with my latest breath I will recommend that great and good Spirit, to whom, through Christ's blood and righteousness, I owe all the holiness and happiness of my immortal soul.

If these words, or any others that I can write, will be thought of any use, I shall rejoice to have them printed; and when Dr. Owen is published, if I have a tongue to speak, or a hand to write, they shall be devoted to the spread of it.

John Ryland.

Hotham, January 28, 1792.

Dear Sir,

In answer to yours, I must own I am glad that you have undertaken the abridgment of Owen on the Spirit. I have read the work with pleasure; and (like most of the large and voluminous works of those times), it needs abridgment. It is peculiarly suitable to the present time, because the contempt of the Holy Spirit and his operations has proceeded to a marvellous height, beyond the example of former ages; a sure sign that self-conceit and self-sufficiency have strongly increased. I wish you to put my name down as a subscriber, and so does the Rev. Mr. Stillingfleet, rector of Hotham, at whose house I now am, a sincere pastor, with whom I have been long acquainted. I am, through mercy, recovering from a severe fever, which I had before Christmas.

You must not, by any means, announce me as writing or promising a Church History. I have, it is true, written a part; but the check I have had in my health, and the consciousness that my work in school teaching and church service is, for the most part, as much as I can do, and the fear that I have hurt myself by too much labour, seem to make it my duty, if not quite to cease writing, yet to do but little, and very slowly. Indeed, if I was able to muster so much attention as to finish and complete the parts already gone through, they would make one volume. I beg your prayers for direction. We need to pray for one another, and, after all our public works, to remember that we are poor sinners, and need to be kept humbly dependent on the Lord; else we may preach to others, and ourselves be castaways.

I have read with much pleasure, particularly, the chapter concerning Augustine, to which you allude. Unless it be to methodize it a little more clearly, I would not wish you to leave out any part of that chapter. I have seen the foul slander of the man, from the writer of the History of Baptism. You need be in no pain about it. To the best of my remembrance, he is the first man who has attacked the character of Augustine, and therefore you should not make a great appearance of defence, because there is no proof or argument on the other side. I can scarce conceive what the man could mean. For a year or two, while the Lord was striving with Augustine, he sinned, and repented, and staggered backward and forward, as is common with real converts.

If this be all Robinson had to ground his charge of hypocrisy upon, he shewed his own deplorable ignorance of the heart, as well as his malignity. I cannot conceive any other ground for his charge of hypocrisy. I have read a good deal of Augustine, and must say, that there everywhere appear the strongest marks of sincerity, candour, humility, and piety. I hardly know any uninspired author equal to him in this respect. Allowance must be made for the superstition and illiberality of the times in which he lived: and all candid men will do so. But even when you are obliged to differ with him in opinion, you cannot in reading him but admire the piety and goodness of the man. His confessions describe what he was before conversion, very lewd; and no man was more ready than he to say, "By the grace of God I am what I am." And it is, I had almost said, as easy to find a blot in St. Paul's moral character after conversion, as in Augustine's. Robinson calls him "an illiterate man," but Dr. Doddridge calls him "the learned and pious Augustine." But why mention *him* in particular? All antiquity, without a dissenting voice, agree in speaking his praise. His "De Civitate Dei," is a marvellous monument of learning and ingenuity. Even Gibbon says, "it was vigorously and not unskilfully executed." We have Augustine's life written by Posidonius, a presbyter, who knew him for forty years, who gives the highest commendations of him. We have his epistles, which shew the man in various lights; and, to those who read them, must shew what sort of man he was. Mosheim speaks very handsomely of his genius and piety. Dr. Lardner, a Socinian, speaks every where respectfully of him. I remember in one place he says, "Good sense was a conspicuous part of his character." Let any man judge, then, what regard is to be paid to Robinson's slanders.

You may use this, if you please, with my name or without it, as you think best.

Yours in the best of bonds,
J. MILNER.

"Feb. 17.—This day finished transcribing my abridgment of Owen on the Spirit. The work cost me about three months' hard labour; and I believe I suffered in my health by it. Two thousand copies were printed. I have reason to believe it was useful.

"March 12. — Returned to Coventry from a journey, very unwell, unable to preach the next Sabbath (the 18th). This was the first silent Sabbath I have ever had since I entered into the ministry, fourteen years or more.

"Aug. 4, 1793.—Lord's-day. Mrs. Burder was mercifully delivered of a fine female child, afterwards named Sophia Maria. I was not willing to call her Maria *only,* for we had a child of that name who died, and greatly lamented. To call another by the same name exactly, seems to imply the non-existence of the former; whereas I hope she is with the Lord, and I shall meet her again. But I added *Sophia* to it, wishing and praying that, as the name denotes, she may be truly wise; and I believe the prayer was answered long ago. (I write this Feb. 8, 1818.)

"The Evangelical Magazine commenced in July this year. Mr. Eyre and Mr. Wilks, and a few other friends, with whom I conversed, were the principal projectors. God has made it the instrument of incalculable good."

This year my Father was deeply interested, and assiduously engaged, in the formation of the Warwickshire Association of Ministers for the spread of the Gospel both at home and abroad. Having now before me the minute-book of that Association, I will present to the reader of these Memoirs a few extracts; from which it will appear that the proceedings, the correspondence, and the publications of this Association, contributed not a little to prepare the way for the establishment of the Missionary Society in London.

" *Warwick*, June 27, 1793.—At a meeting of ministers held this day at Warwick, this question was proposed and debated,—What is the duty of Christians with respect to the spread of the Gospel? After some conversation, the following Resolutions were agreed to:—

" 1. It appears to us, that it is the duty of all Christians to employ every means in their power to spread the knowledge of the Gospel, both at home and abroad.

" 2. As ministers of Christ, solemnly engaged by our office to exert ourselves for the glory of God and the spiritual good of men, we unite in the determination to promote this great design in our respective connexions.

" 3. We will immediately recommend to our friends the formation of a fund for the above purpose, and report progress at the next meeting.

" 4. That the first Monday of every month, at seven o'clock in the evening, be a season for united prayer to God for the success of every attempt, made by all denominations of Christians, for the spread of the Gospel.

" 5. That the Secretary write to Dr. Williams, of Birmingham, to prepare by the next meeting a circular letter on the subject of spreading the Gospel."

" *Nuneaton*, Aug. 6, 1793.—After the ordination of Mr. Fleming, the circular letter was produced, read, and approved, and ordered to be immediately printed.

"On account of the shortness of the time, the meeting was adjourned to Coventry at six o'clock next morning, when it was resolved to send copies of the letter to ministers, and especially Associations in other counties, requesting their concurrence."

"*Coventry*, Jan. 8, 1794.—Resolved,—

"1. That the first object of this Association be, to engage and employ two itinerant preachers for this county.

"2. That a committee of three persons be appointed to carry the above resolution into effect.

"3. That Dr. Williams of Birmingham, Mr. Burder of Coventry, and Mr. Moody of Warwick, be appointed to act as the committee for twelve months.

"4. That each member of the Association be desired to prepare, against the next meeting, a list of those places in his neighbourhood which appear the most proper for the labours of an itinerant.

"5. It is recommended to each minister to take the first opportunity of acquainting his congregation with the resolutions of this meeting."

"*Birmingham*, Sept. 24, 1794. — Resolved,— That Dr. Williams be desired to draw up a letter to be inserted in the Evangelical Magazine, approving of a letter contained in the last number of that work, recommending that the Independents should unite in sending Missionaries abroad to preach the Gospel to the heathen, and expressing our readiness, as an associated body, to concur with our fellow Christians in such a measure when it shall be brought forward.

"Resolved,—That the Committee be empowered to procure religious tracts to the value of 5*l.*, and to distribute them by the itinerant preachers, and otherwise, in this county."

"*Stretton,* April 1, 1795.—A printed address to the serious and zealous professors of the Gospel, respecting an attempt to evangelize the heathen, having been sent from a Committee in London, who are attempting to form a society for that purpose, a number of the same were distributed among the ministers, and it was recommended to them to promote a general distribution of them among their friends.

"The following question was also canvassed:—What can be done to encourage a foreign Mission?

"After some conversation it was resolved to open a correspondence with the Committee in London engaged in that design, and particularly to inquire into the present state of the business, and what is the cause of the apparent delay; a general meeting in London having been expected early in the spring or summer.

"Thursday morning, met exactly at six.—The ministers gave a general account of their respective churches and congregations. There appeared to be, on the whole, an increase. Some encouraging circumstances were mentioned; but a general revival—a greater pouring out of the Spirit, seemed to be much needed.

"They also gave some account of their personal experience, which was very edifying.

"Resolved,—That our brethren, Sir Egerton Leigh, Little, and Burder, be desired to attend at a general meeting in London, Sept. 22 next, as delegates from this Association, to assist in promoting a Missionary Society, to attempt the spread of the Gospel among the heathen."

"*Paradise Chapel, Birmingham,* Nov. 24, 1795.—Public service in the evening. Mr. Moody prayed. Mr. Grove, of Walsall, preached. Mr. Burder gave a particular account to the congregation of the formation and object of the Missionary Society, recommending the support of it. A collection was made at the door, which, together with some private donations, amounted to 24*l.*

"*Coventry, Vicar Lane Chapel,* Thursday, Jan. 21, 1796.—A Committee of Directors of the Missionary Society, viz. Messrs. Greatheed, Leigh, and Burder, assisted by the brethren of the Association, met at the vestry of West Orchard Chapel, for the examination of candidates for the intended Mission to Otaheite; when several persons, preachers, artificers, and the wives of some of them, were conversed with on the subject. Several were approved and recommended to the London Committee, and afterwards employed by them.

" August 1.—Last Sabbath, Mr. Gronow, who was engaged as an itinerant preacher for the Warwickshire Association, went to Itchington, a village a few miles from Warwick, intending to preach; but in a public-house, where he had put up his horse, three soldiers pretended to enlist him, and thrust a shilling into his hand. The leading man was disguised by having his face blacked. Here he was forcibly detained several hours, till he sent for Mr. Moody, of Warwick, who, on the Sunday night, after his third sermon, went over to see him.

" On the Friday following, Aug. 1, Mr. Gronow having dined with me, we heard a drum, and going to the window saw the very party by whom he had been so abused. Observing that they went into a public-house, we went immediately to Mr. Awson, a justice of the peace, who sent for the men; and, after due examination, the leader, for want of bail, was committed to Warwick jail, and at the ensuing assizes was tried and sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

" Aug. 8.—Attended a meeting of justices on account of the riotous opposition to Sir Egerton Leigh and the preaching at Wolston, which had been very violent. Here we met the clergyman. We dined with him and the justices, who, after dinner, requested both parties to give some account of our religious views, which we did. The justices acknowledged that we Dissenters were more attached to the doctrines of the Established Church than the clergyman. Indeed he defended his cause very lamely. In the evening, some of the riotous people threw some water over one of the justices, mistaking him for one of us, which enraged him much ; after which he seemed rather attached to our cause ; and meeting me some time after in Coventry, asked how we went on at Wolston : he promised his aid, if needful, and said that he would bring a file of soldiers to defend us, rather than see the laws defied."

Early in this year, my Father was called to give his advice and his aid with a view to the protection of a good and useful man in the village of Wolston, about six miles from Coventry, who was enduring the most malignant persecution in consequence of his espousing the cause of Christ and promoting the preaching of the Gospel. The following statement has been received from a valued friend, then residing at Wolston, and now a deacon of the church at Fetter Lane.

"About the year 1792, the Gospel was introduced into the village of Wolston, six miles from

Coventry, by the Rev. G. Burder, the Rev. Jonathan Evans, and Sir Egerton Leigh, Bart. At the commencement, there appeared a general disposition to hear the Gospel. This coming to the ears of the clergyman, in order to prevent it, he said to the churchwardens and overseers, ' If we let these methodists alone, the whole parish will go after them.' He and some of the officers of the parish went from door to door, where they had either power or interest, threatening the poor, that if they went after this new sect, they should neither have work to do, nor any assistance from the parish.

"When an attempt was first made by Sir Egerton tô build a small chapel, as much of the walls as was built in the day was pulled down at night; so that it was necessary for friends to keep watch by night until the roof was put on. Finding that they could not gain their point, they had recourse to other plans; and some of them actually entered into an engagement to murder Sir Egerton Leigh. The spot was fixed upon. It was a lane (at each end of which was a gate), through which Sir Egerton was accustomed to pass on his way home. Sir E. however, on arriving at the first gate, could not get his horse to pass through it, notwithstanding all his efforts; in consequence of which he went home by a circuitous route, and thus his life was most providentially preserved.

" This plot having failed, another was resorted to, for the purpose, if possible, of putting an end to the preaching in Wolston. Mr. Wootton, who was the chief promoter of the preaching in the village, was apprehended by a warrant from a magistrate on a charge of sedition, in consequence of the deposition of a woman of bad character, who was bribed, as it afterwards appeared, to swear to a falsehood. Mr. Wootton was taken by the constable to a public-house, where two men were set over him with fire-arms. No friends of his own were permitted to see him; but the rabble from many parishes round were allowed to insult him. Under these circumstances Mr. Burder was sent for, and called up from his bed at midnight for advice. He promised to meet the parties before the magistrate the next morning, which he did. Mr. Wootton was permitted to ride to Coventry on his own horse, guarded on each side, that he might not make his escape. When the magistrate asked the woman if she knew the nature of the oath she was about to take, and cautioned her to speak only the truth, as it might affect the man's life, she replied, 'Oh, and please your worship, it's to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' The oath being administered, she said she was in Mr. W.'s shop between eight and nine o'clock at night, and heard a person say to Mr. W., Write—'no church, no king,' &c.;—that when it was written she left the shop, supposing something was wrong; that she waited outside the door a quarter of an hour, when a man came out with the paper in his hand, which he carried to, and put under the door of his brother's house. She said she was following him about half a dozen yards behind him; and when asked by the magistrate if it was a dark or a light night? her reply was,—'Oh, and please your honour, the moon was so bright I could see to pick up a pin;' upon which Mr. Burder called for an almanack to examine the age of the moon, when it appeared that it was new moon the following night. Notwithstanding this, the magistrate said bail must be given for his appearance at the sessions, which Mr. Burder and Sir Egerton Leigh gave.

"The trial at length took place at the assizes, when Mr. Spencer Percival, who was counsel for the prosecution, threw up his brief, and abandoned the case, on perceiving the iniquitous character of the proceedings. The woman herself, some time after, when she thought herself dying, confessed that she had been bribed to swear to a lie.

"It may be remarked here, that the clergyman and parish officers, who had agreed to bear among them the expenses of this prosecution, became much more peaceable and quiet after they found the extent of the expenses they had to pay. The Gospel has been preached there ever since; and a good chapel has been erected, which was opened by the Rev. John Burder."

The following letter has been recently received from a friend now residing at Wolston, addressed to his correspondent, a deacon of the church at Fetter Lane, who has kindly furnished the preceding intelligence.

Wolston, Nov. 26, 1832.

My Dear Sir,

As to the persecutors at Wolston, the recollection of their characters and awful end awakens sensations the most painful, and affords a striking illustration of Psalm vii. 13,—"He ordaineth his arrows against the persecutors." William Dyer, a vicious and virulent opposer, on the memorable day in which the infuriated mob chased Sir Egerton Leigh out of the village, and nearly killed him, said, with a tremendous oath—(I heard him),—he "wished that the very next time Sir Egerton came, he might break his neck!" The very next Friday, when he (William Dyer) was returning from Coventry market, in a state of inebriety, he fell from his horse into a pond, dislocated his collar-bone, and, in a few weeks, died in the most miserable manner. A. H., one of the parties who instituted the prosecution against Mr. Wootton, a bold, daring blasphemer, fell backwards down a cellar, and died instantly. J. B., at whose house the infamous libel was forged against Mr. Wootton, soon became reduced almost to beggary; and, after drinking to excess on a Sabbath evening, on returning home, fell from a stile, and broke his leg; and at length several parts of his body became gangrenous.

W. B., a wicked, though rather *secret* contriver of the different plans of persecution, is another remarkable instance. At the time of the persecution he was robust; but soon after his health began gradually to decay, until at length he was found dying or dead, among the manure in the yard where his cattle were feeding. W. T., who was a ringleader in all the worst parts of the persecution, was one day eating a luncheon, and quarrelling with a poor relative, who, it appears, had gone to the house for the purpose of getting a meal; and, while in the act of uttering some profane language, he fell back in his chair, and expired instantly.

Yours, sincerely,

GEORGE JONES.

Of the truth and accuracy of these statements, thus attested, I cannot doubt. The only question on which, if the facts be admitted, there may arise differences of opinion, must regard the connexion of these facts with the previous persecution. It is readily conceded that the retributions of Divine Justice are, for the most part, reserved for the tribunal of the last great day; and that the greatest caution and discretion are requisite in pronouncing on those instances of calamity which have the aspect of divine judgments in the present world. At the same time, it will be allowed by those who are most conversant with the history of the church of Christ in all ages, that the judgments of God have appeared, in numerous instances, to overtake the cruel and malignant persecutors of his people; and that such has been the full persuasion of many of the most enlightened and sober-minded. Why, then, should there be any difficulty in regarding the facts now stated and attested as of this character?

The following letter had been previously received from the same correspondent:—

Wolston, Oct. 29, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR,

It gives me much pleasure to hear that a memoir of our highly-honoured and much-beloved departed friend, the Rev. George Burder, is in progress.

Your aunt dates her first serious impressions from a sermon she heard Mr. Burder preach at Wolston. Several other persons, now in heaven, were awakened by his ministry; amongst whom were two or three of my own sisters, who, I believe, are now in company with this distinguished minister of Christ, before the throne of God. And there is still a savour in the name of Burder to this day; his memory will be dear to us as long as life continues. Mrs. R., whom you know, dates her first religious impressions from his ministry at Wolston: she has been a consistent character ever since.

Yours, truly and affectionately,

GEORGE JONES.

"I went to London, I think, September 21, in order to be present at the institution of the Missionary Society, which took place on Tuesday evening, Sept. 22. The first meeting was held at the Castle and Falcon, Aldersgate Street.

"It was a memorable season—to me the most memorable and interesting occasion of my life. The public services appeared to me to be favoured with an uncommon degree of divine influence. A set of feelings, partly new, or new in their degree, were experienced by me, and very many. I had the honour of preaching the second sermon on that occasion at the Scots' Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden, on Wednesday evening. Dr. Haweis preached the first discourse on the morning of that day at Spa Fields Chapel. Mr. Greatheed, Mr. Hill, Mr. Hey, and Mr. Bogue preached also. The congregations were immense, and the sensations extremely powerful. A good beginning was made. The Society after this flourished exceedingly; and, in the course of a few years, a great number of missionaries were sent out to labour in various parts of the world, and in some with great success.

"I remember that on the morning of my leaving London, the passengers getting out of the coach to relieve the horses, I walked up Highgate hill; I stood and then took a parting view of the metropolis. I was deeply affected, and felt an earnest desire that my future life might, if preserved, be devoted to the aid of this work."

I well remember, young as I then was, the deep interest my Father expressed in the formation and in the prospects of the Missionary Society. It was the very subject on which he always delighted to converse, when in the bosom of his family. It had taken possession of his heart. He viewed every engagement on earth as inferior in importance to that of aiming at the conversion of the world, and the universal extension of the kingdom of Christ. His efforts to promote this glorious object, during the entire remainder of his life, seemed to display all the force of principle, with all the ardour of feeling;—all the steadiness of habit, and all the calmness of deliberation,—with all the reliance of faith, and all the patience of hope.

The following letter was written by my Father to myself and my brother John, then at Mr. Eyre's school at Hackney:

Coventry, Feb. 27, 1796.

My Dear Children,

I received with pleasure the dutiful and affectionate letter written by Henry at Lambeth. I find you have seen some magnificent buildings dedicated to God; but all this is external, and if alone, insignificant. The heart renewed by grace is the divine temple — a structure of infinitely greater glory. I am glad you saw the Museum, for there the wonderful works of God are displayed.

If you saw his wisdom and power in them, you are improved as well as entertained.

I was much affected with that part of your letter in which you say, "you hope I shall have the satisfaction of seeing you both walking in the fear of God." Ah! my dear children, as yet you cannot conceive what a satisfaction that would be! The other evening, looking over my honoured Father's diary, I found a page he wrote at Bath, when he first heard me preach there in April, 1778.

"How good, how gracious, how kind has God been to me!—a son of mine has not only been called into the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ, but Christ has said to him also, 'Go work in my vineyard;' mine eyes seeing him, and my ears hearing from his lips the sweet sound of the Gospel. And who and what am I, that I should be honoured with a child who preaches Jesus! Bless the Lord, O my soul. Blessed be God that others also may call me blessed!"

O that such a joy may one day be *mine* concerning some *one* or *more* of mine! Do not forget prayer.

I am,
Your ever affectionate Father,
George Burder.

P. S. I shall be glad if you will send me, now and then, some of Mr. Eyre's texts, or texts of other ministers you may hear, and if you will, the general division.

In the autumn of this year, my Father received a unanimous invitation from the church and congregation of Walworth (which have since been so long favoured with the ministry of the Rev. George Clayton), to accept the pastoral charge. His inclinations were strongly in favour of removing to that sphere of labour, especially as he wished to be actively engaged in promoting the objects of the Missionary Society. He consulted many of his valued brethren in the ministry, in order to ascertain their views of the path of duty. Among those to whose judgment he attached great importance, was Mr. Bogue, of Gosport, from whom he received the following communication :

Halydown, near Berwick,
July 3, 1797.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

I received your letter, and have very often thought over its contents. It is to me a matter of unspeakable joy, that God has put it into the heart of his servants to desire with so much earnestness the prosperity of the Missionary Society. The cause of missions is, I verily believe, a growing cause. It is yet in its infancy; but every year will witness its increase. Many of those who were hostile to our endeavours said, it would be a transitory flash, and end in darkness; but our last meeting gave a pleasing proof to all who were present, that the missionary spirit has more powerfully leavened the souls of the members of our Society; and we may justly entertain the most flattering prospect in respect to the future. In short, the cause is so good, that it is only to be known by Christians, in order to find friends. The more it is considered, the more will the friends of Christ be attached to it. It will keep pace with religion. If religion declines, it will decline of course; but if (as we trust it will) religion increase, the Missionary Society will increase and prosper.

It is of the utmost consequence to have men in London whose souls are wholly in the cause. It is the centre of operations, and the source of wealth; and ardent zeal may there do very much, both for the spiritual and temporal interests of the Society. It appears to me, that God has given you a double portion of a missionary spirit for home service. London is certainly the field for its most vigorous exertions; and it would give me very great pleasure to see you placed there by the great Head of the Church.

As to your leaving Coventry, I trust you will have Divine direction. There are so many circumstances always belonging to a case of this nature, which are perfectly known only to the person himself, that he is unspeakably better able to judge than any one else. Where there is the prospect of a good successor, it tends to remove many difficulties. Two things only I would beg leave to observe. The first is, that if your constitution be inadequate to the labours of your present charge, our great Master is too great to need such exertions, and too good to require them, when any other station is evidently pointed out. The second is, that, in my opinion, the planting of missions among the heathen, whether by very active efforts at home, or ministerial services abroad, is far more important than merely attending to the duties of a single charge in a Christian land. Besides, as you would most probably have in London an opportunity of preaching the Gospel to a flock not much inferior in numbers, you would unite the two employments at the same time. Much prayer to the Disposer of all events for his counsel, which is peculiarly necessary at such a time as this, and which, I am confident, you have offered up, will procure you such measures of light and decision, as to make your way plain before you.

The affair in which I am engaged is still uncertain. The memorial, which has been followed by a petition supported by a number of letters, has had such weight, that on waiting on Mr. Inglis, the chairman of the Directors, he professed to Mr. Haldane and me, that it was a matter of very great importance, both to India and this country. It demanded, he said, very serious consideration. They were deliberating on it ; several of them had not yet made up their minds ; but they would determine in the space of three weeks. We informed him of our determination to persevere, and to apply to the House of Lords, and to the King, and the House of Commons ;

and then to lay the whole before the public; that we did not think we had done our duty to God, and to the souls of men, till we had taken all these steps in order to open a door to the heathen. He heard all with good temper, and treated us with great politeness. You will be surprised to hear that Mr. P——, a man of religion, in the estimation of the evangelical clergy, is an enemy to a mission to Bengal. What a dreadful thing it is for a disciple of Christ to be an enemy to the advancing of his kingdom in the world! I am now on a journey in Scotland for my health, and have already found it of some benefit to me. I was so indifferent for some time before I set off, as to be unable to do more than the absolutely necessary business of the pastoral office, or you would have heard from me sooner.

Earnestly imploring divine direction for you, I remain,

With great esteem and affection,
Rev. and dear Sir,
Very sincerely yours,
David Bogue.

My Father's final decision regarding the invitation to Walworth, and the reasons on which it was founded, will appear from the following document:—

To the Members of the Church of Christ assembling in Lock's Fields, Walworth, and to the Subscribers towards the support of Divine Worship there.

My Dear Friends,

It has given me considerable concern that you have been so long kept in suspense respecting the issue of the call which you so unanimously gave me, on the 18th of September last, to become your pastor. But I trust the great importance of the matter, as it respects both you and myself, will be a sufficient apology. I have thought the subject over again and again, with all possible seriousness. I have consulted various ministers of the Gospel; and I have most earnestly implored divine direction. The result of the whole is, that I cannot, at present, see my way perfectly clear to remove.

The people with whom I stand connected are very desirous of my continuance among them; and I yield, at present, to their wishes. At the same time, the affection and unanimity which you have manifested in inviting me to Walworth, together with the prospect of success there, have so deeply impressed my mind, that I confess I write this with reluctance, and have therefore delayed it from day to day.

Permit me to express my grateful sense of the partiality you have shewn me, and my sincere and earnest wishes for your prosperity. May you abound in prayer to HIM who holds the stars in his right hand; and may your prayers be speedily answered, by the settlement of a wise, holy, active, and useful man of God among you.

I am, with unfeigned respect,
Your affectionate Brother in Christ,
Coventry, Nov. 1796. GEORGE BURDER.

The following letter will exhibit the views entertained by my Father on a subject of great importance in itself, and of deep interest to his son:

Coventry, July 13, 1797.

DEAR HENRY,

What you say respecting your inclination to the ministry demands serious attention. Assure yourself, my dear, that nothing could give me so much pleasure, as to see you a serious and able minister of the Gospel. But at your time of life it is exceedingly difficult to decide with certainty on the true religious character of any one. Could I know, with satisfying certainty, that you are called by divine grace, I would most gladly countenance, and warmly encourage you to ministerial studies; and I will most gladly correspond with you on the subject, till we meet and converse freely upon it.

In most cases it is probably best, that a youth should apply to worldly business, and discover whether, in connexion with the world, its cares and snares, he can preserve that piety, that gravity, that holiness of walk, which are indispensably necessary in a preacher; and also, whether the prevailing desire of usefulness still continues, or is lost in the bustle of the world, and the prospect of wealth or pleasure.

Doubtless there are cases which ought to be excepted, and if yours should prove one of these, I shall rejoice.

I wish to answer, more fully than present opportunity admits, your inquiries respecting a call to the ministry, for this is very important. At present I would only say, it includes:—

1. That the person be really and truly converted to God—a new creature—born of the Spirit; and it is requisite that piety be not only real but eminent.

2. That there be competent abilities, natural or acquired, and both if possible; for the preacher should be the superior of most of his hearers in mental powers.

3. There must be a prevailing, a strong, an unconquerable inclination and desire to the work; so that the person shall prefer it infinitely above all other employments, and that for the best purposes—the glory of God, and the salvation of souls.

You may think over these things, and above all, pray them over. You have plenty of time before you, and may God guide and bless you through life.

I remain, dear Henry,
Your affectionate Father,
G. Burder.

P. S. I might have added a fourth particular to render a call complete:—

The sanction and approbation of competent judges; for men may think they have all the requisites, but as we are all partial to ourselves, it is well to have the approbation of wise and good men: it is very satisfactory to a humble person.

The next letter relates to the same subject:

Coventry, Feb. 24, 1798.

My Dear Son,

Your last letter afforded me pleasure, though it has created a little anxiety in my mind respecting your future destination. I am looking up to "the Father of lights," that he would direct us in so important a matter. I still feel, with you, some little aversion to the idea of a merchant's counting-house, especially on account of the snares which I fear such a situation might present. You seem to incline towards the ministry. To this—what shall I say? "He that desireth the office of a bishop, desireth a good work." Read the Epistles to Timothy, and there see the disposition and character of a Christian minister. O what manner of person ought he to be!

Glad as I should be, if spared a few years, to see you in a line of business wherein you might maintain a family honourably, I should certainly prefer greatly your being a servant of Christ—a minister of the Gospel. Weighing every thing in the balances of eternity, what are all terrestrial and temporal things? What are wealth, honour, pleasure? Bubbles of a moment, bursting with a breath! The ministry, supposing a man to be gracious, is certainly conducive to his own personal improvement, (though there is a danger of becoming formal, and losing the savour and power of things that are common and customary); besides which, there is the blessing and honour of converting souls to Christ—such a man shall shine as the stars, yea as the sun.

The great point, my dear child, is having the Spirit and grace of God. He only knows whether you are converted. I have had lively hopes, I have had dejecting fears. When you were at home the year before last, I was full of hopes that God had called you by his grace. The last year my hopes rather sank. I thought you seemed less humble and spiritual, less addicted to reading and prayer. But I might err. I hope I did. Love has quick eyes, and many fears. My suspicions arose from my love. But I will own to you, I was more satisfied when you had been at home some time; and I was pleased to find, that the mention of my fears affected and grieved you.

You will not, my dear, think me severe in writing thus to you; the subject requires me to be faithful and plain; and I am not without hope that, while you drop a tear over this letter, you will be quickened to pour out your heart before God, the guide of your youth. Do it with confidence; he hears and answers prayer; and you may be assured that he loves them who love him, and that seeking him early you shall find him.

You will be surprised to hear, that I hope to see you and your brother the latter end of the week. I have been invited to spend two Sabbaths at the Tabernacle; viz. the first two of March. I think I shall be in town on Friday.

Your affectionate Father,
George Burder.

The result was, that so little encouragement being given by my dear and wise Father, then to enter on a course of study with a view to the ministry, my attention was for a few years directed to secular engagements.

A remarkable circumstance occurred about this time, under the notice of one of the magistrates of Coventry, who communicated to my Father the following statement, which cannot fail to suggest to the reader some profitable reflections:

Cross Cheaping, Nov. 30, 1798.

Dear Sir,

A circumstance occurred on Tuesday last at the Council house, in which I experienced so great an interest, that knowing your feelings as I do, I cannot resist giving you information thereof. Mr. Alderman Butterworth exhibited a bill for cloth for the cloaks of the Bablake men; and, at the same time, informed the corporation, that a discovery had been made of a long-existing fraud by the tailors who had been accustomed to make these cloaks, by which the charity had sustained an injury of five or six pounds a-year. Suspecting that there had been more cloth given out than appeared to him to be necessary, he took the precaution, when he last delivered the cloth to the tailors, to weigh what was delivered to each person, and when the cloaks were brought in, to weigh them, and thereby ascertain if there had been any fraud committed. It proved there was a very great defalcation, except in the instance of one individual person. Knowing that Mr. Ewbank, a member of your church, had been employed, I inquired with some considerable degree of solicitude who that person was; when, to my very great satisfaction, I found that Mr. Ewbank was the person who had brought back the black cloaks with clean hands.

Without a doubt, the professing people of God look not at the approbation and praise of men, as the main incitement for their rule and conduct; and though I conceive a just and virtuous line of conduct brings with it its own reward, even in this life, yet I conceive it a duty which becomes those who are witnesses that a profession of holiness is accompanied by the fruits of righteousness, to publish the same, both for the encouragement of those who walk in the ways of the Lord, and also as an incitement to prove, that although the Scriptures say, "Be sure your sins shall find you out," they also say, "In the fear of the Lord there is great reward."

I understand there is an instance or two in which it appears to be in my power to serve Mr. E.; as far as that can be the case, it certainly will obtain my most solicitous attention. I understand the corporation propose giving the *whole of this business* to Mr. E. in future, if he is spared.

I am sure you will excuse my troubling you upon the present occasion, and remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

Samuel Whitwell.

No events of importance at this period being noticed in my Father's memoranda, the following letters to different members of his family may not be unacceptable to the reader:

Coventry, Jan. 1, 1799.

DEAR HENRY,

I am unwilling to let this first day of the new year pass by, without dropping you a line, to testify my parental affection, and most ardent desire for your welfare.

You know how we used to notice our new-year's day. It is a serious day to a Christian. I am more and more affected with the vanity of young and old at this season. Visiting and vanity occupy the time of most, and few holy resolutions are formed. But to us short-lived beings, how important is the lapse of time—precious time—irrecoverable time! How much is murdered—how much more lost and trifled away! Do we believe our near approach to the eternal world? O what need of diligence to make our calling and election sure!

I hope you will renew your dedication to God. Make conscience of devoting some part of every day to him. I wish you could hear the discourse I intend for this evening. It is on the young man mentioned, Matt. xix. Mark x. and Luke xviii.—that amiable, promising young man, who ran and kneeled to Christ—who believed there was an eternal world—desired it, and wished to know the way; but whose legal, proud, and worldly heart was unwilling to part with all for Him, and take up his cross. I feel for you. Is there one thing lacking? O examine, by the Lord's help, and let nothing stand between you and eternal life! You have my poor prayers; second them daily with your own, and let me have joy of you, and see you walking in the truth.

I am sorry I have not yet packed up your books. Last week I had to preach every night till Friday, and this week fresh work. I am going to Warwick to-morrow, to preach to young people there as well as here.

I would gladly enlarge, but time forbids. I wish, however, briefly to say, I pray you may have a happy year—many years of happiness, holiness, and usefulness on earth, and then join in heaven

Your truly affectionate Father,
G. Burder.

Perth, June 5, 1799.

My Dear Henry,

The good providence of God permitted me to begin and prosecute my journey to Scotland at the time proposed. Two serious friends from Birmingham accompanied me in a post-chaise all the way, which rendered the journey very pleasant, and gave me opportunity to preach in the evenings at Derby, Leeds, and Alnwick. I got to Edinburgh on Friday night. On Sabbath, May 28, preached to immense congregations at the Circus, which is a large and complete theatre; the pulpit is on the stage, with the curtain and scenes behind, and the assembly in the boxes, pit, and two rows of galleries, holding between two and three thousand attentive hearers. This, and the method now adopted of preaching in many parts of Scotland, by English and other itinerant preachers, has greatly alarmed the general assembly of the church of Scotland, whose sittings this year I attended. They have now made a law, that no preacher shall be permitted to preach in any of their parish churches or chapels, who has not been educated or ordained in their church; so that now neither episcopal nor dissenting ministers of England or Scotland can preach in the churches, which before was frequently allowed. But they have gone much further; and, with a view of crushing the cause, have ordained that a pastoral letter of admonition shall be read in all the churches, warning people against vagrant teachers (of whom I am one), and Sabbath schools, which they artfully insinuate are for seditious purposes. There is a preface, stating the miseries of France, and strongly intimating that these methods have the very same design and tendency. They have also authorized their commissioners, if itinerancy continues to make an alarming progress, to apply to his Majesty for assistance, or take such other methods as they see good. The bad spirit with which all this is conducted cannot be described; but I trust that the civil powers will not permit persecution, and that the toleration act will prevent it. The established clergy who do not preach the Gospel are already much deserted, and I apprehend a kind of new secession, in the independent way, will take place. This is what they dread, as I heard complaints made in the assembly against fanaticism and independentism. Thus we see, that even in a church that has long been famous for religion, the carnality of the mind, and a spirit of persecution, discover themselves.

The ministers who come to Edinburgh preach there chiefly on the Sabbath, and itinerate in the week, preaching in assembly-rooms, barns, out of doors, or any where.

This is my birth-day.—I always wish it to be a serious day to me. Much of my life is gone, and I regret that so much of it has been spent to no purpose; and yet, blessed be God, I hope it has not been wholly so. I wish you to begin earlier to serve the Lord, and to follow Christ more fully than your father. The Lord bless you. My daily prayers ascend on your behalf and your brothers': nothing will give me so much joy as to see you lovers of religion.

I remain, my dear Son,
Your affectionate Father,
GEORGE BURDER.

The following letter to my sister is from the pen and from the heart of my beloved Mother. In consequence of the delicate state of her health, she could not very often write to her children; but when she did, her letters were prized by them all as the richest of their treasures.

In tenderness and intensity of affection, and in solicitude for the eternal as well as the present interests of those she loved, it is difficult to conceive that she could ever be surpassed.

Coventry, June 13, 1799.

My Dear Eliza,

Your welcome letter would not have lain so long unanswered, had my health been better; but a violent toothache, attended with a nervous fever, and other complaints, debilitated my frame too much for even so trifling an exertion as writing. I am now, through divine goodness, much better.

Last night I received a letter from your papa, saying he was well, notwithstanding his great labour and fatigue: he desires love to his dear Eliza, and intends writing you a long epistle soon.

It gave me great pleasure to hear you were both well and happy; I hope that enjoyment will continue. I believe, my dear, you are not altogether insensible of your privileges. May your diligence and attention keep pace with your expanding ideas. Your present advantages are great; time is very precious; the improvement of this period of your life may be of the utmost importance. Look up, my dear, to the Fountain of wisdom, the God of your fathers, for a blessing on your endeavours; every good gift comes from him, who says, "Ask, and you shall have; seek, and you shall find." Pray especially for a meek and teachable disposition, that you may receive instruction with humility and thankfulness, accompanied with esteem and affection for your superiors, who are concerned for your mental and personal improvement.

Do you make a point of secret prayer? Do not neglect the "one thing needful;" the things that belong to your everlasting interest, your immortal part; you will not seek the Lord in vain. Though he is "the lofty one that inhabiteth eternity," a pure and holy being, the Creator of all existences, and Governor of the universe, yet will he graciously condescend to listen to the cries of a broken and contrite heart; yes, his Spirit will help our infirmities. The kind and tender-hearted Redeemer is ever attentive to our supplications, and will not reject us on account of our ignorance, unworthiness, or insufficiency; but he has faithfully promised to supply our wants out of his infinite fulness. I trust, my dear, you feel yourself to be a sinner, a transgressor of the divine law, and thereby rendered loathsome and abominable in the sight of a just and holy God. You are exposed to his wrath and eternal indignation, and are totally insufficient of yourself to perform any good action, or discharge any duty. But, blessed be God, he hath promised his Holy Spirit to them that ask him. He takes of the things of Christ, and shews them to his people. He enlightens the dark mind, softens the hard heart, quickens the dead soul—dead in trespasses and sins—and leads it to the bleeding Lamb who bore our sins in his own body on the tree.

Endeavour, my dear, to fix your thoughts on this pleasing subject,—the wonderful love he has displayed to the guilty race of Adam,—and seek an interest in the blessings of salvation, which were purchased at the vast expense of the Redeemer's blood. O what a blessing, to be united to the Friend of sinners, to be at peace with God, to enjoy the pleasures of true religion. There is no happiness without it. May you seek it with your whole heart!

I remain, my dear Eliza,

Your tender and most affectionate Mother,

SARAH BURDER.

At the close of this year my Father received a singularly entertaining letter, from an old lady of highly respectable connexions, expressing her anxious desire and hope that my Father would conform to the established church; and intimating her persuasion, that an amiable prelate, at her request, would grant him ordination. The following is a copious extract:—

No. 11, Duke Street, St. James's, Piccadilly.
Dec. 28, 1799.

REV. AND GOOD SIR,

You may, perhaps, be somewhat surprised at being addressed by an entire stranger to your person—not such to your incomparable writings. The frank that conveys this will be my passport that I am not a swindler. Your present correspondent is Mrs. G. B. relict of the late excellent Dr. B. Prebendary of Canterbury, and mother of the late G. M. B. Esq. LL.B. and F.S.A.

Thus far premised, I proceed to the business of this scrawl, written by a more than half-blind aged matron. It is to inquire whether you, Sir, would like to become a divine of the Church of England? and to say that, if you would, I think that I may venture to say, that I have interest enough with one amiable prelate to procure you ordination. And I am sure if I could be the poor humble instrument of getting such a labourer into my blessed Master's vineyard, I should be doing noble service to my dear mother, the Church of England. Now, Sir, this has been in my mind many months; ever since I first read your "Good Old Way;" now, alas! out of print, so as to prevent my giving away, as usual, hundreds of them:—generally three or four in my pocket, to give to rich and poor. Many months ago a woman of quality, a very old friend of mine, said, "My dear Mrs. B. I hope you will give me this delightful little book?"

"No, indeed, I cannot give it you, as I have not another."—"Very well, then I shall steal it." So of course I yielded. And as to your sermons, poor as I now am (five years' arrear of jointure due to me from that horrid kingdom, Ireland), I half beggar myself by giving them away; although, to your honour, Sir, they are cheap as dirt, though worth more than their weight in gold.

Now, Sir, I conceive by your writings that although a Presbyterian, you are not like the generality of English Presbyterians, as justly described by that witty monarch, Charles the Second, who, you must have heard, used to say, "It was not the religion of a gentleman." Your generally bestowing the title of Saint on the Apostles, Evangelists, &c. (not that canting mode of "the Apostle Paul;") and the frequent respectful mention made by you of our Divine Liturgy, induce me to think, that you are even more liberal than sweet Watts, or the excellent Doddridge. During our sojourn in Scotland, whilst our dear son was, by his own wise request, near four years at the University of St. Andrews, after he left Eton school, before he went to Oxford—we living in great intimacy with several excellent Kirk ministers—Dr. B. said one day to a very sensible learned one, "What is it that you can object to in our Liturgy? I declare, I think it the finest uninspired composition I ever read." He laid his hand on Dr. B.'s arm, and replied, "Stop, my dear Sir, I go beyond you, for I do verily believe that your bishops were inspired by the Holy Spirit when they composed your incomparable Liturgy. Now, Sir, it is impossible that you should think that there is sin in being clad in a surplice (merely, I have heard Dr. B. say, to hide the shabby coats of the poor divines, after Henry VIII. had robbed the church of her patrimony), nor that there can be sin in marking the forehead of the little christian with the sign of that cross, on which its blessed Redeemer died, to rescue it from hell. It is possible, Sir, that you may say, "Although Mrs. B. thinks she can procure me ordination, can she procure me a living?" Alas, no! had I the patronage of my excellent pious grandfather, I can with truth assert, that I would not hesitate to bestow it on the gentleman I now address. A livelihood must be had. Hire a chapel, Sir, and let out the pews; I think I may answer for its being filled to the brim, with Church of England hearers, who, to be sure, will make you many free-will offerings; besides, I have no doubt but that you will soon get preferment:—it will be shameful if you do not. Surely, good Sir, you must be a member of the Church of England. I wish she had ten thousand such ministers!

I wish, Sir, that you may be able to read this vile scrawl of one more than half-blind, who once wrote a very fine hand.

I am, good Sir,
With highly unfeigned esteem and respect,
Your very faithful Servant,
ELIZA B———.

The following is the only letter selected from those written in the ensuing year:

Coventry, Dec. 30, 1800.

DEAR HENRY,

I think and feel much on your account, the day being at hand when you are to approach the table of the Lord. It is somewhat pleasing, that it should be on the first Sabbath of a new century—memorable day! I trust it will be with the utmost sincerity that you devote your whole self to the Lord Jesus. I recollect it was just at the age of seventeen that your honoured grandfather, Henry Burder, joined Mr. Halford's church in Horsely-down, Southwark. O, what pleasure would this event have given him, had he lived to witness it! Who can tell?—perhaps departed saints see, or are informed of what passes below. This is conjecture. But I can assure you, it gladdens the heart of your father and mother. It gives us a sincere joy, beyond what the highest degree of worldly prosperity could afford. O may you go on as well as you begin! "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." The same grace that enables you to set out, will, I trust, enable you to persevere. I enclose for you a tract on the Sacrament, written by Mr. Romaine, which I like much. He had a clear view of gospel truth, and a clear way of expressing it. I have feared that some good and devotional writers on this subject have treated it in such a way as to excite a slavish dread of the ordinance, rather than to excite that spirit of praise, and love, and joy, which the sacred feast seems to call for. I would dread, on the one hand, that irreverence which the Corinthians were chargeable with, and any approach to it; I would dread a careless, carnal, formal spirit: on the other, I would avoid that dread which seems to possess some, as if the table of the Lord were a most dangerous place. May you happily possess a believing, loving, rejoicing heart—thankful for Christ, and determined to obey him!

I inclose also a small book of Dr. Owen's on the subject. This pleases me better than most I have seen. It is not so devotional as some, but it is highly judicious. I would wish you to get one, and I will pay for it: then return this.

I am glad you have got Fuller's book. I trust it will fortify your mind against error. I do not recollect what he says of faith. I will endeavour to write more particularly on the subject another time. Witsius has a chapter on faith. He begins with assent, goes on to approbation, affiance, and assurance, in a way that seems to me perfectly just, and agreeable to experience. I have a book on faith, by Mr. Scott, of the Lock. I have not studied it; but by what I have seen, his ideas coincide much with mine. Mr. Hervey, I think, carried the matter too far, and seemed to make assurance of personal interest essential to faith. I was once partly a convert to his views, but my good father told me I should change my mind. But more of this probably hereafter.

I am sorry for the idle life Mr. O—— seems to live; it is poor work for a young man to do nothing in the world but eat, sleep, and look about him. I hope you will be disposed of more usefully to yourself and others.

Thomas, Sophia, Phebe, all desire their love, as well as

Your affectionate Father,

George Burder.

The following letter is a specimen of the solicitude which my Father felt to avail himself of every passing event, in conveying impressive advice to his children:

Coventry, March 24, 1801.

Dear John,

On Monday morning I saw a poor wretch go to the gallows for murdering his wife. He was to be hanged in chains near the spot—near Bosworth. I believe he had been very hardened. I heard also of the trial of one Scott, a young man who made a very great profession of religion; had been both among the Baptists and Mr. Wesley's people, and was about to preach. When his master was on a journey, he pretended to have received a letter, ordering him to pack up a great quantity of goods for a certain place, which, having done, he sent off, and got them on board a ship for America, and was himself going with them. The very day after, his master detected the affair, and regained the goods and the thief. He pleaded guilty, and is to be transported. What an awful temptation! O beware of the least, the very least degree of dishonesty; be scrupulously just.

I am looking forward to the 2d of April, when you enter upon your seventeenth year. My dear lad, you are entering upon a period of life when you walk, as it were, on ice, and have need to look well to your feet, that you do not slip. Let me give you, with the heartfelt affection of a father, the apostle's advice to Timothy: "Flee youthful lusts, which war against the soul." Fly from them; you must not parley with them, not dwell upon them in your thoughts, but fly from them, as from an enemy that will ruin you if you comply. Stand at a distance even from the appearance of danger, and thus will you escape—The reproach of youth.

I trust, my dear child, you will have some solemn thoughts on your birth-day. Each year may be your last. Give yourself up wholly to God. Give the Lord your heart: he will accept it. Be concerned to be devoted to him from your youth up. You will never repent of it. It will give you joy in life and death, in time and eternity. Depend upon it, nothing will be got by sin, nor lost by religion. I shall be very glad if you will make free with me, and open your mind on religion or any other topics. My wish is to serve you, and make you happy.

I remain, with most sincere and earnest wishes for your true and permanent happiness,

Your affectionate Father,

GEORGE BURDER.

"June 23.—Henry came from London, and brought Eliza with him. When I met them at the coach, I perceived that she looked ill and coughed much. We had looked forwards to her return from school with peculiar pleasure, especially as her dear mother had been for many years in an ill state of health. We trusted she would prove a pleasant companion and a tender nurse. But the sovereign Ruler of the world had otherwise determined; she became gradually worse, and before long exhibited indications of a pulmonary consumption. I had for some time been engaged to supply, for a few Sabbaths, the Tabernacle at Bristol. It was thought that the change of air, and a visit to the Hotwells, near Bristol, might prove beneficial to Eliza. She herself also was exceedingly desirous of the journey. We set off therefore in a post-chaise, and by easy stages accomplished the journey in two days. The day after our arrival at Bristol we took lodgings at the Hotwells. Our fears increased from day to day. The able physician we consulted intimated that the case afforded but little encouragement for hope, and 'that it was right we should be upon our guard.' This was like the sentence of death. I was now exceedingly anxious to promote the spiritual interests of my dear child. It was a great aggravation of our distress that she had become very deaf: I therefore wrote for her use such reflections, advices, and prayers, as I judged to be best adapted for her benefit. Although she expressed a wish to live with her papa and mamma, yet she said on one occasion, 'I should like to die, if I thought my sins were forgiven and I should go to heaven.' I told her, all who came to Christ for salvation had their sins forgiven, and that he himself said, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' She replied, 'I DO COME TO HIM.' These words then (and often since) struck my mind with much pleasure. Her illness rapidly increased, till, on the 7th of August, she gently breathed out her spirit. O the inexpressible feelings of my heart on this occasion!—not breaking out (blessed be God) into outrageous exclamations, nor injuring my bodily health; but it is like the removal of a part of one's self. Yet I hope I have been resigned. I know it is the Lord: he has a right to do what seemeth good in his sight. I wish to find my mind more detached from all created good, and to direct my thoughts and affections to that upper and better world, where, I humbly trust, my dear Eliza now dwells."

The following letters, among others, my Father wrote on this occasion; the two first are to my youngest brother, then about thirteen years of age, at school; and the last to a much esteemed friend, Mr. Smith, of Manchester:

Bristol Hotwells, Aug. 7, 1801.

My Dear Thomas,

My last would inform you how very ill your dear sister was. I wish I could now send you better news. But we are in the hands of a good God. Our lives are at his disposal, and it becomes us to give up ourselves and ours to his righteous will. Poor Eliza's breath grew worse and worse after I wrote last, especially in the night, when she was often delirious. For some days we had too much reason to fear that she would not continue long. We earnestly desired her life, but wished to be resigned, if the Lord removed her. About twelve last night she grew worse. Our servant called me up before one. But her breathing became more and more laborious, and the approach of death was evident. O how painful were my feelings—to be the spectator of her dying situation! I could not but entreat the Lord, if it were his will to remove her, that he would be pleased to shorten her sufferings. The Lord heard and released her from the conflict at a quarter before six this morning; and has taken her, we hope and trust, to his own presence, where there is fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore. My dear child, I know you will grieve, and I feel for you. But be resigned to God's holy will. I hope it will be among the things that work together for our good. O that it may quicken you, my dear, to make religion your first and chief concern. You see the necessity of it in the case of your sister; and you see the importance of being always ready for the great change. Mamma, who is very poorly, desires her love to you.

I remain, my dear Thomas,
Your affectionate, afflicted Father,
GEORGE BURDER.

Bristol, Aug. 10, 1801.

DEAR THOMAS,

You received mine, I doubt not, informing you of the mournful removal of dear Eliza. She is now a cold lifeless corpse, in a leaden coffin, much changed; and we shall see her no more. She is to be interred to-morrow morning in a deep grave at Hope Chapel, to be immediately arched over. There we leave her, till the morning of the resurrection! There may you, my dear, meet me and her at the right hand of Christ. Let her death, at so early a period, keep you from depending on long life, or deferring the concerns of your soul to a future period. Amidst your present useful pursuits, remember *one thing* is *needful!* Ah! what avails to your dear sister what she learned at

Colebrooke-row? It was right for us to give her the education she had; it was right for her to be diligent in her studies; but the knowledge of Christ was infinitely better than all the rest. I entreat you, therefore, my dear boy, to turn your thoughts to heavenly things. Look up, by daily and fervent prayer, to the God of all grace, that he may teach you by his good Spirit, and make you a real Christian. Mamma is as well as can be expected. I hope that when the funeral is over, and all things settled, she will be better. She desires her love to you, with

Your affectionate Father,
George Burder.

To Mr. Smith, of Manchester:

Hotwells, Bristol, Aug. 19, 1801.

My Dear Sir,

Your very affectionate letter demanded an earlier acknowledgment; but your friendship will make allowances for my present circumstances. We have indeed severely felt the parting stroke, and shall long feel it; a thousand circumstances, continually occurring, will renew the painful sensations. The child whom we have lost, had just arrived at an age when capable of bearing a part in rational conversation; when capable of receiving daily hints of useful instruction; when capable of becoming a companion, especially to her much afflicted mother. She had just finished that portion of school education which was intended for her. Then, just then, it pleased the infinitely wise and good Ruler of the world to remove her from us; and, in about six weeks' illness, to "change her countenance and send her away." But "we are still, and acknowledge he is God;" and we bless his name we are supported. We have never been permitted to feel excessive sorrow; no boisterous passions have been suffered to rise and threaten to destroy our peace or our health, or to prevent, further than propriety required, a suspension of my public labours. We have met with kind and sympathizing friends, who were glad to soothe our sorrows, and help us in time of need. Thus are we enabled to sing of mercy and of judgment.

A sentiment in a letter of our friend Williams, of London, may be worth transcribing:

"—— One thing you will readily believe, that had it been in my power to have saved her, your daughter would not have died; and yet He who had it in his power, and loved you infinitely better, did not spare her. What shall we infer? Certainly, that Infinite Wisdom consults our best interests in preference to our feelings."

To the justness and solidity of this sentiment I would subscribe; but there is a kind of conflict ever subsisting between faith and feeling—between grace and nature.

It is wise in us to look upon our dearest earthly comforts as uncertain: they are rather lent than given. Thus should we behold our dear children. Pardon me if I recommend this to you and Mrs. Smith. I can easily conceive with what fondness you look upon the smiling babe; but I would have you often look upon it with such a thought as this: "Our times are in the Lord's hands. It is very uncertain whether we may retain this child long. It may die before seven, or fourteen, or twenty-one years of age. Prepare us, Lord, to part with it, if thou requirest; but if spared, may we nurse it for thee." But I do not dictate to you. I only wish that you may not make too sure of so uncertain a possession as a beloved child. It is natural for me thus to think, who have lost a Maria and an Eliza.

I am, dear Sir,
Your much obliged and affectionate Friend,
George Burder.

After the death of my beloved sister, my desire of entering on the christian ministry, which had been suspended rather than abandoned, resumed its former ascendency over my mind, and even acquired additional strength. I wrote therefore again to my Father on the subject. This occasioned the following letter:

Coventry, Sept. 12, 1801.

DEAR HENRY,

Though I wrote lately, I will not lose this opportunity of dropping another line. I have been reviewing your letter, and you may be certain I shall not lose sight of the very important object of it. I look up for direction. I am also asking counsel of some of my friends.

In contemplation of the work of the ministry, you must take into your account the giving up the expectations that trade might afford, of a handsome income, enabling you to live in a good house — keep a plentiful table — entertain your friends—keep your horse—take expensive journeys of pleasure—and, should you marry, educate a family liberally, and leave them all a good portion.

My dear son, are you prepared to part with all these for the sake of serving Christ and his people on a little pittance? More than a hundred per year it is not very likely you may get for a salary; and you know you cannot expect great things, even after your parents' death, when the estates are divided among five. Should you be a minister, you must be prepared to live in a very economical way, especially if you should have a family. Do you think that the satisfaction you would derive from preaching Christ, and studying to save souls; the comfort of your own mind in the constant contemplation of divine things, and communion with God therein; and the pleasure of being useful to the immortal souls of men:—do you think these will compensate? The wise builder, you know, sits down and counts the cost. I hope you will do so: and it would not be amiss were you to write down your thoughts on these subjects; the review may be of much service to you hereafter.

Whatever of this kind occurs to you, weigh it well. The more thoroughly you consider the matter in every view, the more satisfaction you will find, whichever way it may be determined.

Mamma is much the same. Our loss lies heavily on our minds. It is impossible to say what our feelings are, but I hope we do not rebel against the Lord.

Mamma, Thomas, Sophia, and Phebe, unite in love to you with

Your affectionate Father,
G. Burder.

P. S. If you could call on Mr. Eyre with the inclosed, he may take the opportunity, or appoint one, of conversing with you as to your views, which I have wished him to do.

The following letter is to one of my brothers:

Coventry, Sept. 26, 1801.

MY DEAR JOHN,

With much satisfaction I read yours of the 14th inst. especially as it is the first time that you have ventured to make free with me on a religious subject. I say to you as I did to Henry,—Treat me as your friend—a more sincere and affectionate friend you have not in this world.

I am glad to find that you pray, that you see yourself a sinner, and look for acceptance in Christ. I am not sorry that you entertain suspicions of yourself; perhaps few are at all times without them; for the heart is deceitful and desperately wicked: yet I trust when you have given up yourself to God more fully, and made religion your first business, and chief pleasure, you will have more of an inward witness both as to the reality of religion, and of your own personal interest in its blessings. God has promised to bless the means of his grace; these, I trust, you will carefully and diligently use, and never neglect. While waiting upon him, I trust he will manifest himself to you, as he does not to the world, and give you such delight in himself, that you will not hanker after those vanities in which young people often place their happiness. You are entering upon one of the most dangerous periods of life, as you approach to manhood. The paths of youth are very slippery indeed, and require great watchfulness. It will be an infinite mercy to have grace in your heart, like the ballast in a ship, to keep you steady, and preserve you from being overset by the boisterous gusts of passion—I mean the strong propensities of youthful lusts and Satanic temptations. It will contribute much to your safety and advantage to cultivate acquaintance with some one or more, eminently pious, and to avoid entirely all intimacy with the gay and vain, especially with those who lie in wait to destroy the foundations of our eternal hopes. Aim not too low. Be not content with very moderate degrees of religion, with just enough to keep your hopes above water, or to maintain a reputation for steadiness and decency. God requires your heart, your first, best, warmest affections; and nothing less will render you easy and happy. Certain it is, that the religion of many only renders them miserable. It checks their lusts without subduing them; and it excites a little regard to religious happiness which they cannot attain. Give up, therefore, your whole heart to God, which is your reasonable service.

You cannot conceive what feelings I have had in consequence of your sister's death. I keenly feel the wound that death has made. The dear child ever lies in my tender remembrance. The garden, and almost every object, brings her again to my recollection. At times I can hardly think she is quite gone, and I can see her no more. In my prayers for you all, I hardly know how to omit her dear name, and the omission immediately strikes me; but I know she is beyond the reach of prayer. I can do nothing for her now. We are ready to say, O had we thought she would have left us so soon, we would not have let her remain at Islington;* we would have had as much of her company as possible, and would have tried daily and hourly to improve her in the one thing needful. All her improvement, except what related to salvation, is buried in the grave; all her accomplishments, except grace, are of no consequence now. And is not this a solemn lesson? O my dear son, improve by it! Be concerned to know that all is right between God and your soul, for none can tell how soon you also may be removed hence. To be ready is to be happy. Let nothing short of this satisfy your soul; but press forward with the greatest vigour till you have a good hope through grace. Make much of your little leisure, and let your reading be chiefly that which relates to the word of God. I see, I think, more than ever, that this is all in all, and the world appears to me altogether vanity. I hope it will do so to you also.

Henry has written to me very fully concerning his views to the ministry. I am looking up to God for direction, and to my friends for advice. Certainly if I thought the Lord called him to this work, I could not but be willing that he should make all those sacrifices of worldly interest which are unavoidable in becoming a Dissenting minister;

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* At Mrs. Colebrooke's excellent school.

but what is the world? We brought nothing into it — we can carry nothing out; and a little is enough by the way.

Your ever affectionate Father,
George Burder.

The next letter is from the most intimate friend my Father had among the neighbouring ministers during his residence at Coventry—the amiable and ardent Mr. Moody, of Warwick, then on his annual visit to the Tabernacle in London.

Tabernacle House, Jan. 6, 1803.

My Very Dear Brother,

It has been my earnest wish to devote a portion of my time in the busy city to the claims of friendship, and to send you a little news. Neither yourself nor family afflictions are far from my mind; and you may be assured of frequent remembrance when I am favoured with a small degree of nearness to my Lord. I feel extremely anxious to learn how your son Thomas is, and Mrs. Burder, under your numerous fatigues.

As it respects myself, it was reserved for this visit to see and feel more of my own inability than ever I before knew. About a month before I left home, I was extremely unwell, as you may recollect to have perceived when I passed through Coventry. I have reason to think all was in mercy, as my mind felt a calm then, and has received much profit since.

Since I have been in town, under a pressure of labours, I have found bodily support—not to say an increase of strength—as labour has been more abundantly allotted me. You may judge how I have been employed this week. Monday the exhortation at a Missionary meeting; Tuesday, at noon, a public service at the forming of the church at Shepherd's Market; evening of the same day, to the young people at Tottenham Court chapel; Wednesday, to young people at Tabernacle. It sinks me with humility to tell, that I doubt not I have preached to from three to four thousand young persons, at least, this week. To-night I am to preach a charity sermon at Orange Street. If I may judge from appearances, my labours have met with general acceptance. You may say, how does my brother feel under this? Ah! beloved friend, I would answer you with sighs, and reply with tears. I scarcely know how to exhibit my ingratitude to open day-light; but you must know something of my weakness. I must then tell you, I had ten times rather be among my own flock, or speaking to yours. Nothing can compensate for the loss of heart-communion with Jesus; and I must again tell you, what perhaps you have also found, that much publicity of action in the christian world, strikes at the root of inward sanctity. The multitude may be attracted, yea, their hearts may melt under the word, while the preacher's soul is barren as the mountains of Gilboa. *If this be* my experience, which, I trust, is not altogether so, I would be thankful that I feel and lament it. O for more communion with God, to withstand the temptations of a metropolis, and to avoid the snares of what I dare not set store by—large auditories!

I often anticipate your feelings with respect to your son Henry's intentions. How important the office of the ministry at all times; but how much so in the present day! I do positively perceive so much pedantry, so much humble and servile imitation of French originals, and so little genuine piety in some of our students, that I tremble for the future appearance of the christian ministry. I am deceived if parsons are not multiplied upon the church too fast. The ease with which smatterings of literature, scraps of science, and the declamatory part of pulpit eloquence are acquired, somewhat accounts for the number of preachers exceeding the number of real christian ministers. Had I a son in your son's place, I should verily tremble for every thing I saw in him but piety and ardent love to Jesus. It is the deeply engraven power of the Saviour's cross upon the soul alone, that conveys true influence from the preacher's heart into the breast of dying, yet immortal men. Does Henry seem naturally inclined to visit the sick and dying? Does he now and then steal into the company of the spiritual? Does he prize most his devotional hours? When he prays before you does his heart melt? Is the evil of sin the dictator of his sighs and of his wrestlings with God? But I forget myself. He has an abler friend nigh him. I love the youth, I esteem his parents. His father is almost the only man with whom I feel entirely kindred. I am therefore always free in speaking and writing. Brother, I have not forgotten sympathy for your long afflictions; I am not tongue-tied as regards your family. Pray, O pray for me, in my tumultuous station, that I may weather the storm without a wreck. Hoping to see you soon, I remain, as ever,

Your sincere Friend and Brother,

JAMES MOODY.

"1803.—This year is memorable on account of my removal from Coventry, where I had been nearly twenty years.

"In the month of January, I composed and printed an answer to a virulent little pamphlet published at Lichfield by the opposers of the Gospel. The controversy, provoked by a clergyman of High-church pretensions, produced results very different from those which he both desired and anticipated. The impression on the public mind was such as to favour the 'furtherance of the Gospel.'

"On the 28th of March an event took place which led to my removal from Coventry to London. My friend, the Rev. John Eyre, of Hackney, departed this life, aged forty-nine. He was secretary of the Missionary Society, and editor of the Evangelical Magazine. About this time my mind was full of uneasiness and dissatisfaction with my situation at Coventry; which, on many accounts, had been unpleasant to me for a long time. Indeed I had much wished for a removal to town ever since the Missionary Society commenced; longing to lend my helping hand to a work which I was convinced was of God, and likely to produce grand effects. When therefore, by the removal of this valuable man, an opening was made for my employment in a work which appeared to me far more important than that in which I was engaged in Coventry, my help in town being also much desired, I determined, after solemn prayer, deliberation, and advice, to resign my pastoral office, which I did."

The reply of the anxious and distressed church to my Father's letter of resignation, is a document too important not to be here inserted. It does equal honour to him and to them. It must be regarded also as a most valuable attestation to the efficiency and success of that ministry through which he had been sustained and prospered by the abundant grace of his God and Saviour.

Coventry, May 3, 1803.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

The communication made by your letter of Friday last to us, as a church of Christ, and a church of which you have been the revered pastor for nearly twenty years, excited in our breasts those sensations of anguish and fear, which may be much easier conceived of than expressed: and you may rest assured, that the strong emotions manifested on the reading of your letter, were a striking proof how much you live in our hearts.

Under such impressions as these, we consider we should not discharge the duty we owe to ourselves, were we to omit communicating to you what are our feelings and views on so important, unexpected, and distressing an occasion.

Our minds were naturally led back to a review of the infant state of the church, when you came first amongst us; and with what pleasing satisfaction do we behold so great a number, who have from time to time been added thereto; and who have, with such gratitude, declared that you were made the happy instrument, in the hand of God, of their conversion.

When for a moment we consider the many, whom we have every reason to believe are now in glory, singing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," and who are admiring the dispensations of Providence in bringing you to this place; when we turn our eyes to the happy effects of your ministry, as being the spiritual father of several faithful labourers in the vineyard, who have gone forth into different parts to preach the same gospel; it cannot but fill our hearts with grief, and our eyes with tears: more especially when we consider, that the poor heathen in distant climes are reaping the blessed effects of your ministry at Coventry.

When we look around the *congregation,* we cannot but lament, that *they* also are about to be deprived of your faithful and zealous labours; more especially when we see so many of whom we have a good hope, and in whom we have no doubt that a good work is begun; many of these were, doubtless, pleasing themselves with the anticipation of shortly joining us in communion, and declaring what God, by your instrumentality, had done for their souls; but your removal, should it take place, may powerfully operate against their present views.

Whether we look into the church, into the congregation, to the inhabitants of this place, or the neighbouring villages, we cannot but sorely lament the severe loss which will be sustained by your removal.

We are well aware, that several unpleasant circumstances have occurred, which have had a tendency to hurt your mind: this we all lament, and acknowledge with grief; and have always received your affectionate admonitions in such cases, as arising from a real concern for our future happiness; and although we have much reason to lament the differences which have arisen, yet at present we are happy that the church is in a state of peace, and that there is no appearance of discord. In fact, unity and love are daily increasing.

We are also convinced as to the great field of usefulness which opens in the missionary business, by the death of Mr. Eyre; and we doubt not, should you be called to engage in it, that no exertion will be wanting on your part to promote its real interest.

Were we convinced, that the great and laudable object you have in view would fail, were *you* not to undertake the superintendence of it, we should not hesitate in at once according with your views, and cheerfully relinquishing our own advantage and comfort, for the more extensive increase of the kingdom of Christ, which we are well persuaded is your principal inducement; but although we are fully aware of the magnitude and importance of the object you have in view, yet we would appeal to your own impartial judgment, whether or not the value of your presence amongst us, and the great usefulness of your labours, might not more than counterbalance the loss that might be sustained by the missionary cause, should the situation be filled by another person, who may not at present be in so extensive a sphere of usefulness as yourself.

"A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." May the Lord direct you to walk in the same path of usefulness in which you have walked for many years past. But if an overruling Providence should permit the separation to take place, it will be our duty to acquiesce in the dispensation, which, though dark and awful, as to our present views, may hereafter brighten, and we may be constrained to acknowledge that all things have been working together for good. We most heartily unite in our best wishes for you and yours, and sincerely hope the expectation of your further usefulness may be realized an hundred-fold.

Having thus stated our views and feelings on the subject, we must leave the determination, not doubting that you will be directed to such a conclusion as will ultimately tend to the glory of God, and the welfare of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Signed on behalf of the Church,

JOHN M'RAE,
N. MERRIDEW, } DEACONS.
J. WHITTEM,

It seems natural and reasonable, before an account is given of my Father's removal to London, to take a retrospect of his long and laborious ministry at Coventry. The reader will however have nothing more to desire of this character, than the very able sketches, dictated alike by judgment and by feeling, with which I have been favoured, by two valued friends, possessing every qualification for the purpose. The first is from the Rev. Richard Alliott, of Nottingham.

Nottingham, July 11, 1832.

My Dear Sir,

I send you my brief testimony to the ministerial labours and character of your excellent Father. It relates to times and circumstances of which you can have no recollection, and many of which scarcely exist in the recollection of any living person but myself. You will doubtless wish to be furnished with as many particulars in the life of your highly-valued and venerable Father as you can obtain; and having myself been intimately acquainted with him, and with the circumstances which were connected with his settlement at Coventry, and the first years of his residence there, I have thought it right to transmit to you the following statements.

The first minister of the independent denomination in Coventry, of whose name and person I have any recollection, was the Rev. Robert Simpson, father-in-law of Dr. Simpson, whom you will recollect, and grandfather of the present incumbent of St. Michael's Church, in Coventry. He was, I believe, a good and pious man; but being far advanced in life, his ministerial labours were less efficient than they had formerly been. About the year 1759, my own father, the Rev. Richard Alliott, then about twenty-one years of age, (who had been educated for the ministry, under Dr. David Jennings, and, I think, Dr. Savage,) was ordained co-pastor with him. His distinguished pulpit talents, his evangelical ministry, and his zealous and active exertions, were made, by the divine blessing, the means of a very considerable revival of religion in the congregation, and of exciting a very general attention in the town. But these promising prospects were suddenly checked by his death, which took place in the year 1769. He died of a pulmonary consumption, supposed to have been contracted by his energetic ministerial exertions. This event had a very painful influence on the church and congregation in Vicar Lane, and indeed on the cause of vital religion in Coventry.

The successor of my father was almost every thing which a minister of Christ ought not to be, and almost nothing which a minister of Christ ought to be. The congregation declined, and religion declined, almost to extinction; for although a section of the Vicar Lane congregation separated, and built the meeting-house in West Orchard, but little good seemed to be done. A minister by no means suited to the situation had been chosen; and the cause, to say the least of it, went not forward. In process of time, that minister resigned, and during the vacancy of the pastoral chair some attention was excited, particularly under the occasional ministry of the late Mr. Cockin, afterwards of Halifax, and of Mr. Wilks, of the Tabernacle, London.

It was reserved for your highly-beloved Father to be the instrument, in the hands of God, of reviving and carrying on the work of God, and of great, and I trust lasting good, in that populous city. At that time, good, serious, evangelical preaching, of a useful tendency, was almost unknown in Coventry, and the savour of it nearly lost. Mr. Burder, who accepted the pastoral office in the year 1783, was in every respect calculated to supply the long-continued deficiency. His personal appearance in the pulpit was exactly such as became his office—dignified, without ostentation; grave, but not severe; benignant, without the most distant approach to levity; his action was well adapted to the service in which he was engaged, and to the subject of the discourse which he was delivering. When occupied with devotional exercises, he stood as one deeply realizing the presence of God, and addressing himself to "the King eternal, immortal, invisible;" when preaching, he appeared as one who felt that he was delivering the word of God, and not the word of man; and, according to his best judgment, exercised with diligent care, it *was* the word of God: and he did not contract his commission from the fear of human censure; he did not exceed it for the sake of human applause. He did not seek to drive men to religion by exaggerated representations of the terrors of the Lord, or to bribe them to it by specious representations of its rewards. As he perfectly knew that all the increase and success was of God, and that his own word was his instrument, he made it his great care to preach the word of God, and to say neither more nor less than that sacred testimony authorized him to speak. I think I never heard him pronounce a sentence, or employ a figure, which appeared to have been composed or selected to obtain the applause of his hearers. He never sought to adorn the solid truths of revealed religion by the specious beauties of ornamental composition, nor to clothe the cross of Christ with the tinsel of human eloquence.

I am confident that he would never have condescended to covet a clap on the platform,* or a smile in the pulpit. He was a serious man, employed about serious things; serious, but not morose—he had the gravity and cheerfulness of faith, hope, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

No sooner had Mr. Burder accepted the pastoral office, than he applied himself with energetic diligence to the discharge of the duties of it. He regularly preached three times on the Lord's-day, studiously confining each service to short and prescribed limits, that the strength of the preacher and the attention of the hearers might not be exhausted. He held a prayer-meeting on Monday evening, at which he was accustomed to repeat the outlines of the sermons of the preceding Sabbath; a practice generally acceptable, and which I know to have been very useful. On Wednesday evening he delivered a lecture; and thus he regularly met his people in the house of God five times in the course of the week. He opened one or more rooms in different parts of the city, in which he delivered lectures. He also used his influence to introduce the Gospel into neighbouring towns and villages with considerable success.

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* It is to be regretted that the religious public is not sufficiently matured in wisdom and piety, to abandon a practice so little in accordance with the gravity and dignity of true religion.

Mr. Burder, as the father of his people, interested himself in their temporal as well as in their spiritual welfare, particularly by founding one or more benefit societies for the relief of the sick. He founded also extensive Sabbath schools, which, under his active and prudent management, were ably and usefully conducted.

The beneficial effects of these labours soon appeared; the seats of the meeting-house, in West Orchard, which before had been very partially occupied, were soon filled; galleries were erected; the place considerably enlarged; the congregation became numerous, and many were added to the church.

The characteristics of Mr. Burder, as a christian minister, were those of a very clear, distinct, and comprehensive knowledge of the two covenant dispensations, of the Law and the Gospel, especially of the latter; a supreme delight in the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and an ardent desire to communicate the knowledge and saving influence of it to all within the sphere of his laborious exertions. He preached the Gospel. His delivery was pleasing and interesting; his voice melodious; his language neat and correct; his style remarkably simple, clear, and perspicuous. His constant aim was to do good; to gain, not the applause, but the souls of men. He thought not of himself; he preached not himself, but the love of God, the cross of Christ, and the finished salvation of the Gospel. I was young when I came under Mr. Burder's ministry: my mind had been deeply imbued with a sense of the importance of religion, by pious maternal care from my infancy; but it was by his ministry that I was led to apprehend and to embrace the salvation of the Gospel of Christ. At that period, every sermon I heard was interesting and profitable to me; but one was particularly so, under which I was directly introduced into the freedom of the Gospel. It was delivered on a Wednesday evening; the text Psalm civ. 34, "My meditation of him shall be sweet." He enlarged particularly on the pleasure of meditating upon the love of God in the gift of his Son, and upon the merit and sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ; the cross, and the fulness and freeness of the salvation of the cross. The delight of that opportunity I have not forgotten; and I think I never shall forget, either in this world, or in the world to come. I may add, for the consolation and encouragement, perhaps, of many ministers, that while Mr. Burder was thus instructing, delighting, and edifying many, he did not always himself enjoy the full satisfaction he communicated to others. He complained to my late friend, Mr. Moody of Warwick, that frequently in preaching he seemed to himself to enjoy so little liberty, that he felt as though he could not do much more than deliver the heads and particulars of his discourses.

Mr. Burder's views of the Gospel, as also his plain, faithful, and useful style of preaching, are so fully developed in his Village Sermons, that it seems unnecessary to have said so much as I have said concerning them; but I shall be excused for adding, that I consider him to have been *the best model of a sincere, devoted, and faithful minister of the word of God, and of the Gospel of Christ, which ever came under my personal observation; and as one of the most useful, if not the most useful, man of his times.*

I am, dear Sir,
Yours truly,
R. ALLIOTT.

For the following sketch of my Father's ministry at Coventry, I am indebted to his friend, Mr. Smith of Manchester, who was for many years an attendant at West Orchard chapel. There is one peculiarity in it which cannot but serve to enhance its value, as a testimony from the heart:—it is extracted from a manuscript written long ago, and designed by the writer only for the perusal of his own family:

"I can never mention the name of Mr. Burder without feelings of the liveliest gratitude. Of all the men I ever knew, he certainly approaches the nearest towards perfection; and though many may have equalled, and some excelled him, in learning, in eloquence, or general ability, few, very few indeed, approach near to him, when the whole of his character is taken into the account. His private and domestic life is without a stain; his public course has been marked by unremitting attention to the great duties of his profession; by great zeal, great wisdom, great prudence, great disinterestedness, and great perseverance. His sermons are remarkable for good sense; very plain, pious, and evangelical. He has the happy art of making difficult subjects appear easy; and while the critic is pleased by the purity of style, the most ignorant may understand him. He never appears solicitous to say great or fine things to excite the wonder or the stare of his auditory; yet, if he does not soar into the regions of sublimity, he never grovels. Mainly intent upon the salvation of man, and the glory of God, he never appears for a moment to forget his object; but as a dying man addressing dying men, he shuns not to declare the whole counsel of God. Never was a character more felicitously drawn than his, by Cowper, in his Task. He might have had Mr. Burder in view—

'Would I describe a preacher such as Paul?' &c.

He used to catechise those of his flock who were willing to attend; and how delightful were those meetings! how did he condescend to our weakness and ignorance! and, without our perceiving it, he always furnished us with materials for thinking, and excitements for study, which, I doubt not, were signally beneficial to many. It was in this department I always thought him unrivalled.

"In the pulpit, he often expounded, on Sabbath mornings, whole chapters and books of Scripture; and here he discovered great power of thought, and extent of reading and observation. He went through the parables—the miracles—the sermons and prayers of Christ. They were highly interesting and impressive. But in his Sabbath-evening lectures, he seemed to concentrate and employ all his powers. They were fine specimens of serious, affectionate, and manly eloquence, on some of the most important truths and duties of Christianity. On these evenings, serious persons of all denominations attended, and greatly indeed were they blessed.

"He had a most felicitous way of improving any striking event which had happened to the nation, to the city, to the church, or to individuals; and these discourses, while they imparted variety to his subjects, were always heard with peculiar interest. Thus, without affectation or indelicacy, he gave a spiritual and improving turn to almost every incident, and often soothed the sorrowful, reclaimed the wandering, or made a lasting and salutary impression on the heart, while it was in a state disposed to listen, to be directed, or to be reproved.

"To this excellent man I am unspeakably

indebted. He was the guide of my youth. He early distinguished me by his kindness, often inviting me to his house;—condescending to my feeble capacity;—catechising and instructing me;—encouraging the early essays of my mind;—and inspiring in my soul a love of moral excellence by his own bright example. If I ever had any serious sense of religion, next to my dear mother, I owe it to him. May an eternity of happiness await him, and, in the mean time, may he enjoy all the good his worth and piety are calculated to produce!

"Mr. Burder had not been long in Coventry, before his talents and piety attracted the attention of the county, and gave him a most important influence among his brethren. With him originated the County Association of Independent Churches. This was a means of bringing the good ministers of the several churches more frequently together;—of exciting and increasing a spirit of love and zeal;—of producing cooperation and friendly assistance;—of strengthening weak interests;—of raising new ones, and forming a kind of rallying point, where the concentrated wisdom and experience of the whole body might be displayed. It has been a great blessing to Warwickshire, and the system has since been adopted by many of the counties in England. He had some very wise and pious coadjutors in this work;—Dr. Williams of Birmingham, Mr. Moody of Warwick, Mr. Evans of Coventry, and several others; men, whose praise is in all the churches."

THE FIFTH PERIOD.

HIS MINISTRY IN LONDON.

At Midsummer, 1803, my Father removed from Coventry to the metropolis, and fixed his residence at Islington. His reflections on this important change, and on many subsequent occurrences, are written in a book which he then commenced and thus entitled—

"A few Memoranda of my Life, after I came to London, in 1803. My children will read them with candour—may it be with profit also! Death will certainly separate us—may we be received into glory everlasting! There may I meet my dear wife, Maria, George, Sarah, Henry, John, Thomas, Eliza, Sophia, Phebe, all, all, all! How great will then be our transports; with what feelings shall we then say—God is good!"

“*Islington*, June 26, 1803.—Here I now am; brought back, in the providence of God, to my native spot, after an absence of twenty-six years, except occasional visits of a few weeks at a time; during which I have been sowing the seed at Lancaster nearly six years, and at Coventry nearly twenty.

“To-day I have commenced my stated labours at Fetter Lane, having received an unanimous and affectionate call to become the pastor of the church. Having found some disagreeable things at Coventry, with less prospect of usefulness than formerly (in apprehension, at least), and being solicited, on account of the death of my dear friend, the Rev. John Eyre, of Hackney, to fill up his place as Secretary of the Missionary Society and editor of the Evangelical Magazine, together with a call from the church in which I was brought up, and where my honoured father and dear brother were deacons, I thought that my sphere of usefulness would be greatly enlarged, and the connexion far more agreeable to my taste and wishes; the labour also on the Lord's day being more proportioned to my bodily strength:—I ventured therefore to accept these appointments, I trust, with a sincere desire to glorify God and edify his Church; humbly hoping and trusting, as well as praying, that the great Head of the Church will supply my dear old friends at Coventry with a faithful minister.*

"And now, O Thou who hast led and fed me all my days, God of my father, leave me not nor forsake me. I feel that I need thy wisdom and strength for my new engagements, which are indeed important. Who is sufficient for these undertakings? O God, let thy grace be sufficient for me! I desire to be kept from pride and self-seeking. But why should any circumstances elate me? 'There are thorns every where,' as good Archbishop Leighton says: I expect to find them in my present situation. Tribulation must be had in the world; in Christ may I have peace! I have noticed in my reading, that many ministers, and others, have been removed to another world not long after their removals to new situations;† and it has often happened that persons who have just built new houses, and entered upon pleasant situations, have been speedily called to forsake them by death. If this should happen to me, it would be no new or strange thing. The will of the Lord be done! O that I may ever live with eternity in view! May I read, pray, study, preach, write, as one whose evening is at hand, who may not have long to work, and therefore should be diligent. O may I be doubly diligent, that I may be found of him in peace!

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* This was shortly done, by the settlement of the Rev. John Jerard.

† Mr. Tingey, who removed from Northampton to Fetter Lane, did not live a year. Mr. Mather, I think, much less.

"I took my leave of my old congregation, though not formally, last Sabbath evening, with those words: 'What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch!' May I receive the exhortation myself which I give to others! O may I watch and pray daily!

"Exchange of situation gives advantageous opportunities to correct what has been amiss. I desire to do this, and humbly resolve to do it. I desire to pray more, to pay more attention to personal and closet religion, in which, I know, I have been very deficient. I see also the necessity of more family devotion, and attention to the religious instruction of my children. I intend to take more pains with my sermons, and to aim very much at the conscience. Abundant opportunities offer themselves for public engagements; these I desire to attend to in the fear of God, and in constant dependence on his help. I wish to guard against the snares of London, especially too much company, lest my precious time should be consumed in trifling. And this will I do if God permit and assist.

"I have begun my work to-day at Fetter Lane with those words, 'Pray for us,' &c. O that a spirit of prayer may prevail among the people for me, and for themselves; then shall I hope that the steps I have taken, and the new connexion I have formed will be for good—good to myself—good to my family—good to the general cause of religion—and for the glory of the God of all grace. Amen and Amen.

"Aug. 7.—Lord's-day evening. Two years are elapsed this day, since my dear Eliza was removed by death; so long do I survive! O what a serious reflection does her removal excite! The poignancy of grief is relieved, but the wound is still felt. Dear child! how desirable was thy life! We fondly hoped for much comfort in its continuance; but it was the Lord who took her away, and submission, calm submission, is our duty. She will not return to me, but I shall go to her. The good Lord prepare me for the skies, and let me meet her again in his blessed presence!

"I have enjoyed another Sabbath — another sacrament. Since the last, the Lord has graciously removed that pain in my breast and side which excited serious apprehensions. I have been enabled to proceed in my various employments—'faint, yet pursuing.' This must be my motto. Extreme heat of weather, for five weeks, has often occasioned fatigue. I have gone to bed weary, but risen refreshed, and gone on again. Blessed be the name of the Lord! Much alarm has been excited by the threatenings of invasion. But a meeting of prayer has been renewed weekly. O that God may hear, and deliver us from all our fears!

"The Lord has removed my old friend, the Rev. A. Crole. He died almost suddenly, July 4, after violent and painful disorder long continued: but, no doubt, he was ready. Since then, a Mr. Densham, who itinerated at and about Petersfield, died in an awful manner. Coming in a one-horse chaise into Haslemere, to meet Mr. M. Wilks, the horse took fright, ran away, and in the inn yard threw him out against a building, and fractured his skull. He lay convulsed—was trepanned—but died next morning. O how mysteriously awful are the providences of God! A good man, a faithful minister, thus removed! But it was a momentary sensation, probably, and a joyful translation. O let me work while it is called to-day! Amen.

"March 7, 1804.—Memorable day! The British and Foreign Bible Society founded. I and others, belonging to the Tract Society, had long had it in view; and after much preparation, in which we did not publicly appear, a meeting was called at the London Tavern, and that Society began with a very few, which afterwards filled the earth with its fruit. Nations unborn will have cause to bless God for the meeting this day.

"Jan. 29, 1806.—Was chosen one of the six lecturers of the very ancient lecture in the City, called 'the Merchants' Lecture,' established in the days of Owen and Baxter. I consider this as an honour of which I am quite unworthy. May I be useful!

"June.—An ineffectual effort was made by me and others to produce an union of independent ministers, in order to promote the cause of truth and religion. Many meetings were held, and papers printed; but the influential ministers kept back, and the matter was dropped, much to the injury of the cause of religion, especially among the independents. I told them other denominations would reap the advantage of our want of union, and we should suffer. Future ministers will, I hope, be wiser.

"Sept. 4.—The meeting-house in Fetter Lane was enlarged this summer. A semicircular addition was made westward, and the pulpit carried back.

"Nov. 22.—My dear friend and brother, the Rev. James Moody, of Warwick, died, after two or three months illness—partly palsy, I believe—aged about fifty—taken ill in July, in extremely hot weather, after great fatigue on the Sabbath, and exertion in the sun on Monday. He had been my most intimate friend ever since I settled at

Coventry. We possessed kindred minds, and were much united in spirit and action. I was much affected at his loss, and went down to preach his funeral sermon on the 6th of December, from—'I have fought the good fight,' &c."

The following letters were written to me, when a student at Glasgow University :

Islington, March 8, 1806.

Dear Henry,

I intended ere this to have answered yours of Feb. 15; but in many respects I cannot do the things that I would.

I wish you to consult your health more than I do. My calls seem more imperious, and my time of life differs. I wish to work hard, not expecting a long opportunity; but you should husband your health: you may live thirty or forty years; you are but preparing for action. I expect that my work must close before long. However, I entreat you, as I have done before, to take exercise every day in the air, and to get good advice, and to regard it when you are poorly.

As to myself, I am tolerably well, but fancy myself more oppressed than I used to be with business; yet I know not how to retrench. If it be necessary, I hope I shall be helped to do it in time.

I hope you will be able to leave Glasgow very early in May, that you may be time enough for the missionary meetings, which will not be till the 14th; so that I hope you will have time enough, even if you come by sea.

May you go on and prosper. Look much at Christ. I hope you hear much of him from his ministers; and that, by and by, you will be enabled to preach him as "all in all." I am more and more satisfied that it is the great doctrines of the Gospel, practically considered, that should constitute the ministry of the word. All else, though ever so admirable, will only please the mind, without forwarding our salvation, or promoting the glory of God. There is a vast deal of labour lost by some preachers; and after all, God will put the greatest honour on those of his servants who most exalt Christ, and so profit the souls of men. I hope to see and hear you a preacher of Christ.

Your affectionate Father,

GEORGE BURDER.

Hatton Garden, Oct. 31, 1806.

DEAR HENRY,

We are now a little settled in Hatton Garden, and feel somewhat more at home. But home is scarcely a proper name for any temporary station occupied on earth. Faith will, according to its degree, put us upon looking for, and moving towards, the true home above.

In the prosecution of your studies, this winter, I hope you will pay attention to health, while with vigour you are seeking improvement of mind. I have no doubt of your diligence, but pay some regard also to moderation, and avoid night studies as much as possible.

You also know that God is the chief Teacher. I would not have you commit yourself to the best of men, or too readily imbibe any views which do not accord with those generally received by the ministers and people of God. I would be slow to believe that the greater part of the Church have lived and died in error. It is generally safe to follow "the footsteps of the flock." While, therefore, you read and weigh what some modern writers offer as elucidations of the truth, and compare the same with Scripture, I wish you also to consider impartially what some of the older worthies and confessors have maintained. Refinements in divinity should be cautiously admitted. The truth of God was well known and obeyed by good men, long before the present or late refiners of it were born. All this I say in jealousy, lest you should imbibe party or sectarian views, to which I always thought that Scotsmen were, more than most other Christians, inclined.

I have lived long enough to see so much good, and so much evil, in most denominations, as to make me desirous of commending what I can, and blaming less than I once did.

I believe the moderate line pursued by the English Independents is pretty near the truth; yet it need not prevent friendly intercourse with others, who have some excellences that we have not.

I remain,
Your ever affectionate Father,
George Burder.

" June 5, 1808.—Lord's day evening.

" Another birth-day! aged fifty-six. So long spared, and enabled to preach thrice generally on the Lord's day, after many engagements in the week. Surely God is very good to me, thus continuing my strength for his service in a variety of ways—ways peculiarly suited to my inclination; and I would account it a great privilege to be entirely employed in the service of Christ, and for the souls for which he died.

" I have the pleasure of seeing the church at Fetter Lane much enlarged, doubled I believe, in the five years I have been their pastor. The meeting-house also enlarged; and, lately, two deacons chosen in addition to the three in office before.

"My dear wife is considerably better in health than formerly, though yet frequently unwell. Henry has now finished his studies, and has enjoyed a useful year at Wymondly College, while he has been classical tutor there. O that he may now come forth in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.

"John is at Glasgow, going on, I trust, prosperously in his studies, and preparing for the blessed work of the ministry.

"Thomas is happily situated, where he has great advantages. May he be spared to be a blessing to many!

"Sophia and Phebe are at school at Clapham, acquiring useful knowledge. May God bless them, and keep them, when further advanced in life, from the follies, vanities, and snares to which young females are exposed by injudicious connexions!

"What a tribute of praise do my numerous mercies demand! O my God, more abundantly give me thy Holy Spirit, that I may love and trust thee, and be prepared for all future events!"

"May 7, 1809.—I frequently regret that the occupation of my time, by public concerns, prevents my making, from time to time, some memoranda of my life and feelings, the review of which might be useful to myself, and perhaps to my family. But a leisure minute, on this Lord's-day evening, calls me to it. And I the rather seize it, because I am reminded of the death of my dear and honoured Father, twenty-one years ago yesterday. So long it is since he breathed his last, and entered into that rest, where the measures of time are needed no more! But here it is needful to notice them; twenty-one years compose a very considerable portion of human life. Thus long after the decease of my parent am I continued in this world; and almost six years since my removal from Coventry, during which my hands have been full, over-full, of business; but it has been business in which I hope the interests of truth and religion are concerned; so that it is rendered, though with some mixtures of anxiety and frequent weariness, pleasant to me: and I record it, to the glory of God, that my strength has been adapted to my day.

"Family mercies are also remarkably continued.

"O what causes are all these for gratitude! The Lord be praised for all his benefits! I would renew my dedication of my whole self to God. May he help me through the next week of labour, it being the missionary anniversary, and may he prosper that good work!

"June 3, 1810.—On Wednesday last, May 30, about seven in the evening, it pleased God to remove my dear niece, Mrs. Ann Gouldsmith, the eldest daughter of my late brother, in her thirtieth year. She was delivered of a living child early in the morning of that day; but about noon, when the surgeon saw her, he perceived symptoms of danger. I was called to see her between six and seven in the evening; had a little conversation with her, but her breath was so short that I could not understand much of what she said. I understood, however, what seemed to express her hope in Christ. I then engaged in prayer by her, and perceived that she gave a hearty assent to some of the petitions. When I had done prayer, I renewed the conversation; but her speech was gone, her eyes fixed, her face was convulsed, and in a minute or two she breathed her last. We were all astonished; her mother, husband, and others, were about her bed. We could scarcely believe she was gone. O what an affecting providence was this! We all felt it sensibly. O that all concerned may make a good improvement of this solemn event!

"Feb. 24, 1811.—How soon after the death of his sister, was my dear nephew, Charles Forster Burder, removed by death! He was taken ill about August last in Staffordshire. The symptoms of consumption were alarming; he returned home with difficulty, though thought better, and flattered himself, almost to the last, that he should recover; but I had little hope of this from the first. He never left his house, I think, after his return to it from the country in October. Several physicians were called in, but all methods failed. I fear that excessive attention to business, in which he much succeeded, was the occasion of his disorder. There was, however, very good reason to think well of his state. He had joined the church in the summer, and partaken at the Lord's table, I think, but twice, before he went to see Mrs. B.'s relations. He had hope in his death, and, I have no doubt, he died in the Lord. It was affecting to deposit his remains in the same grave with his sister, whose funeral he had attended but a few months before. Solemn Providence! May it leave a lasting impression on the minds of all concerned!"

The following letters to his sons will exhibit much of my Father's tender solicitude and affection. The first is to my youngest brother.

Camberwell, Aug. 12, 1810,
Lord's-day Evening, ten o'clock.

MY VERY DEAR SON,

When these lines meet your eye, you will have attained the age of twenty-one—the period at which, according to the laws and customs of this country, you cease to be a minor, and attain the age of a man. On this occasion, and fearing that I may not have an opportunity for private conversation to-morrow, I address myself to you by letter.

Looking back upon past years, I cannot but acknowledge the goodness of God in continuing your life, which has more than once been apparently endangered. When you were inoculated, there seemed scarcely a step between you and death. I shall never forget that painful season, and the perturbation of my mind when I feared to lose you. About seven or eight years ago you seemed to be in equal danger, and we could indulge but a feeble hope of your continuance. Since then, there was reason to fear you would hardly reach the age of twenty-one; but now we unite in a lofty Ebenezer to the God of your life, and rejoice that three of our children have attained their majority. Let me entreat you to offer up your devout thanksgivings to God for your preservation.

Thus far it is well. You live. The great matter is, Do you live to God? are you alive to God? I know not,—Do *you* know? O let this be the subject of your careful inquiry. Your father feels solicitous on this head. How would it gladden his heart to know that you have given yourself to Christ, as your Redeemer and Sanctifier; that you are come to a point, resolved most determinately to serve God all your days, and to avoid whatever is displeasing to his pure and holy eyes!

O, my son, let me have joy of you. In you there are many things amiable and commendable. You have been diligent in the study of your profession, and you are tender and humane in your disposition. I know that you love your parents, your brothers and sisters, and other relations; shall it yet be said, "One thing thou lackest!" You know what that "one thing" is. Shall it be wanting?—Then all is wanting. Let me hope "better things of you, and things that accompany salvation." I shall be glad to know what are your sentiments and feelings respecting religion. Let me have a letter, and write me your mind freely and fully: I may then be able to give you some advice and encouragement.

I am aware that from the nature of your profession, you are exposed to temptation, in addition to that which is common to youth in general. You are also now, by living alone, your own master. But the eye of God is upon you by night and by day. O allow yourself in nothing that is sinful. "Watch and pray," and God will keep you, as he kept me in the days of my youth, so that I was never permitted to fall into the gross sins so common to youth in this day, when indeed the world is deluged with corruption. My eyes are directed to Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to make you a Christian indeed—a lively, exemplary, spiritual, useful Christian; one who looks at something more than safety, who desires to be as like Christ as possible, to be as useful as possible in this short life, and to be fully prepared, even in youth, to meet death and enter into life.

These effusions of parental affection are presented to you on your birth-day, with congratulations on your reaching this period, and with the most affectionate wishes for your true happiness in time and eternity. In these wishes I am joined by your tender mother, equally concerned for your temporal and spiritual welfare.

GEORGE BURDER.

Camberwell, Aug. 7, 1811.

DEAR JOHN,

You have been informed of your having become "Uncle John," and as to myself, I am "a Grandfather,"—venerable name! Now people may indeed say, "Old Mr. Burder." Well, be it so; I was once young Mr. Burder, and the time may come—I hope it will—when you will be old Mr. Burder; before which, however, I trust you will have preached many thousands of evangelical and energetic sermons, and have turned hundreds of sinners to righteousness. Be that your constant aim, and God will bless your labours.

O, my dear son, what frequent admonitions have even young ministers to be laborious and faithful, not knowing how soon their day may close! Who would have expected that your fellow-student, Spencer, so lately ordained to a large and promising charge, should so soon conclude his labours at Liverpool! But so it is, to the unspeakable grief and surprise of his friends. After preaching last Lord's day, and having administered the Lord's Supper for the second time only, he was removed by death on Monday morning. He went out to bathe in the river Mersey, and was drowned! He had been three quarters of an hour under water before his body was found; and in vain did the faculty endeavour for two hours to restore animation. Life was irrecoverably gone! I am greatly affected with this sad event, as I am sure you will be. I hope it is well with him; and O that the direful event may be overruled for the spiritual good of many—of some at Stroud—where, I doubt not, you will endeavour to improve it.

Thus one closes his work—*you* are beginning it. I earnestly wish and pray, that God may fill you with his Spirit, and make you a burning and shining light in his Church. Usefulness, usefulness, usefulness, is the point; aim at that; let that be your study, and God will prosper you.

I remain, with the very best wishes,
Your affectionate Father,
GEORGE BURDER.

“September 5.—Had a high degree of satisfaction in assisting at the ordination of my son John, at Stroud. He has been instrumental in raising that congregation from a very low state. I bless God I have two sons now engaged in the holy ministry. May they long survive me to be eminently useful!”

On the day after the ordination, my Father favoured me with the following brief account of the services.

Stroud, Sept. 6, 1811.

Dear Henry,

I deferred writing to you till to-day, that I might be able to give you some account of the solemnities of yesterday, in which I know that you feel an interest.

We had a very crowded chapel yesterday. Many could not get in, and a kind of tent was prepared behind the pulpit windows (a contrivance of John's,) whereby a good number heard without.

As to myself, a hoarseness, which commenced on Lord's-day, so increased after I left home, that I much feared I could not have been heard; but by the Divine blessing on means, I recovered it, so as, I believe, to be heard by all. The introductory discourse, by Mr. Bishop, was very good, chiefly pointing out the nature and design of the ordination service. The ordination prayer was by Mr. Winterbottom. My part was sufficiently trying to my own feelings, which had nearly overpowered me at first; but I got the better of them as I proceeded with the charge; which was, "Remember Jesus Christ"—as your *Saviour,* that you may love him; as your *master,* that you may serve him; as your *theme,* that you may preach him; and as your *example,* that you may imitate him:—concluding with this encouragement, If you thus remember *him,* he will remember *you.* Mr. Lowell preached to the people from, "Esteem him very highly in love."

On the whole I was much pleased. I never attended an ordination with less fatigue; and such was the general feeling. None of the ministers were tedious, and we had plenty of fresh air.

It is very satisfactory to us to find that your brother is very highly esteemed by rich and poor. There is a good deal of union among different classes of persons in this vicinity.

I am, dear Henry,
Your ever affectionate Father,
George Burder.

"October 31.—Mr. Jay preached at Hackney, on occasion of my son Henry's settlement there, as afternoon preacher, to assist Mr. Palmer. This excellent discourse was printed.

"November 9.—I had the pleasure of receiving my dear Sophia into the church. Another very great family mercy! O what cause have I to be thankful!

"April 5, 1812.—Yesterday reminded me of the death of my dear mother, who died April 4, 1762, just fifty years ago. So long have I survived her who gave me birth! I was then not ten years old—a thoughtless boy, who little knew the value of a mother. Fifty years—half a century gone!—she remembered by very few beside myself! O what a long period is half a century! All that time has the Lord led me and fed me, and now for more than thirty-four years continued me in the ministry, and given me, I trust, many souls for my hire! And although in my sixtieth year, he preserves my strength, so that I am able to preach and labour without much weariness. Blessed be the Lord my strength!

"I lately heard from a minister in the country, that he had been informed of a clergyman in Leicestershire who had seen and purchased a volume of the Village Sermons, and, without examination, had read some of them in his church. The congregation increased, became more serious, and some were brought under concern of soul. He was astonished; it was quite unaccountable to him. At length he retired to his closet, and prayed that God would shew him what there was in those sermons which produced such an effect. It is said, that he has since become a sincere experimental Christian, and a true minister of the Gospel of Christ. Mr. H. had this from a clergyman in the neighbourhood of the person. If true, what a wonderful instance is this of the power of divine grace, working by a peculiar means; and O what a debtor am I, an unworthy servant of Christ, that he should put such honour on the truth conveyed by my pen! Lord, I offer to thee the sacrifice of praise! Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, &c.

"On the first of January last, I published the sixth volume of the Village Sermons,—on the Divine Perfections. May it please the glorious Lord to give the same blessing to this as to the former volumes! Amen and Amen.

"June 5.—Sixty! To what an age has the Lord prolonged my life! A loftier Ebenezer than ever must be set up this evening. Spared in good health and spirits; amply provided for—my dear wife continued, and in better health—my children in health, dutiful and affectionate. They have all been with me this evening, except John, who is at Stroud, whither he lately returned. O to the goodness and grace of God, what a debtor am I!

"I am not anxious about futurity. My business is with present duty. He whom I desire to serve can, and I hope will sustain me when nature fails, and sinks, and dies. My wish is to serve the Lord with cheerfulness while I can, and then retire at his command, and enter the unknown rest prepared for his people.

"Nov. 8.—This day (Sabbath), about eleven in the forenoon, my dear sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary Needham Burder, widow of my brother, Mr. William Burder (who died July 1788), departed this life, aged sixty-seven. She had been for some months considerably indisposed. Her disorder was in her throat; it was thought to have taken place from the time when the imminent danger of her son, Mr. Charles Burder, was announced. Her throat nearly grew up, so that by degrees all food was rejected, and she was in a manner starved to death. She was a retired woman, of few words, and did not say much on the approach of death; yet to her son, the Rev. Samuel Burder, and others, she dropped several expressions, satisfactorily shewing the state of her mind, and leaving no doubt that she died in the Lord. She was buried in Bunhill-fields, near her husband, son, and daughter. I spoke at the grave.

"June 6, 1813.—When a traveller gets near his journey's end, he notices every hour of time, and observes every mile-stone which he passes. So when a man reaches the age of sixty-one, it is high time for him to consider what progress he has made, and how near he is to his home. I hope I am not insensible to these things. I have greatly to admire the goodness of God in continuing so great a degree of health as I now enjoy, greater than at almost any former period of my life. I am inclined to think the Lord thus favours me, that I may more fully devote myself to his work; which, blessed be his name, is my delight; and I think myself highly favoured in being permitted, not only to preach his Gospel with acceptance and success, but also to engage daily in promoting his cause among the heathen, by the Missionary Society. This good work prospers; great pecuniary assistance has been afforded the last year;

and accounts from abroad are very encouraging. To God be all the glory!

"As to myself, aware of my time of life, I wish to work while it is day, and to watch while I work, that I may be found ready for death and heaven, whensoever the Lord shall call.

"Thanks are due to God on account of the state of my family. My dear wife has better health. Henry, his dear wife and family, well at Hackney. John enlarging his chapel at Stroud. Thomas completing his medical studies at Edinburgh. My daughters, Sophia and Phebe, in health at home. My domestic, as well as personal mercies, are many and great. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!"

The following letter gives a specimen of the interest which my Father took in promoting the diffusion of a missionary spirit, to the utmost extent of his ability and opportunity.

Hackney, Aug. 26, 1813.

Dear Thomas,

Mr. Waugh, Mr. Bogue, and I, left London, Monday Aug. 2, reached Birmingham that day, and proceeded on the next day (joined by Mr. Thorp from Bristol), in a swift coach to Liverpool.

On Wednesday and Thursday the public meetings were very well attended, much life and spirit manifested, and nearly 300*l.* collected. After separating for the Sabbath, we met on Tuesday at Leeds. We had fine congregations in very large chapels—all animation, especially at the sacrament, and near 500*l.* obtained. We hastened one hundred miles, on Friday, to Newcastle. Mr. Bogue and I preached at six different places there on the Sabbath. Mr. Waugh was at Sunderland and Shields. The meeting for business on Monday evening, in an assembly-room, was not very well attended. We found ourselves in a colder region—but there was more need of "bringing coals to Newcastle." Good was done, and about 150*l.* in all collected. After preaching on Monday evening, we proceeded two stages, and got two hours' rest at an inn. We proceeded on Tuesday morning nearly one hundred miles more to Hull, where we arrived about ten. Here we had most delightful meetings indeed—great love and zeal. We crossed the water on Friday morning; got into the chaise about twelve, and travelled till ten; proceeded at four next morning, and got home on Saturday.

I was mercifully strengthened to bear fatigue and privations, usually very hurtful to me. I was often weary and qualmish, but not ill. Have felt lassitude since my return, but hope I am now mending.

We had most abundant cause of thankfulness, especially that the object of our journey seemed answered; the missionary flame was extended; and new Auxiliary Societies of great extent, especially for the West Riding of Yorshire, formed. In short, I am of opinion, with my companions, that we never had an opportunity of being so useful to the cause of Christ in any former three weeks of our lives;—to God be all the glory!

I remain, dear Thomas,
Your affectionate Father,
George Burder.

"June 5, 1814.—Lord's-day evening.

"I would not let this day pass without a memorandum. By the goodness of God, the state of my health, and of my family, is much the same as noticed a year ago. O what cause to be thankful! Considerable additions also have been made to the church, of persons who have acknowledged, to the glory of God, the advantage obtained from my ministry. I have also heard of several instances of the success of the Village Sermons, both in England and America. I have reason to believe that several persons are now in the ministry to whom they were made useful. They are also read abroad — in India, in Ceylon, in Africa. This is marvellous in my eyes! That God should, in the present age, bless very plain preachers, and very plain sermons, seems to me worthy of peculiar notice. Is it not to shew mankind that he will use such instruments as shall make it evident, beyond all contradiction, that 'the excellency of the power is indeed of God, and not of man?'

"During the past year it has pleased God to fix my dear son Henry at Hackney, as pastor of the church, in consequence of the death of Mr. Palmer, who had been more than fifty years minister there. The day of his ordination was a solemn and pleasing season to me. O that the Lord may render him a great blessing to many, and make the situation truly comfortable to himself!

"June 5, 1815.—Through the goodness of God I have reached what is called, 'the grand climacteric.' I have this day completed my sixty-third year. Some have supposed that every seventh year produces some remarkable change as to health, life, or circumstances. I suppose this is fabulous; yet I would so far improve the notion, as to reflect upon it with seriousness; for I have advanced within seven years of the utmost period usually allowed to man; and I have always conceived that a man ought to believe himself to be old at sixty-three, whether he perceive it or not. I do not sensibly feel much alteration, though conscious of some; but my friends may probably perceive what I do not; and I hope I shall never be permitted to injure the cause of God, and especially the Church of Christ to which I belong, by continuing my efforts when they are become inefficient, as I observe with grief that many aged ministers have done, unaware of their mental decline.

"Surely an Ebenezer of unusual height, ought this evening to be erected to the God of my life. Hitherto, indeed, he has helped me; and I bless his name with my whole heart. O that the remains of life may more than ever be his!

"The Lord bless all my children. Many years may they survive their father to glorify him in an eminent degree upon earth! Then may I meet them in glory! Amen and Amen."

The following letters to his sons may be deemed not unworthy of perusal:

Camberwell, March 1, 1818.

My Dear John,

This is the second silent Sabbath that Providence has been pleased to allot me.

Confinement to the house, and opportunity for unusual reflection, have not, I would hope, been wholly useless to me. Generally, the bustle of business occupies my time and affections too much. I pray that the multitude of my thoughts on this occasion may prove of permanent use. I consider this as a new and strong memento of mortality; and desire to be found ready whenever called. It affords me pleasure and cause of thankfulness, but none of boasting, that I have worked pretty hard, and, blessed be God, not uselessly in his service: but my hope is fixed on Jesus; he is my hiding-place, and my buckler.

I had many very serious thoughts last Sunday, when my foot had the appearance of mortification: I detected some of my deficiencies, which I hope will humble me; but I found my apprehensions of danger were groundless. Mr. Blair came to see me in the afternoon, and assured me what was the cause; and the appearance gradually subsided. I hope to get out in two or three days, and next Sabbath to preach and administer the Lord's Supper.

Your dear mother has been most of the last week very ill; but, blessed be God, is now much better. We had a sick house—three invalids in three different rooms: but your sisters were very good indeed, and attended us with truly filial kindness; for which I am truly thankful, and pray God to reward them richly.

I have been looking at the picture of Stroud to-day with pleasure, and thinking of you with pleasure. O what reason have I to be thankful for such children as God hath blessed me with! This has been a comfort to me in my retirement. I am spared to see five all grown up to years of real discretion, and the attainment of true wisdom. But we shall not estimate aright a hundredth part of our mercies till we get to heaven. There may I meet with you, your dear wife, and all my relations!

I conclude with the assurances of my most tender parental affection,

George Burder.

Camberwell, July 11, 1818.

My Dear John,

We are glad to hear that you have got into your new habitation. What a mercy to have a convenient house! It is one of the chief blessings of Providence, and connected, in a variety of ways, with our health and comfort. We should be reminded of Him, who, though the builder of all things, denied himself this accommodation. He had not, what even noxious animals obtain—a place where to lay his head. How much do we owe him! But he is careful for us; not only does he afford us, while travellers below, a decent home, but he has provided for us apartments among the many mansions of his Father's house. Let us often direct our thoughts and affections to the heavenly Jerusalem, where there are permanent habitations, the builder of which is God. Let us look upon our best residences on earth as but temporary lodgings, soon to be left, for a narrow house indeed (as regards the body)—a dark house—the house appointed for all living. Many such reflections as these will doubtless strike your mind, and that of your dear partner, whose safety, health, and happiness, I earnestly desire and pray for.

Your affectionate Father,
George Burder.

The following letter refers to a visit to Coventry, the scene of his former labours:

Camberwell, June 21, 1819.

Dear Thomas,

The journey was filled with mercies, particularly the continued and increasing kindness of surviving friends, who, at the distance of so many years, so warmly expressed their christian affection. But it was still more gratifying to receive so many assurances from persons, who were called by the grace of God under my ministry. Never before had I an opportunity of knowing so much of the success with which it pleased God to crown my labours, besides hearing of several instances of his blessing on the Village Sermons. All these things call for my most ardent gratitude, and excite me to wish to spend the rest of my days in more complete devotedness to God.

The Baptist Missionary Society meets this week, and also the Homerton Academy. The Hoxton next week.

With sincere wishes and constant prayers for your recovery and the blessing of God,

I remain,

Your affectionate Father,

George Burder.

"June 5, 1820.—I have completed this day my sixty-eighth year—spared, a wonder to myself; but I have felt more sensibly than before, for some months past, a decline of strength, and an increase of those infirmities which are common to the aged: yet have I been enabled to persist in my usual engagements, preaching twice on the Lord's day, with little weariness, and labouring constantly in the business of the Missionary Society and the Magazine; in both which, however, I have had more assistance than formerly, for which I am thankful.

"Our fatigue in preparing to remove, and in removing from Camberwell to King's Road, and in settling affairs afterwards, was very great, and rather injured our health. Sophia was visited with considerable fever, which rather alarmed us; but the Lord was merciful, heard our cries for her life, and restored her. Blessed be God for this great mercy.

"Now, then, I desire to renew the dedication of my whole self to the Lord, that the remainder, probably short, of my life, may be more holy and more useful. Much need indeed have I to be humble, and much cause to be thankful. I have now exceeded the age of my dear and honoured father, which I little expected. God has prolonged my days to serve him in the Gospel of his dear Son; and I heartily thank him that he has so indulged me. Frequently have I heard, from various quarters, of the blessing which has attended my Village Sermons. O what a great debtor am I to the grace of God, for employing those plain discourses as the instrument of spiritual good, both to ministers and people! During the past year I have completed the work by the eighth volume. Glory be to God for the whole! I can never be sufficiently thankful for his distinguishing mercy on this account.

"June 5, 1821.—Have this day entered upon my seventieth year. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in my eyes. I record it to the praise of divine goodness that I, in general, enjoy such a degree of health as to be able to continue preaching twice on the Sabbath, and at other times occasionally; and that I am enabled to continue my efforts in behalf of the Missionary Society, the concerns of which are greatly extended. I esteem it a privilege to be thus employed, but now cannot reasonably expect to continue long. May I be as willing to cease working, as through grace I am now to work. My times are in the Lord's hands; and there I leave myself and my dear family. Living and dying, I desire to be the Lord's.

"During the past year my dear Sophia had a dangerous illness, but was mercifully restored; yet has lately been again much reduced by extreme disorder of stomach. May the Lord hear our earnest prayers for her recovery. Thomas's health has continued to improve, but he is yet far from well. Our earnest desire is, that he may be fully restored and rendered useful in his profession. My sons, Henry and John, are going on well. I hope their ministry is useful. My congregation continues much the same. Additions, but not numerous, are made to the church.

"Dec. 30, Lord's-day evening. — A few days ago I finished a volume containing twelve plain discourses to seamen, entitled Sea Sermons. The great attention lately paid to sailors—preparing the floating-chapel in the Thames — holding meetings of prayer on board ships — publishing Tracts, and a Sailor's Magazine, have induced me to think that sermons particularly adapted to seamen, and on subjects connected with sea affairs, would be seasonable. Accordingly, when at Ramsgate with my family in September last, I commenced the work, and wrote about six of the sermons ; and, since our return, have printed the volume.

"It appears that many seamen are fond of reading, and have, occasionally, a good deal of time on board; and there are, I believe, more than a few masters of vessels who are in the habit of reading a sermon to their crew on Sundays; but there are very few sermons well suited to that purpose. I have also added a few prayers, as some good seamen may not be able to pray extempore, especially before others.

"I bless God who has enabled me to accomplish this little work, and I pray that he will be pleased, by the grace of his Holy Spirit, to bless the reading of these sermons; that when I am gone hence, and silent in the dust, I may yet be speaking to the poor seamen on our own coast, and in foreign lands.

"I am indebted to the Rev. R. Marks for his assistance in correcting the nautical phrases: he was once a lieutenant on board a king's ship, and when called by grace, often read my Village Sermons, and other books, to the men on board. He was much persecuted, and at last left the service, and obtained orders in the Church of England.

"1822.—I was informed by the Rev. Mr. Kam, in a letter from Amboyna, that some of my Village Sermons are translated into the Malay, and printed there, especially for the use of schoolmasters, to be read by them to destitute congregations, of which there are very many.

"The Rev. William Taylor, one of the Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, informed me, that some of my sermons are translated into the Singalese, for the people of Ceylon.

"Blessed be God! O that these my humble labours may be owned of God, when I am no more in the world.

"June 5.—This is to me a remarkable day. I am this day seventy years of age—a wonder to myself, and to those who knew me thirty or forty years ago; for little did I or they suppose that I should reach the present period.

"I ascribe it to the good providence of God that my days are thus prolonged, and my powers of mind, as I conceive, and of body, retained, so that I have been enabled to preach twice on the Sabbath, beside the administration of the Lord's Supper on the first Sabbath of the month, without much weariness, as well as to continue my attention to the concerns of the Missionary Society, and the superintendence of the Evangelical Magazine, together with many other occasional affairs; indeed, enjoying better health, and more freedom from my long continued stomach-complaint than for many years past. Yet am I sensible of declining strength, and not without apprehension of diseases which may probably increase.

"I have this day had the pleasure of meeting most of our family to notice it. Henry, his wife and four children, and John from Stroud, who staid in town a week or two, on purpose to be present; — Thomas, Sophia, and Phebe. Many and great are my domestic blessings. I read in the evening a paper expressive of my gratitude to God for his goodness, and a few hints of advice to my family. May the perusal be useful to some of them when I am gone! My dear daughter Sophia presented me with some poetic lines on the occasion, which do honour to herself, by the pious affection which they breathe, but do too much honour to me, who am 'less than the least.' Indeed the kindness of my children this day sensibly affects me. I am rewarded, beyond measure, for all my attention to them, by the too kind expressions of their attachment. The Lord reward their filial kindness, and may *their* children prove like blessings to *them*."

The following is the interesting and touching address, which his surviving children never can forget. The emotions with which they listened to its delivery by their venerable and beloved Father, none of them will attempt to describe.

Address of the Rev. George Burder to his family, June 5, 1822, on his completing the seventieth year of his life.

My Dear Family;

Looking forward to this day when I should arrive at the age of seventy, I felt desirous of seeing as many of you together as I could, that I might offer to God, in your presence, my devout and grateful acknowledgments for his great goodness in lengthening my days to this period—a period far beyond that which, in younger life, I expected to reach; many infirmities then, according to my own apprehension, and that of my friends, threatening to close my days at an earlier date. I ascribe it to the unmerited favour of God, who has thus indulged me with a long season of enjoyment, and protracted opportunities of usefulness in the cause of evangelical religion. He who, I trust, "put me into the ministry," has enabled me to continue to labour in his Church, with little interruption, for about forty-five years, and not without success.

For about twenty-eight years past, the predominant desire of my heart has been to aid the propagation of the Gospel among heathen nations; and I bless God who has favoured me with opportunities of promoting this grand object, for the last nineteen years, as one of the officers of the Missionary Society. I account this one of the highest privileges I could enjoy upon earth; and it affords me comfort, in the prospect of leaving the world, that the rising generation, including those of my own family, will not relinquish the work. To have been spared so long, with continued powers of activity, demands my cordial thanksgivings.

Nor must I omit to call upon you to join me in praise to God for directing my mind to the publication of the Village Sermons; the first volume of which was published in the year 1797, and proving acceptable, I was induced, in successive years, to add volume to volume, till one hundred discourses were completed in 1820. I bless God, with all my heart, for accompanying the reading of these discourses with the power of his Holy Spirit, to the conversion of many, and among others, of some clergymen and other ministers, as well as for rendering them useful in families and in villages, making them the occasion of the introduction of a regular Gospel ministry. To God alone be all the glory!

In the firm belief of the truths contained in those volumes, I desire to die; and my heart's desire and prayer to God is, that not only my children, who, I trust, have already embraced those truths by faith, but my grandchildren also, and succeeding generations, may know and profess the same; and I could wish that each of my grandchildren might, on coming to years of discretion, be furnished with a copy of them.

Persuaded, as I am, that in these sermons, as well as in my stated ministry, I have, though very imperfectly, and in a very humble style, maintained the faith originally delivered to the saints, I earnestly desire that my posterity may likewise maintain it. I have confidence in those of my family who are parents, that they will bring up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" and my prayer is, that they may follow their parents' faith.

Confiding in the power of those holy principles you have imbibed, I rest assured that you will conduct yourselves toward each other in the most kind and affectionate manner; and never suffer pecuniary matters to create differences among you. Nor need I add, that I feel a full reliance on your filial duty towards your dear mother, should she survive me. "Live in peace, and the God of love and peace be with you."

I cannot but express my wish, that you and your children, while you adhere to the principles of the Gospel we now profess, should also continue attached to the cause of nonconformity, which I believe to be the cause of God; not indeed exclusively, for I love and honour all the faithful servants of God in the Established Church, and have cordially united with them in our public institutions; but apprehending, as I do, that by the union of Church and State, the Church of England is rendered too secular—that diocesan episcopacy has no foundation in the New Testament—that the discipline of the church is exceedingly corrupt — that the imposition of its forms and ceremonies, as terms of communion, is totally unauthorized—and that the Test Act, and consequent abuse of the Lord's Supper, is very sinful, I cannot but wish that my descendants may be Dissenters; at any rate, I trust they will calmly study the subject, before they relinquish the cause of nonconformity, and not unite with the national church from worldly motives.

These hints of advice I offer in sincere love and affection, together with my tribute of thankfulness to the God of my life, who has led and fed me all my days. I can scarcely say, with Jacob, "Few and evil have been the days of my pilgrimage;" for although (together with my dear partner and fellow-traveller through life) I have had my trials, "yet goodness and mercy have continually followed me." Of the future we know nothing; this is left in the sovereign hand of God; and I humbly rely on his promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Farewell! "Grace and peace be multiplied unto you!"

And now, holy and blessed God, accept my thanksgiving for the innumerable benefits of threescore years and ten; and graciously conduct me through the remainder of my pilgrimage; leave me not at the last, but "smile upon me, that I may smile upon death." To thy most holy guidance and support I commit myself and my family, casting all my care upon thee, who, I humbly trust, unworthy as I am, carest for me. Amen.

Can any utterance of the heart, not dictated by actual inspiration, surpass this patriarchal address, in tenderness, pathos, or piety!

The following letter is a specimen of the manner in which my Father was accustomed to address his children on the return of a birth-day:

3, *Grove, Hackney, Nov.* 27, 1823.

MY DEAR HENRY,

I cannot let this day pass without congratulating you on the completion of your fortieth year. I am reminded of the leader of Israel, who, when he was come to years—to the same period as yourself—distinguished himself by making that wise choice which was so full a proof of his faith. I rejoice that you have made a similar choice long ago, though not called to such relinquishments as his. It affords me great satisfaction to see you so comfortably and usefully settled as you now are, at the head of a pleasing family, and pastor of a flourishing church. I take pleasure, and feel thankfulness, in that great prosperity which has crowned your ministerial labours; and hope that, both in domestic and public relations, you will long continue to prosper.

As to myself and household, you well know our situation. The grievous visitations of a domestic kind which I have endured, weigh heavily on my spirits, and I may say, in a degree, that "I have great heaviness, and continual sorrow in my heart," although not so burdened as to prevent my public labours, or entirely to cut off my personal comforts; yet I feel apprehensive of the consequences as to health, at my advanced age. But the future I desire to leave with Him who is infinitely wise and good, who will do all things well.

I have confidence in you, that should I be rendered incapable of managing my own affairs, you will take the charge of them, and especially of your dear afflicted mother, who, forty years ago this day, brought you forth with pain and sorrow.

Your dear sister also will require the superintending eye of a feeling relative to soothe her sorrows, as I have tried to do.

These things I write without any immediate apprehensions of personal inability, but on the consideration of what is not improbable to a man of seventy-one, burdened with domestic sorrows.

With every possible good wish, for you, your dear wife, and dear children,

I am most affectionately yours,

GEORGE BURDER.

"*Hackney, March* 6, 1824.

"Saturday evening.—This day I have committed to the tomb the mortal remains of my dearly-beloved wife, Sarah, with whom I had been united in the conjugal relation more than forty-two years! Death has now dissolved that dear relation, but she will ever live in my grateful and affectionate remembrance; and well she deserves the first place there amongst mortals. She was certainly a Christian of eminent piety;—walking closely with God, holding daily communion with him, by his holy word and private prayer; a lover of the house and ordinances of God, and a diligent attendant thereon, while health permitted, but debarred that privilege entirely for thirteen months past, and partially for some time before. For more than twenty years she has been the subject of many pains and disorders, some of which were threatening, and more than once we entertained gloomy fears of her removal. Indeed, that she lived to enter upon her seventieth year was far more than could have been reasonably expected.

"On the last Sabbath evening of the year 1822, about ten o'clock, when coming down stairs, at our house in King's Road, Bedford Row, having probably engaged in private devotion, she fell down several steps against the wall, with considerable force; and although proper means were immediately adopted, and much care taken to prevent evil consequences, it was not long before symptoms appeared, which perhaps arose from the fall. Inflammation about the head took place, and it is supposed that water was subsequently effused on the brain. Her memory soon began to fail; and this was followed, in a few weeks, by a general debility of mind, and gradual loss of all her powers. The best possible advice was obtained, and the most appropriate medicines employed, but with little effect. She breathed her last on Saturday morning, February 28, a few minutes before eleven o'clock.

"She was interred in Bunhill Fields burial-ground, on Saturday, March 6. The Rev. George Collison, of Hackney, delivered a very appropriate and affectionate address at the grave, which was surrounded by many friends, sincere mourners for the lamented deceased.

"It would not be easy to do justice to her excellent character. She was not only a devoted Christian, 'fearing God above many,' and remarkably conscientious in her conduct, but an affectionate, faithful, discreet, frugal wife, who studied much the comfort and credit of her husband, and was solicitously attentive to him in the hours of sickness. In the maternal character she shone conspicuously. No mother could be more affectionate at all times, and none more assiduous in the times of her children's affliction, which were not few; and none could feel more keenly the loss of several of them.

"My loss is great indeed! I have lost the dear companion of my youth, who has shared with me all my joys and sorrows for more than forty-two years. In all probability our separation will not be long. I desire to be prepared for the great change; and if separate spirits do recognise each other, as I hope, how gladly shall we meet again, and there recount all our labours and sorrows—all the way the Lord has led us in the wilderness; and see, and sing, to his eternal praise, that for us and ours 'he has done all things well!'

"My dear children will, I am sure, cherish through life a respectful and tender remembrance of the best of mothers."

Assuredly they *will!* Never will my beloved brothers forget, never can I forget my mother's tender endearments, incessant solicitudes, and affectionate advices. Never can I forget how, in my early childhood, she was accustomed to mingle her gentle instructions in the things of Christ and his salvation, with the tears of intense emotion and the prayers of maternal faith! I feel at this moment not less indebted to the best of mothers than to the best of fathers![*]

The following letter was written by Dr. Bogue, under circumstances deeply affecting to the heart:

Gosport, March 3, 1824.

My Dear Sir,

I return you very many thanks for your kind letter, which I read with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain. It is remarkable that we should be both called at the same time, to the same mournful office of lamenting the removal of our nearest and dearest earthly friend. Both have occasion to bless God that the partners of our life were spared to us so long—yours for forty-two years, and mine nearly thirty-seven; and that they were continued with us till all our children had the benefit of their instruction and example in their early years, and were grown up to maturity. After having had the comfort of their sweet society, till we have more than completed the ordinary lease of human life, and have advanced beyond three-score years and ten; O what a blessing it is, that we can both, with the liveliest confidence, view our dear departed friends as having exchanged the distresses and sufferings of this mortal state, for the rest which remains for the people of God in heaven; and having entered into the joy of our Lord and theirs, never more to endure one pang of pain and grief!

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[*] See Memoir of my Mother at the end of this Volume.

But it is painful to lose those who constituted, as it were, an essential part of our system of life, and of our earthly comfort. A certain desolation is spread over our future prospects here below, and we more sensibly hear the voice that cries to us, " Arise and depart, this is not your rest, for it is polluted."

Our time of life forbids us to look for a long continuance here. May our present affliction lead us to a deeper sense of the evil of sin, and wean us from the world, and lead our thoughts more to the heavenly state, and render us more zealous for the glory of God, and the salvation of the souls of men, and endear to us the blessed Jesus, the sympathizing friend of his afflicted disciples, who has graciously said, " I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you."

My young folks unite in tenderest sympathy, and in most cordial regards to you and to all the members of your family, assembled around you on a like occasion with themselves. That you all may enjoy the most abundant consolations of the

Gospel of Christ, is the earnest prayer of, my dear Sir,

Yours, with great esteem and affection,
DAVID BOGUE.

P. S. The burial of my dear departed friend is to be on Friday, and Mr. Griffin is to improve the event the same evening. I am informed that the notices of the two deaths stand next to each other in the Morning Chronicle.

The following letter refers to the alarming progress of the disorder, under which my beloved sister, Sophia, had been long suffering with exemplary patience.

Hackney, Feb. 10, 1825.
Thursday evening, 9 *o'Clock.*

MY DEAR JOHN,

From what I wrote on Saturday last, you would doubtless feel anxious to know the state of your dear sister; I therefore write again so soon.

We are still in the furnace. She continues very ill, and suffers a great deal of pain, a great deal, indeed, both night and day; pains in the head, side,—almost every where; and gets little sleep; besides the continued sickness which she has long endured. Medicines are carefully administered. Dr. Birkbeck, Dr. Conquest, and your brother, have united their best efforts, but all in vain. We have no reason to hope for recovery, or long continuance; though as yet no mortal symptom has appeared, yet we cannot but expect to see an alteration before long.

You may more easily conceive my feelings than I can express them. Indeed I do feel much, very much. I dread the separation, yet, for her sake, pray for mitigation, I dare not say—dismission; though my judgment seems to say, I ought to wish it.

Eleven o'Clock.—In the course of conversation between eight and nine, your name was mentioned, and she intimated a wish that she could see you and take leave of you, yet seemed to think it scarcely practicable on account of the distance and your engagements: but about ten she wrote, with great effort, a note to me, which I transcribe for your consideration.

"My Dear Papa,

"You know I love my brother John very much—I believe he loves me much—perhaps, should God take me sooner or later to glory, he would feel an unavailing grief that he was not sent for at the last.

"Under your better judgment I now think that perhaps it might be best to write to him, and to tell him how I am, and leave it to his own mind and engagements whether to come or not; if he can come, it will give me joy; if he cannot, I shall think he yet loves me as warmly as if he came; nor have one thought of unkindness. I have now some notion that he said, ' If you are worse, let me know.'

" Forgive these hints, my dear papa, from your grateful and dutiful

" Sophia."

Friday, eleven o'clock.—I need not add any thing. If possible, I know that you will be irresistibly impelled to come, perhaps immediately after Sabbath. I hope she will continue with us till you can see her. I do not wish you to come in the night, for fear of your health; and I think she may continue some days; but I will not close the letter till near post-time.

I should say, her mind is kept in a sweet calm; the peace of God predominates, and she desires to depart to be with Christ.

Half-past three.—Thomas has just come down from her chamber:—he does not think her worse to-day, and sees no immediate danger; but as she seems to expect you, and we know not what a few days may bring forth, I think you had better leave home, if you can, on Monday. My love to your dear wife, and all the children. Long may they and you live in true prosperity.

I remain,
Your affectionate, though afflicted Father,
George Burder.

My dear sister, notwithstanding her extreme weakness and great sufferings, continued longer with us than was anticipated by my Father when he wrote the preceding letter. At length, however, she obtained her release from pain, and an entrance, I doubt not, into the rest which remains for the people of God. My much-afflicted Father apprised my brother of the mournful yet merciful event in the following letter:

Hackney, March 28, 1825.

My Dear John,

I intimated in my letter on Saturday, that I thought, indeed hoped, that a few hours would terminate the sufferings of your dear sister: and so it proved. She was able to say very little all Saturday—only a few words in a whisper, heard by putting one's ear close to her mouth, which was much furred, and sore. I prayed with her for the last time on Saturday evening, about eight o'clock. She however did not seem in quite so much pain most of Saturday, as before; for she seemed absolutely expiring that morning about nine, having taken almost nothing during the night; but she rather revived, and dozed a little in the day, and sometimes in the night; but at times was restless. She seems to have been fully aware that the moment was at hand, and said "Call my brother;" he got up, gave her a teaspoonful of brandy and water, soon after which she expired, without one struggle, groan, or sigh;

so that they hardly knew when she ceased to breathe.

Thus, according to her wish, she expired on the Sabbath-day (she was born on the Sabbath, August 4, 1793), and entered, we trust, upon an everlasting Sabbath.

She is greatly altered — so altered, that her dear friends would hardly know her—emaciated to a most uncommon degree.

I dreaded the moment of separation; but her extreme illness reconciled me to the parting; and I bless God I sorrow not excessively: I rather rejoice and congratulate her on the happy change. The good Lord prepare us, who survive, to follow her and others, who "through faith and patience inherit the promises."

Elizabeth joins me in love to your dear wife and children;—I used to add, that of your dear sister; but, alas! we have now no communion; all intercourse is cut off; yet she speaks to our hearts, by the exercise of memory, and the productions of her pen.

I am, my dear John,
Your affectionate Father,
George Burder.

My Father thus records this affecting event:—

"On the 27th of March the long-continued sufferings of my very dear and amiable daughter, Sophia Maria, were terminated. She had been very unwell, and generally very ill, for nearly five years, with internal disorders of the stomach and liver, I believe; and for many months a great sufferer by extreme sickness, so as scarcely to be able to keep any thing on her stomach. Her pains were often distressing in a very great degree, and life could scarcely be desired under such grievous afflictions.

"She had been pious from her infancy, and, to copy a paragraph of a brief memoir of her,—'Her disposition was amiable, her heart was formed for friendship, and her attachment to her relations was tender and strong. Towards her father and mother she cherished a spirit of tender affection, tempered alike with gratitude and with reverence; and when one of her beloved parents was removed to a better world, it seemed as if all the feelings of endearment, before expanded to both, were now concentrated on one. Of the assiduities of her medical brother, and of the kind attentions of her affectionate cousin, Miss Elizabeth Burder, she well knew how to estimate and to acknowledge the value. Her habits of retired devotion, her attachment to the ordinances of the sanctuary, and her spirit of benevolent exertion in the cause of Christ, have been pre-eminently conspicuous.'*

"The loss of such a daughter, at the age of thirty-one, and when I began to decline in strength through the infirmities of years, was inexpressibly great! Had she lived, and recovered health, I am confident that it would have been the study, the business, and the pleasure of her life, to have contributed to my comfort; and when her dear mother was removed, about thirteen months before, she first began to express a feeble hope of recovery, solely, I believe, on my account; but the great and good Disposer of all life saw fit to continue her illness, and deprive us of all hope of her recovery. Often would she express her confidence, that although she should be removed, God would never leave nor forsake her bereaved parent.

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* See the Memoir at the end of this Volume.

" For about a month she kept her bed, and became visibly weaker and weaker. She had been confined to her room for a year or two, and had never been out of the house at Hackney, after we entered it at Midsummer, 1823, except a few times when carried into the garden—an exercise she could scarcely endure, such was her extreme debility. At length it appeared obvious that the time of her departure was at hand. She was extremely ill on Saturday, March 26, having had a very restless night. On Saturday night she dozed a little, for a few minutes at a time, but moaned in her sleep, and waked in great pain—breathed short and quick—had a cold sweat on her forehead, and complained of great coldness. After a short doze she was heard to say, 'Take me—take me—take me—Lord, help me!' She spoke no more—lay still—folded her arms across her breast—and quietly departed. It was about twenty minutes before five, on the Lord's-day morning, thus beginning a blessed Sabbath, never, never to end.

" Other particulars appear in the printed Memoir. And now, Lord's-day evening, January 22, 1826, still the wound bleeds. I cannot think of my dear, ever dear, departed child, without the most tender emotions. Still I feel the loss: I cannot pass by the door of her chamber without painful recollections; yet I hope I do not repine. It was the Lord who gave me such an excellent child; it was the Lord who spared her to me above thirty years; it was the Lord who, by his grace, made her what she was; and it was the Lord who resumed his gift, and took her to himself; blessed be the name of the Lord! I entertain the hope of meeting her again. Amen."

The following sketch of her character was written by a constant hearer of my Father, and an attached friend to his family:

"Sunday, April 3, 1825.—This afternoon Mr. Henry Burder preached at Fetter Lane, from Nahum i. 7.: 'The Lord is good, a strong-hold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him.' It was on the occasion of the death of his excellent and pious sister.

"To a well-cultivated mind, she united great humility, gentleness, affection, tenderness of conscience, spirituality of mind, much zeal for the glory of God, and an ardent desire and earnest endeavour to promote the salvation of her fellow-creatures, particularly of the young. All this, and more, may with truth be said of Sophia Maria Burder. Blessed be God for it; for by his grace it was that she attained to such a degree of conformity to the Redeemer's likeness. It was my privilege to enjoy her friendship during the last fifteen years. About two months since the dear deceased did me the honour (for such I esteemed it) to send a message by her venerable father, desiring once more to see me. She was very feeble, but in the enjoyment of a most delightful state of mind; appearing desirous to depart, but anxious to cultivate resignation to the Divine will. She spoke with much affection of my dear wife and children, and dwelt upon the comfort she derived from reflecting that she had, almost from her infancy, been under the influence of religious impressions. She was truly one of the saints, the excellent of the earth!

"May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like her's!"

In the following letter, my Father adverts to the partial failure of sight, of which he had for some time been painfully conscious:

Hackney, May 26, 1825.

MY DEAR SON JOHN,

You will expect to hear of the state of my health; my general health has not been much disturbed, though I had a cold hanging on me some days, from which I am not yet quite delivered; but I fear that my better eye becomes worse. Mr. Ware perceives no visible defect in it; but I find it more dim, and sooner tired. He insists on my using it less, and protests against my preaching twice on the Lord's-day; so that yesterday, when I met our deacons, I proposed to suspend wholly my preaching in the afternoons for three months; during which time I may more clearly perceive what may be the Lord's will concerning me; for if my eye becomes much worse, I think I cannot continue to preach at all; and I apprehend it would be easier for my people to procure a pastor than an assistant. But I am in the Lord's hand, who has hitherto guided and blessed me, and I humbly trust will continue his guidance even unto death.

I hoped to have sent you by this opportunity copies of the little Memoir we are printing of your dear mother and sister, but they are not yet finished; when they are, I will send some.

I believe I told you we are printing Vol. I. of the

Village Sermons, in Spanish. I have got the volume from Paris, in French, neatly done; and have paid Mr. W. 40*l*. This, with 60*l*. or more for the Spanish, will cost me 100*l*., and I hope to get some of my wealthier friends to assist me; but I have never cultivated the favour of the rich, and I am very awkward in seeking it now; yet 100*l*. is rather too much for me to give to one charitable object.

I indulge a sincere hope that my daughter Elizabeth will accompany you to London, and make some stay at Hackney; no one will be more welcome at my almost deserted habitation.

I am, very affectionately, yours,

GEORGE BURDER.

"June 5.—Having completed this day my seventy-third year, I am unwilling it should pass by without a memorandum—without an Ebenezer. I am a wonder to myself—a wonder to many! So long has the Lord, in his kind providence, been pleased to lengthen out my days; and if this appeared to me wonderful thirty or forty years ago, how much more is it now!

"But I have felt within these two years the sensible advance of infirmities, and the diminution of former strength and activity. The loss of my ever dear wife and beloved daughters may well be supposed to have had some physical influence on this feeble frame. I humbly trust that I have been enabled to submit to these painful privations with some degree of composure; yet I daily feel the sad bereavement.

"In addition to these very painful losses, my sight has considerably failed. A cataract has, within a few months, nearly deprived me of my right eye; the other becomes much more dim, and I fear total blindness. This would no doubt be a great calamity; but if the Lord, in his holy providence, so appoint, I hope to say, Not my will, O Lord, but thine be done.

"I have finished this day a course of (fourteen) sermons on Providence, which have occupied most of my Sabbath mornings since December 12. They have been pleasant to myself, and I have reason to believe, both acceptable and useful to the people. They express a desire for their being printed; but I hesitate. My infirmities have obliged me to relinquish afternoon-preaching at Fetter Lane, at least for three months; during which, it may appear both to me and the church what are the best steps to be taken in future.

"Before I close, I would just remark, that I esteem it among my choicest mercies that at this moment, a quarter past seven, I have two sons, Henry at Hackney, and John at Stroud, preaching the everlasting Gospel. God be praised for this blessing! And my third son is usefully employed in his medical profession. 'I will sing of mercy and judgment; unto thee, O Lord, will I sing.' Lord, increase my faith."

It may be interesting to the reader to peruse an extract of a letter which my Father received about this time from Dr. Bogue, dated Gosport, Sept. 28, 1825, a few weeks before the death of that eminent servant of Christ.

"We remember the difficulties and discouragements we met with in the early days of the Missionary Society, when we were endeavouring to recommend it to the patronage of our brethren in different parts of the country. How pleasing is it to find the cause now almost universally encouraged, and the zeal of its friends increasing from year to year; and what praise is due to God for what he hath wrought! God honoured us and our elder brethren to be instruments in establishing the glorious Institution. Let us rejoice that younger men are raised up, who will carry on the work, and raise the building higher and higher.

"It is but a small portion of our time that remains to us here below; may we be enabled to devote it entirely to the glory of God and the salvation of souls; and may our Heavenly Father endue us with an abundant measure of the Holy Spirit for strength and consolation."

"June 5, 1826.—Have this day completed my seventy-fourth year. Blessed be God for his continued mercies! I have been very unwell most of the past winter, and obliged to withdraw, in great measure, from my attention to missionary business, which occupied me so much for more than twenty years past. I am wholly relieved from the burden of the Magazine; and have been able to preach, at most, but once on the Sabbath at Fetter Lane. But this has allowed me far more time than formerly for serious reflection, which I have desired to improve, yet I fear to little purpose. My mind has been harassed by sore temptations and unbelief, and I have not enjoyed so much of the comforts of the Gospel, I think, as I used to do.

"But my eyes are constantly directed to the God of all grace, especially desiring the gift of faith, without which I feel that I cannot glorify God, nor enjoy his presence.

"June 18.—It was fifty years, yesterday, since I preached my first sermon (June 17, 1776), at Edward Bates's, a farm-house adjoining Bromstone Heath, near Newport, Shropshire, from Luke iv. 18. And this day I have preached to my people at Fetter Lane on the same text.

"This is a day of humiliation. O what cause have I to lie in the dust of abasement on account of the sins of my ministry! Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, but graciously accept my very imperfect attempts to serve thy cause; accept them through Jesus Christ, through whom alone I can hope for the acceptance either of my person or my works.

"This must also be a day of thanksgiving. Half a century have I been spared to serve the Lord in his sanctuary, whilst multitudes of younger ministers have finished their short course. I suppose I may have preached nearly ten thousand sermons in that period; and, blessed be God, some of the seed has been productive. To God be all the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

"I desire to be thankful that I have been enabled, amidst many infirmities, to write twelve plain short sermons, for the Religious Tract Society, to be called Cottage Sermons; they are sold at a halfpenny each, or less to subscribers. One is published every month. I trust they may have an extensive circulation, through the medium of that popular and spirited institution, *which, I thank God, I had the pleasure of first suggesting;* and that they may be blessed to the conversion or edification of many poor people. I have no prospect of being able to attempt any thing more by the press. May the Lord continue to bless the seed already sown by former publications, that when I am dead, I may yet speak for a while, for the good of immortal souls. Amen and Amen.

"May 20, 1827.—I am now recovering, in some measure, from an illness of a fortnight, which was somewhat threatening, and seemed to bring the awful realities of the invisible and eternal world nearer than usual. I could find in the most serious moments no ground of comfort but in Christ. I have been reading the latter part of Dr. Owen's preface to his treatise on the Glory of Christ, which was probably the last sheet he ever wrote for the press, and which he closes abruptly in consequence of his extreme weakness. Faith is the only remedy. My faith has been very much assaulted for a considerable time past, and my daily prayer is, 'Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief.'

"My pains and infirmities have obliged me to relinquish one engagement after another; and now I seem almost to have done with the world and the Church too. Lately I sent in my resignation of the office of Secretary to the London Missionary Society, the duties of which I have long been unable to perform; and I was unwilling any longer to be a merely nominal officer. The resignation has been accepted, and Mr. Orme chosen successor, *pro tempore.*

"I have not preached at Fetter Lane for several weeks; Mr. Morris of Narbeth, Wales, having preached with a view to be my co-pastor and successor. He was very generally approved, and chosen. A call was given, but as yet no answer has been received. I shall heartily rejoice if a good man, of good talents, be admitted. I shall then have scarcely any thing more to do with the world.

"I am in the Lord's hands, and hope I feel resignation to his holy will—still 'looking for the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.'

"Yesterday I signed my will, having made some needful alterations. Thus I am weighing anchor, and desire to be ready to sail when the signal is given. That hymn—

'Jesus, lover of my soul,'

contains many sentiments which I cordially adopt.

"I desire to be thankful that I have been spared to finish twelve more Cottage Sermons, forming the second volume. The former has had a circulation of above one hundred thousand in one year. May the Lord condescend to make them useful, and thus enable me to preach from my chamber, and even from my grave. O, who am I to be favoured thus!

"May 21.—At the anniversary meeting of the Society, May, 1827, the annexed vote was passed. I desire to be thankful for the acceptance of my services by my christian friends; but this is comparatively of small value. May they be graciously accepted of God, being purified by the blood of the Lamb—all the sinful mixtures in my motives forgiven, and, with my unworthy person, 'accepted in the beloved.'"

The following are the Resolutions passed on my Father's resignation of office in the London Missionary Society :

Extracted from the Board Minutes of Monday, the 23d of April, 1827.

A Letter from the Rev. George Burder, Secretary, dated the 20th inst. having been read, the following Resolutions were, in consequence, passed :

RESOLVED,

1. That the Directors cannot receive the resignation of the venerable and much-esteemed Secretary, the Rev. George Burder, of that office which he has, gratuitously, and with so much honour to himself and benefit to the Society, sustained for nearly twenty-four years (however necessarily that resignation may result from his advanced period of life and its attendant infirmities), without feeling the loss which they themselves and the Society thereby sustain, in the deprivation of those persevering, zealous, and efficient services, which he has, in his official character, been so long accustomed to render.

2. That although the Directors deem it incumbent upon them to accept the resignation of office in the Society, they are desirous to retain him amongst its Directors ; and will feel it proper to recommend, in connexion with the vote of thanks for his past services, which it will be their

duty to propose to the ensuing General Meeting, that his name be placed in the list of Directors for life.

3. That the Directors assure him that, in withdrawing from his office, he will carry with him into his retirement, the high esteem and affectionate regard of all those with whom he has so long laboured in the management of the Society's affairs, and their sincerest wishes that his future days may be abundantly blessed with those consolations which shall render the close of his life as happy as the labours of it have been honourable to himself, and useful to the cause of the Redeemer at large, and to this Society in particular.

4. That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the Treasurer and Home Secretary, on behalf of the Directors, be handed to the Rev. George Burder.

W. ALERS HANKEY, *Treasurer.*
JOHN ARUNDEL, *Home Sec.*

Mission House, Austin Friars,
April 24, 1827.

"On Friday, April 27, I met a part of the deputation appointed by the Directors, at Mr. Hankey's house, Fenchurch Street, when the above Resolutions were read to me by Mr. H.; and I was affectionately addressed by Mr. Wilks and Dr. Waugh. After which I made thankful acknowledgments to the Directors by them."

Mission House, May 16, 1827.

My Dear Sir,

I beg to hand you the following Resolution, which formed a part of the proceedings of the Annual Meeting on the 10th inst. and which was unanimously passed on that occasion.

"Resolved, — That this Meeting presents its warmest acknowledgments to the gentlemen, who, in their several offices, have conducted the affairs of the Society during the past year; and, with peculiar gratitude, recognizes those rendered by their venerable and much-esteemed Secretary, the Rev. George Burder, who has, during the term of nearly twenty-four years, gratuitously rendered to the Society his faithful and useful services; and whose retirement, rendered necessary by his advanced years, this Meeting feelingly regrets, and hereby resolves, in token of its affectionate esteem, that his name be placed, during his life, in the list of Directors of the Society."

I am, my dear Sir,
Most cordially yours,
J. Arundel, *Home Sec.*

On this occasion Dr. Waugh addressed to my Father the following kind and characteristic note:

Salisbury Place, Marylebone.

My Dear Sir,

I assure you they are not words of course, when I inform you, that my heart sunk within me when Mr. Arundel, on Thursday, informed me of your purpose to resign your important office of Secretary to our Society. Your silent and ceaseless industry, the candour of your mind, and gentleness of your manners, with your undeviating pursuit of the sacred object of our Institution, form a loss which God only can fill up. To Him we turn our eyes and raise our desires, and in zeal for his own cause we find relief and solace. The Redeemer you love and serve will give you a reward suitable to his own love, and bearing some proportion, too, to your long and tried fidelity and care.

I ever am, my dear Friend,
Most truly yours,
Alexander Waugh.

"June 5.—I would not let this day pass without observation, for I have been spared to complete my seventy-fifth year. It has been a year in which I have endured various infirmities; but my pains have not been violent generally, but moderate. I have retained appetite, and slept well. Blessed be God for these mercies, and for the constant attention of my dear niece, and the kind care of my medical son, and the sympathy of all my dear relations and friends. I have enjoyed much quiet leisure for reflection, and hope it has not been altogether unimproved; yet I have very great cause to lament the effects of unbelief, and the weakness of my faith. My daily prayer, however, is, 'Lord, increase my faith.'

" Were this granted, I think I should be weaned from the world, and from the love of life itself. O how I long for that frame of mind which would enable me to adopt the apostle's words, " I have a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better.'

It cannot, I think, surprise the considerate reader, that, at this period, my Father's mind should have been occasionally labouring under some degree of depression. He had been able, by the singular goodness of God, to persevere in his habits of active and assiduous exertion to an advanced age. But now the diminution of strength and of sight compelled him to submit to a withdrawment from scenes and avocations in which labour itself had been pleasure. So great a transition could not but be, in itself, unwelcome and painful to a mind like his: and, in the absence of accustomed engagements, his mind naturally and unavoidably dwelt much on the domestic bereavements under which his heart had been so recently bleeding. If these circumstances be duly considered, it will, I think, be by no means surprising, that his mind should not have been uniformly in the full enjoyment of that degree of delight which might otherwise have been expected. His conversation, however, his demeanour, and his very countenance, were habitually expressive of that serenity of spirit which springs from "a good hope through grace;" and often was he accustomed to say, that although he had not, as he could wish, the *joys* of salvation, his mind was kept in *peace.*

The following was written to my brother Thomas, on his entering a house of his own :

Hackney, June 9, 1827.

MY DEAR SON,

The present day forms a kind of new epoch in the history of your life. I have seen you advance from infancy, through childhood and boyhood, to mature years, attain the rank of a physician, and enter this week, on a house of your own. I congratulate you on the occasion, and wish to express my sincere and ardent wishes and prayers, that in your new and neat habitation you may enjoy health of body, true peace and prosperity of mind, and success in your useful profession.

You will not forget that all these are gifts of God, in "whose hand is our breath, and all our ways;" and that they are to be sought by constant fervent prayer. Forget not daily to implore the grace that is needful to make you a good and a happy man. Neglect not daily to read a portion of the sacred word, and to enter on the work of every day in the fear of God. And as you now have a little family, maintain the worship of God in your house. Thus will your habitation be, as it were, consecrated to God, on whose favour and help all your comfort and prosperity depend. "Ask, and you shall receive; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you."

Much of our temporal comfort is derived from a suitable habitation, and the various conveniences of life which it furnishes; but it will be proper to remember that the present state affords no permanent abode; and the tenants of a palace should remember it is but a tent—the temporary abode of a stranger and a pilgrim, on his journey to eternity:—there is the city that hath habitation, whose builder and maker is God; and to be assured, on good grounds, that when we quit our present abodes, and when we "put off the tabernacle of the body," we shall be admitted into "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens:"—this should be the prime object of our ambition, and to be earnestly sought from Him who alone can bestow it.

Accept my best wishes for your comfort in your new habitation, and believe me that

I remain,
Your affectionate Father,
George Burder.

The following letters will render it evident that advanced age, with its increasing infirmities, had not, in the slightest degree, impaired either the vigour of my Father's mind, or the susceptibilities of his heart. They are addressed to my brother at Stroud, under circumstances most deeply afflictive; and they breathe a spirit of paternal sympathy and tenderness, never, perhaps, surpassed. The reader will value them the more, as very soon after they were written, my Father's failure of sight rendered it increasingly difficult for him to write; till at length, he who, for so many years, had delighted his family, and edified the church, by "the pen of a ready writer," was compelled to feel the painful persuasion, that he had written his last letter, as well as his last publication.

Hackney, Aug. 21, 1827.

My very Dear and Much-afflicted Son,

The letter which I wrote to you yesterday would show you how much I was affected with the intelligence of your dear wife's dangerous illness; but I indulged the hope that another letter from you would afford me comfort, and that our compassionate Father would be pleased to hear our earnest prayers for her recovery. O how was I affected on receiving your last! O how suddenly has the solemn stroke been given! And yet, when it does please the Sovereign Disposer of life to put a period to it, how merciful it is to shorten the sufferings of the dying saint, so that she does not endure the pangs, the indescribable feelings of a lingering death. Sudden and awful as this separation has proved, yet it is a consolation that probably her corporeal sufferings were not very severe, or if severe, were not prolonged; and perhaps even the absence of consciousness may be deemed a mercy too, as she might not feel the pangs of separation; the trying thoughts of leaving a weeping and disconsolate husband, bereft of his dearest and best earthly friend, and five dear motherless children! But whatever be the circumstances of the case, the event itself is certainly of the most painful description; it is no common or ordinary loss; and did you not deeply feel the sad bereavement, you would be less than a man: but I know that you have a feeling heart, and you have shared in *my* sorrows, as well as borne *your own,* on the loss of your dear mother and sisters. But doubtless the present stroke is to you far heavier; and you may justly be allowed to mourn, and must long be a sincere mourner; for in fact your loss is, in a sense, irreparable.

Jesus wept at the grave of a friend; and no friend is equal to a beloved and pious wife! But I am consoled when I reflect on the perfect satisfaction which you feel with regard to the present and eternal state of the dear deceased. Is she with Jesus? Does she behold his glory? Has she taken her place among the redeemed and glorified spirits of the just made perfect? Then she is a gainer—an unspeakable gainer, by the change. Your loss is not so great as her gain: and much as she loved you and her children, would she be willing to return to the body, to the world?—or would you wish it? It is only to stay a few years at most, and we trust you will meet again, and in far happier circumstances, never more to part. And then, again; What is our duty to God? Shall we quarrel with his dispensations? Has he done wrong?—wrong to you? wrong to your babes? O no; he cannot do wrong. We may not be able to discern the reasons of his acting, but we are sure that he doth all things well; all for the best; and whether you may see the reasons of this event in the present world, or not, doubtless you will see them hereafter, and say, "He hath done all things well!"

I am glad to find that you *can* and *do* submit to the will of God, and that though "you mourn, you do not murmur." This is as it ought to be; and I pray God to keep you in the same mind; and when you reflect on your comforts lost, and look forward to difficulties to come, you can cast your burdens on the Lord, and find his grace sufficient for you.

In this way, by this temper and conduct, you will preach to your people a more impressive sermon on the duty of submission to the will of God, than by the best composed discourse you could deliver from the pulpit.

How gladly, or rather how readily, how quickly, would I repair to Stroud, to mourn with you; but my infirmities present an insurmountable obstacle. I cannot come!

I mentioned to you, in yesterday's letter, that your brother Henry left home before I could inform him of the contents of your first letter; but I will write to him to-day, to Brighton, which place I hope he will reach this night. I fear he will not be able to come to Stroud; his wife is so ill—indeed I apprehend he is in fear of being bereaved as you are. But if he can visit you, I am sure he will. I will write also to Thomas, at Ryde, to-day, in hope that the letter may find him there. Whether he can come or not, I am unable to say. I know he loves you.

I must conclude. I cannot forget you at the throne. God bless and support you, and help you to glorify him in the fires. In this hot furnace of affliction, may much spiritual refinement be the result!

Write often; and believe me to be, with unfeigned sorrow and sympathy,

Your more than ever affectionate Father,

GEORGE BURDER.

My tender love to the lambs.

Hackney, Aug. 24, 1827.

Dear John,

Amongst the numerous blessings we enjoy in this country, our ready communication with one another, by the post, is none of the least. Although Providence, which assigns the bounds of our habitation, has interposed between us the wide space of one hundred miles, yet we have the means of mental intercourse every day; and although we cannot personally or orally converse together, we may express our sympathies, our sorrows, and our comforts. Could I have repaired to the house of mourning, you would have seen me before this time, although the visible objects before me would have aggravated my grief; but in this, as well as in more important things, we must bow to the Divine will. Our intercourse may, if the Lord permit, be renewed; but, alas! when death takes place, our intercourse with our nearest relations ceases—but not for ever; a little space—a few years at most intervene, and then, O then, we hope to meet them again! Revelation warrants us to indulge this pleasing hope; for though "being with Christ, and beholding his glory," will constitute the chief delight of the heavenly state, yet we are not to exclude the secondary happiness, of renewing our communion with those glorified saints, who were once our dear companions on earth. We have no reason to think that human affections will be obliterated, though they will be refined and sanctified; and it is reasonable to think that the recollection of all the way the Lord has led us in the wilderness, and the discovery of that wisdom and goodness which regulated our path, and overruled all our affairs for the best, will form a part of that happiness which we shall enjoy, and call forth a part of that thanksgiving which we shall offer to the God of our salvation.

Your last letter, relating the manner in which your dear Elizabeth and her friends spent the last evening of her life, afforded me, and still affords, great satisfaction. Had she been employed in any of her ordinary domestic affairs, her removal from them, in a moment, would have afforded no cause of regret; but to be called from earth, as it were, with the praises of Christ in her heart and on her lips, is peculiarly pleasing; and the recollection of it will afford you pleasure as long as you live. Ah! how little did the company anticipate, that God would so soon "move in a mysterious way," by calling home one of their number in less than twenty-four hours; how little did she think that she should so soon join in concert with "saints and angels," in singing "the praises of the Lamb!" or be admitted to listen to the sweet echo of his name amongst the "blessed seats of heaven," to unite her Hallelujahs with theirs—and so speedily realize that pleasing truth, with which the last hymn they sung nearly concludes:—

"A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

What reason for calm submission to the will of God does his holy Gospel afford! I wonder not that tears of joy mingle with your tears of grief, when recollecting that Saturday evening—that prelude to her eternal Sabbath! Well—a little time, and we hope our whole family will be re-united! When your ever dear mother was ill, and when, probably through the decay of her faculties, she scarcely knew what she said, she uttered these consoling words: "I shall die, but I am not afraid to die, for I shall go to heaven, and you will not be long after me; and O how glad shall I be to see you!" I am yet spared, and have a humble hope of *joining all our dear departed relatives;* but alas! my faith is weak, and, considering my many and long-continued advantages, I am heartily ashamed of its weakness, and daily pray "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief."

Your case, my dear son, is not singular; Mrs. W. G. has lately been removed by a brain fever, and left nine children! She was a very superior woman, and eminently useful.

I had a letter from Henry yesterday. Mrs. Henry is very ill indeed, and I cannot but fear for her. He has no prospect of being able to leave her long enough to be at Stroud. I spoke to Henry's friends last night, from,—"Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation,"—the recent providence naturally leading me to such a subject. I gave some little account of Mrs. J. B.'s removal, as many had heard only imperfect reports. I trust it was a useful as well as a solemn season.

Your affectionate Father,
GEORGE BURDER.

Hackney, Aug. 27, 1827.

MY DEAR SON,

It being impracticable for me to come to Stroud, and converse with you, I am glad to avail myself of this mode of communion. I need not repeat, that I deeply sympathize with you, and perhaps can do so more than some, " having been in deaths oft:" for death has often visited our family since 1787, when my dear first-born left our arms; then followed George — Sarah — my father—step-mother—own brother—Mrs. Burder's father and mother—and, after a time, dear Eliza—and then Mrs. M. Burder — Charles — your dear mother, and Phebe, and Sophia—and beside these, what a host of more distant relatives, friends, and acquaintances! There are now living, I think, only eighteen of the members at Fetter-lane, who were members when I came, twenty-four years ago; and of two hundred and seventy, or more, admitted since, one half are either dead or removed to a distance; and, " are we not hastening upwards too, as fast as time can move?" and in God's own good time we hope to be with Christ, and with our beloved friends who have departed in the faith.

> "They are happy now; and we
> Soon their happiness shall see."

I had last week many anxious thoughts about Thomas, not having heard from him for a week; nor had he heard from me; for my letter, directed to him to the care of Mr. Guyer, did not reach him, though he was some days at Ryde; but I had the pleasure of seeing him come into the vestry, yesterday morning, and he slept here last night. I think he will write to you this day; but whether he can possibly come to Stroud or not, seems to me very doubtful, on account of the threatening circumstances of dear Mrs. Henry. Never had Henry so anxious a week as the last. As she hoped to get good by going to Brighton, he took her on Monday and Tuesday, the 20th and 21st. She got worse, and returned in a post-chaise on Saturday, so ill, that he was forced to support her in the carriage most of the way. Thomas brought Dr. Lister to see her on Sabbath evening; but I do not find that any particular light was thrown on the disease, which seems to be obscure. If there be any difference, it is thought she is rather better to-day; but frequently, for several days past, she has thought herself about to expire. Perhaps Thomas may be able to determine this evening whether he can leave her or not. I shall be glad if he can come; if he does not, you will impute it to the sad necessity of the case.

Yesterday I preached on Heb. xi. 27: "He endured, as seeing him who is invisible." We are here reminded, 1. That God is invisible to the eye of flesh. 2. That he may be seen by the eye of faith. 3. That seeing him is productive of great advantage. Moses endured. He had much to endure, and so have you; but you see the hand of God in this bereavement. It is the Lord. Think on this text—it may serve you and your brother Turnbull for useful conversation.

I hope and pray you may be supported on the day when the remains of your dear partner are committed to the tomb—God is all-sufficient.

> " Sons of God by bless'd adoption,
>   View the dead with steady eyes!
> What is sown thus in corruption,
>   Shall in incorruption rise;
> What is sown in death's dishonour,
>   Shall revive in glory's light;
> What is sown in this weak manner,
>   Shall be raised in matchless might."—HART.

Yes, "he shall transform this body of humiliation, and make it like his own glorious body."

I remain,
Your ever affectionate Father,
GEORGE BURDER.

Hackney, Aug. 29, 1827.

My Dear Afflicted Son,

This will probably arrive at Stroud about the hour in which the mortal remains of your dear other self must be removed from the house, once the scene of her labours, her cares, and her comforts, to the house appointed for all living — to the "long home," as it is emphatically called; for short is the period of our residence in any other habitation; in the grave we rest, till the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible. There may the dear remains of your faithful partner repose, till raised in a blessed similitude to the glorious body of Jesus, for "when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

It will afford a kind of melancholy pleasure when you resort to the house of God, to promote your own edification and that of others, to pass by, or see at a small distance, or even call to mind, the spot which contains the remains of one so dear to you; and while it revives ideas somewhat painful, it will excite the spirit of faith and zeal, in aid of your pulpit exertions; for I think the vicinity of a burial-place to the place of worship, though abused by some to the purposes of superstition, has its real use, and is more conducive to pious feelings, than the pomp of a sumptuous cathedral and all its appendages.

The interment of a dear relative seems to conclude the solemnities of the sad occasion, at least, as far as relates to the deceased; the place that knew them knows them no more: not that the pangs of separation have ceased; but we have now done all that we could do for them. New cares occupy the mind; and the young family, too young to know the extent of its loss, becomes more than ever the object of solicitude: but *your* God and *her* God and *my* God will be with you, and continue to direct and sustain you to the end.

You must guard against too much sorrow, lest it should injure your own health, and render you less fit for the old and the new duties devolving upon you. I doubt not he will help you, and "strengthen you with the right hand of his righteousness."

It concerns me much that your brothers are prevented from coming to Stroud on this occasion. Henry's wife still continues alarmingly ill; it was thought on Sunday that she could not survive; and though there has been some alleviation, yet I fear there is imminent danger, though the true nature of the disease is obscure. Henry could not possibly leave her, and the case of Thomas is nearly the same.

I shall be glad to hear from you. Give me some particulars of the solemnity, and tell me how you bore it. My love to your dear dear children.

Your constantly affectionate Father,

George Burder.

Hackney, Sept. 3, 1827.

Dear John,

I thank you for the particular account (not too particular for me) of that solemnity, that memorable solemnity, which took place on Thursday last. You did well to show all possible respect to the memory of your most valuable and dearly beloved wife, and I doubt not that the inhabitants of the town at large, as well as the members of your own congregation, sympathised with you on the mournful occasion.

I write to-day because I apprehend your friends Redford and Turnbull, as well as Leifchild, may have left you for their own respective families, and that you may feel more solitary than before. It was natural for you to look forward to that time, and rather to fear that, when the excitement and engagements which occupied you for some days should have subsided, you would more sensibly feel the chasm which death has made in your domestic circle; yet I confidently hope, that the support you have enjoyed will be continued. You seem to feel so properly, conjugal affection and godly submission united, that I do not fear your being excessively depressed. He who has enabled you to pass through the last fortnight, will still sustain and fortify your mind, so that you shall not be "swallowed up by overmuch sorrow;" and the consolations with which God has favoured you will be repeated, time after time, when the tide of sorrow flows again and again. It is our mercy that time does gradually abate that very acute feeling experienced in a recent loss, although the due sense of it is not removed. We become familiar with the event, and gradually reconciled to it; and the new duties which, in your situation, necessarily devolve upon you, will occupy much of your time and attention; while your usual labours and studies will be found beneficial, by leading you daily to the throne of grace, and the good word of God, and those holy and devout meditations which are necessary in preparing for pulpit labours: for thus a mourning minister has an advantage over others, because his appropriate studies and exertions furnish him with the best antidote to excessive sorrows, and prevent his constantly poring over his loss: and it is satisfactory to think that his personal affliction is made conducive also to the spiritual good of his flock. Thus, I feel confident, you will find it.

Your dear sister Henry is indeed very ill, and I cannot but fear her removal at no distant period. There seems to be some internal disorder of some principal organ or organs, probably of the heart. She herself has no expectation of recovery. I saw her a few days ago, when I found her speech much altered, and she spoke with great difficulty and interruptions for want of breath; but her mind is calm, and free, I believe, from fear. Henry is, as you may conclude, much distressed.

As to myself, the sore becomes more painful, and I think gets worse; but I desire patience, and pray for a proper temper under the affliction. My sight is very imperfect, especially at night. The day fixed for the public settlement of Mr. Morris at Fetter Lane, is Wednesday, September 12.

I am, my dear John,
Your affectionate Father,
GEORGE BURDER.

Hackney, Sept. 7, 1827.

MY DEAR JOHN,

My late letters have informed you of the threatening illness of Mrs. Henry Burder. The existence of some organic disease has long been suspected, and her frequent sensations of approaching dissolution have calmly been expressed. For some days past the symptoms have been more and more threatening, and there was reason to believe there was water in the chest. Her weakness, for the last few days, has been extreme, and yesterday a degree of stupor prevailed. A little before five in the afternoon her breathing gradually ceased, but in so gentle a way, that it was not certain at what moment death took place; but a little before it, a sweet smile was observed, and it was thought that just then she departed, we doubt not, to enjoy the smiles of her God and Saviour. I was sent for, but when I got to the house, she was no more! You may easily suppose the feelings which ensued in the survivors! You have recently felt a husband's pangs on the separation;

your brother feels as you did—as a man—as a husband—as a Christian!

Mrs. Arnould, Mrs. Haldane, and Miss Hardcastle, as well as Henry, were with her at the time. Thomas had seen her in the morning. She fully expected that her disorder would be fatal; this was particularly expressed in her pocket-book, out of which Henry has read me some papers this morning. On the blank page was written, "When I die, the name of Henry will be found written on my heart!"

I have desired Mr. Morris to preach for me at Fetter Lane on Sabbath morning, and I hope to preach for Henry then, though it will be somewhat trying; but I wish to be familiar with death, that I may be the better prepared for my own dissolution, which in all probability cannot be distant.

I think of preaching next Lord's-day on Acts xxi. 14: "We ceased, saying, The will of the Lord be done,"—and to show the duty of acquiescence in the will of God, from the consideration of his sovereignty, righteousness, wisdom, and goodness. Reprove, caution, enforce by examples,—Abraham, Aaron, Eli, Job, David, Jesus Christ.

O how uncertain is life! Truly a vanishing vapour! And were it not for immortality, might we not say, "Wherefore hast thou made all men in vain?" Howe discourses largely on this text. But if indeed we are the children of God, and heirs of glory, it was good for us that we were born,—and "the day of our death will be still better than the day of our birth."

My love to the dear children.—God bless them! Elizabeth and Jane send their kind regards.

I am, my dear John,
Your affectionate Father,
George Burder.

Hackney, Sept. 17, 1827.

My Dear John,

It affords me pleasure to think that your dear brother Henry and you are likely soon to meet at Stroud. Your losses and sorrows are similar, and will render your communion peculiarly solemn, yet, I hope, pleasing and profitable. You have both been called to drink the same bitter potion, but " the cup which your Heavenly Father appointed for you, shall you not drink it?" I believe you have both been much supported under the great trial, and have been enabled, whilst you felt as men, to endure like Christians. I trust God will thereby be glorified. O what a weaning providence is this! The world is lessened in its value to you; you have lost the greatest treasure you ever had in the world; you will therefore, I trust, love the world less, and love Christ more. He is an unchanging Friend. He says, " I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." To him let us cleave all the rest of our days; and may we not hope to rejoin our dear partners who " sleep in Jesus?" There seems to be scriptural reason to indulge this hope; for with the prospect of immortality before us, we cannot relinquish the fond desire of again conversing with our beloved relations. There is nothing in the Scriptures, that I remember, which forbids this hope; and if our spiritual children are to be "the crown of rejoicing in the great day," why may we not expect to meet our dearest natural relations, who were our spiritual relatives also, as being in Christ as well as ourselves?

I trust that you and your brother will have many comfortable hours together, not only as brethren in nature and in sorrow, but as brethren in Christ, and fellow-heirs of eternal life.

It is in vain for me to wish to be with you; that pleasure is not allowed by Him who regulates all our affairs; but I will indulge the hope of seeing you in the course of next month, in town, or at Hackney.

I am enabled to preach with some degree of vigour and pleasure on Lord's-day mornings, and at such times often feel the power of divine things; but at other times my mind is frequently dark and low. I have strange wanderings in prayer, and struggle hard with unbelief; but mercy—divine mercy in Christ, is my sheet-anchor.

Give my love to your dear children. O that God may give them his Spirit, and adopt them into his holy family!

Pray for your afflicted, but affectionate Father,

GEORGE BURDER.

P.S. I am going (D.V.) to-morrow to remain with Thomas during the absence of Elizabeth, which, I suppose, will be a month. I desire to be thankful that I have a son's house to go to, and that, after all my bereavements, I have yet three sons, pious, respectable, dutiful, and affectionate. I am far from being as thankful as I ought; but I see and feel my sinful imperfections far more than ever. My leisure now gives me more opportunity for reflection, and many of my reflections are very painful. I wish I could rejoice more in Christ.

In addition to these paternal and most soothing and consolatory letters to my afflicted brother, my Father wrote the following beautiful letter to my brother's children. It will be found quite characteristic. It is written in a style of exquisite simplicity and tenderness.

London, Sept. 19, 1827.

My Dear Children,

You have sustained a great loss—a very great loss—one of the greatest losses you could have sustained. Your dear, dear mamma, has left you; God has called her to heaven. She is happy—very happy. But you are left without a mother. O, you know not yet what a sad thing it is to lose a mother, and at your early age, when you so much need a mother's care. Well, it has pleased God it should be so, and it becomes you—it becomes us all, to say, " Not our will, but thy will be done."

But, my dear children, your papa is still alive; and we hope he will live many years to take care of you, to pray for you, and to teach you all good things. He is a good papa, he loves you dearly, and will make it his daily prayer and study to make you happy; and you must be very dutiful to your dear papa; always do what he bids you, for he knows a great deal better than you can, what is good for you, what you should do, and what you should not do. Therefore always do as he bids you, for that is pleasing to God, who will take notice of your behaviour to your papa; and you know the fifth commandment, " Honour thy father and thy mother;" and now that you have no mother on earth, you must pay a double honour to your dear father.

Above all, my dear children, I hope you will pray to God every morning and every evening: pray to him to pardon your sins for Christ's sake, and to give you a new heart that you may love and serve him all your days; and when you die, that you may go to heaven, and be with your Saviour; and then how glad will your dear mamma be to see you again, where you will be for ever and ever with Jesus Christ, and your dear relations.

I hope I shall see your dear papa in a few weeks ; and I shall be very glad to hear that you are well, and that you obey and love him, and that you love one another and never quarrel, but behave kindly to one another. This will give much pleasure to your grandpapa ; for I love you all, and would come to see you if I could, but I am so poorly I cannot come ; but I am, dear children,

Your affectionate Grandfather,
GEORGE BURDER.

To JOHN MACHIN BURDER,
ELIZABETH CORBETT BURDER,
SARAH CORBETT BURDER,
not forgetting WILLIAM CORBETT BURDER,
and GEORGE FORSTER BURDER.

" January, 1828.—For some time past I have been enabled to preach at Fetter Lane every Lord's-day morning, and with a good degree of strength and pleasure ; and, I have reason to hope, with advantage to my people. The Lord be praised!

" My good friend, Dr. Waugh, died in December last, after a few days' illness. Thus the old labourers are removed. The Lord provide a succession of able ministers!"

The following letter from Dr. Waugh to my Father, was written several years before this period, but it did not come under my notice in time for insertion in its proper place. It is, however, so expressive of the fraternal sympathy which he cherished towards my Father under domestic bereavement, that I cannot but present it to the reader.

Salisbury Place, Marylebone.

My Dear and Afflicted Friend,

In your sorrows, doubly dear to me;—to say that you have an interest deep and sincere in the sympathies of *my* heart, is to say little. You have an interest in the meltings of the heart of the Son of God, whose you are, and whom you have long served. Now is the time, my dear friend, to exemplify the power of those truths you have so long published to others; and I trust that now is the season in which your own heart will enjoy the sacred consolations, which, by your means, the Spirit of God has often spread over the withered hearts of the afflicted. You know that the Father who hath smitten you can do nothing wrong — nothing unwise — and nothing, which, to his redeemed people, is eventually unkind. In silent submission you will bow your head and adore. In awful sovereignty he has taken away the delight of your eyes, and the expected solace of your age: but the removal will be of short duration; you will meet with her in the vigour of mental and religious attainment, the Saviour's image in its full perfection on her brow, and in a state of confirmed excellence, which will not need the aid of Sabbaths, sermons, or sacraments. I shall bear you on my heart, as I have for these days past done, before the throne of our Father and our God; and with tender sympathy to the afflicted family, I remain,

My dear Brother,
Most affectionately yours,
Alex. Waugh.

"Jan. 23.—The greater part of my memoranda, for some time past, have related to mournful events; and these, together with my infirmities and pain in my face, engage a great portion of my thoughts. But I have occasion this day to 'sing of mercy, as well as of judgment.'

"This morning, my dear son Thomas was united in marriage with his cousin, Elizabeth Burder. The union is very generally approved, and promises to be productive of mutual happiness. My heart's desire and prayer is, that it may prove so. She has taken care of my domestic affairs for more than four years, and has conducted them with great prudence and propriety: she has also behaved towards me with all the kindness of a daughter; for which I bless God, and thank her.

"My son having, before the marriage was contemplated, taken and furnished a house in Brunswick Square, I intend to remove thither from Hackney, and to unite with them in housekeeping; and thus I shall have their joint care, which is become necessary in the treatment of that complaint which has continued, and has been slowly increasing, for eight or nine years."

A few days after the happy union of my dear brother with the beloved relation to whom our family feel so much indebted, for her most kind and assiduous attentions to my Father, he addressed to them the following letter:—

Hackney, Jan. 26, 1828.

DEAR SON AND DAUGHTER,

I am happy to address you both in these relations; my niece is now legally, what before she was virtually and in affectionate attention, a daughter,—and such our dear Sophia said she would be; and I am glad to take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to her for all her care of my domestic affairs for more than four years, and for the discretion and economy with which she has conducted them; and especially for her tender and skilful attention to my health and ease. He who will not suffer the donation of a cup of cold water, given to a disciple, to lose its reward, will not forget her labours of love to an afflicted and aged relative; and although I must allow a sort of transfer of the tenderest affections to my son, yet I hope the remaining stock or fund will be amply sufficient to supply my need and expectations.

Your letter, informing me of your safe and pleasant journey, and the summer weather you enjoyed in the depth of winter, afforded me much pleasure and occasion of thankfulness. It is also satisfactory to learn that your accommodations are so convenient and spacious; and as for your mutual satisfaction in the enjoyment of each other's society, I had no doubt; and I question not that it will extend far beyond the honeymoon, and not change with the changes of that planet, but rather abide like the sun in the firmament; and by its extension to a future and happier world, continue even where "they neither marry nor are given in marriage:" for we cannot but indulge the hope that the parting which mortality will make, shall be but temporary,—the pure and exalted and angelic friendship of united hearts shall continue "when this vain world shall be no more."

I hope your stay will not be prolonged beyond the intended period; though, for the sake of your ease and retirement from care and labour, I could wish it might be much extended; but I hope that the term intended will prove very beneficial, if too much excitement does not prevent it. One would almost envy the more stupid of our race, who less resemble the sensitive plant, shrinking at a touch: however, we must make the best we can of ourselves, avoiding the evils to which our make may expose us, and improving the antagonist advantages which it may afford; for something good for ourselves or others may be educed out of apparent evils.

I have got to the end of my paper; my eye smarts, and I must conclude. I need not assure you that I am, with ardent wishes, and constant prayers for your prosperity,

Your affectionate Father,

George Burder.

"Feb. 28.—Four years have elapsed since the dear partner of my life was removed from me by death. The return of this day brings that solemn event to my particular recollection; nor shall I ever forget that most excellent companion of my pilgrimage. O could I see her now in a state of glory, how should I long to rejoin her; that time, I humbly trust, will come, when we shall meet never more to part.

"On the 6th of February last I removed to the house of my son and daughter. I hoped when I went to Hackney, four years and a half ago, it would have been my last removal on earth; but Providence seems clearly to have directed my steps to Brunswick Square. Some care and trouble have of course attended this remove, but I have been mercifully upheld; my dear relatives have done every thing in their power to lighten the burden. My general health is as good as I can expect at my time of life, but I have frequently much pain in my face. The Lord grant me patience, and enable me to glorify him in all circumstances.

"May 6.—Forty years exactly have expired since my dear and honoured father departed this life. Shall I forget him? No. His memory, as one of the best of men and of fathers, deserves to be cherished. Thus long have I survived him. I could scarcely have supposed it possible. To the Lord I owe my continuance in life—a life probably near its close, and for the close of which my daily prayer is to be fully prepared. May I not hope that in a brighter, better world, I shall again unite with my father, mother, brother, wife, children, and numerous friends, to adore the Saviour for ever and ever? Amen, and Amen."

The following letter alludes, with much feeling, to the anniversaries of the great Societies which had recently been held:

London, June 3, 1828.

My Dear John,

I have been enabled to preach every Sabbath morning, and without much difficulty; besides this, I do next to nothing. My active days are past and gone; my chief business now is to bear patiently my daily pains, which, however, are seldom very strong, and not constant. I generally sleep most of the night, so that I have many many mercies mingled with my afflictions. I esteem it also a high privilege that I have daily many hours of solitude, and opportunity for thinking; but I cannot improve the leisure as I would; my thoughts are so erratic, and I can see to read but little. However, such being the will of God, I hope I can say, Amen.

I was not able to attend the numerous meetings which have lately been held. I was at the Bible Meeting till about two o'clock, and at the Missionary Meeting till about the same hour. It was certainly a very good meeting; Mr. Patton's speech made a peculiarly solemn impression; but that was delivered after I left. I also heard Mr. Baptist Noel, at St. Clement's church.

I am just informed by the secretary of the Tract Society, that during the last year, one hundred and sixty-six thousand of the Cottage Sermons were sold. If the usefulness of them should bear any tolerable proportion to the circulation, I shall have much reason to rejoice and be thankful. If I were able, I should like to attempt one more volume.

It is pleasant to me to observe that several of those Institutions, in the formation of which I had some concern, have flourished so much, and appear likely to be perpetuated. But all this has no relation to one's personal religion, or future happiness. We read of some, of many, who will say to Jesus, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name?" to whom he will say, "I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity." But I venture to hope that this will not be my doom.

You are aware that on Thursday, the 5th, I shall, if I live, have completed my seventy-sixth year; and I may well expect now, that each year, as I enter upon it, will be my last. It is a comfort to know that our times are in the Lord's hands, and that we shall not die an hour before our appointed time; and to a believer, "the day of his death is better than the day of his birth:" by one, he enters into a world of sin and misery; by the other, he enters into a world of pure happiness, and everlasting bliss. I sometimes think,—O that our dear departed friends were but permitted to pay us a short visit, and inform us of the nature of their present existence; how would it gladden our hearts! But this must not be; we must be satisfied with that small portion of information which it hath pleased God to give us concerning "Hades;" it must remain "Hades," till we ourselves are translated into it.

I remain, my dear John,
Your affectionate Father,
George Burder.

"August 4. — I have just received from the deacons, and other members of the church in Fetter Lane, a handsome piece of silver plate, which they voted to me on my having completed the twenty-fifth year of my services among them. I desire to be very thankful for this testimony of the acceptance of my ministry, and of their continued esteem. An inscription, of too flattering a nature, is engraved upon it. The Lord make me thankful and humble.

"December 31.—I am closing another year; but let it not conclude without a devout acknowledgment of the great goodness of God to me throughout it.

"My general health has been better than it was, but the complaint in my face has somewhat increased, and on most days I have had more or less pain — sometimes very acute, but not very often, though daily painful. Yet I have in general slept well, and had little pain in the night; for this I bless God.

"Two or three things I have to acknowledge with much thankfulness:

"1. The continued and tender care and kindness of my son Thomas, and my daughter-in-law, whose constant care has been assiduous.

"2. I bless God for enabling me to preach every Sabbath morning through the whole year, fifty-one times at Fetter Lane, and once at Hackney. This is far more than I could have expected; and I have reason to hope that my ministry has been useful as well as acceptable to my people.

"3. I thank the Lord that he has enabled me to compose twelve Sermons for the Aged—a sort of book much wanted for the poor and more ignorant. I have given the copy to the Tract Society, who have means of causing a very extensive circulation. May the Lord be pleased to render them as useful as I trust the Cottage Sermons have been.

"Many ministers and others whom I knew have died this year, and many younger than myself. O that I may be fully prepared for my change; and when I die, may I die in the faith—in peace, in hope, and in love.

"June 5, 1829.—Seven years ago, when I completed my seventieth year, I called my family together, prayed with them, gave them some advice, and read a paper, which I committed to their care. Of the domestic circle which then surrounded me, no less than four are gone to the grave — my dear wife, my two dear daughters, Sophia and Phebe, and my dear daughter-in-law Anne, the beloved wife of my dear son Henry,—all gone, and I, who am older than any one of them, am still spared, and complete this day my seventy-seventh year. A few days ago I visited the spot where the mortal remains of the above are deposited, and in which this frail body must soon be laid up. O that with them I may have a joyful resurrection to eternal life! Besides these four, I have to recollect another dear and valued relative, Elizabeth, the wife of my dear son John, who was removed, almost suddenly, to the eternal world—a stroke severely felt by her affectionate husband.

"The disorder in my face, of ten years standing, continues gradually, though slowly, to increase, and with increasing pain, which I endeavour daily to bear with patience, praying constantly, that, in the end, I may through faith and patience inherit the promises. My chief complaint is the weakness of my faith, of which I am heartily ashamed, and daily cry, 'Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief!'"

Long before this period my Father had been compelled to resign the laborious office of Editor of the Evangelical Magazine. Still, however, he was able to render valuable assistance, especially by discharging the occasional duties which devolved on him as Treasurer. From these also he was now under the necessity of retiring. In reply to his letter of resignation, he received the following communications from the esteemed editor and from the trustees.

Hans Place, Chelsea, Aug. 10, 1829.

My Dear Sir,

The bustle in which I have been, for the last two or three days, has prevented me the pleasure of transmitting to you the resolution of the trustees passed at their last meeting. In now performing my duty, I cannot forbear expressing to you the very cordial sentiments of respect and affection which obtain toward you among all the editors of the Magazine. We should certainly not have accepted your resignation of office as treasurer, which you have so long occupied to the entire satisfaction of your brethren, had we not looked upon it as unkind to devolve duties upon you from which age and infirmity ought to claim an exemption. It was certainly a mitigation of that sorrow which we all felt at losing your valuable services, to be enabled to fill up your place by the appointment of your son, the Rev. H. F. Burder, to the duties of the treasurership.

With sentiments of affectionate respect,
I remain, Rev. and dear Sir,
Your obliged Friend and Servant,
J. Morison.

Copy of a Resolution, unanimously passed at a Meeting of the Trustees and Editors of the Evangelical Magazine, held at Stationers' Court, Aug. 6, 1829. The Rev. W. F. Platt in the chair.

"A communication having been received from the Rev. G. Burder, tendering his resignation of the office of Treasurer to the Magazine,

"It was Resolved unanimously,

"That while this Meeting sympathizes with their much-esteemed and venerated friend in the circumstances which have led to this communication, and feel reluctantly compelled to accept his resignation, they cannot but record their high and grateful sense of the efficiency of the services which have been rendered by him to the interests of the Evangelical Magazine, during the period of his official connexion with its management; that notwithstanding the termination of that connexion, they trust they shall still be favoured with the benefit of his counsels and cooperation, as far as he may have it in his power to render them; and that they take this opportunity of assuring him of their individual and united wishes and prayers, that in the closing scenes of his honoured and useful course, he may be richly blessed with the sympathy and presence of the divine Redeemer!"

It was very affecting to witness the gradual decay of the power of vision, and to anticipate the near approach of that dreaded period when there would be, to one so greatly beloved, the entire extinction of the light of day. My Father, however, met these approaches with christian equanimity and patience. The circumstances described in the following lines are very touching.

London, Feb. 30, 1830.

MY DEAR JOHN,

I direct to you my first effort to write by the aid of Wedgwood's Nocto Polygraph, intended for the use of blind people. It is done by impressing the words by means of blackened paper, and the hand is guided by little bars across the page. I write by a style, or point.

My sight is much worse since you left me; but I hope I do not complain. God is good, and I wait his holy will. I have been enabled to preach every Sabbath morning.

You will doubtless be affected by reading of the death of so many ministers. Let survivors "work while it is day, for the night cometh."

I remain, my dear Son,
Your affectionate Father,
GEORGE BURDER.

My Father, with his characteristic disinterestedness, had spontaneously relinquished the greater part of his professional income, on cordially receiving Mr. Morris as his colleague in the ministry. At length, however, he could not be prevailed upon to retain even the small remainder of his salary, although he regularly preached on the morning of the Sabbath. He addressed therefore the following letter to the Deacons of the Congregational Church of Christ assembling in Fetter Lane, London :

My Dear Friends,

When I reflect, as I often do, on my inability, through long continued affliction, to render any other service to the church and congregation, except that of preaching generally once on the Lord's-day, I feel dissatisfied in continuing to receive my present salary; and therefore do hereby signify to you, and through you to the subscribers, my intention to relinquish the same after the expiration of the present quarter. But I am nevertheless willing to continue to preach on Lord's-day mornings, when the state of my health will permit.

Entreating your prayers for me,
I remain,
Your affectionate Pastor,
George Burder.

Brunswick Square, Aug. 13, 1830.

Written by John Burder, at his Father's dictation.

THE CONCLUDING PERIOD.

HIS PAINFUL MALADY — DEBILITY — DEATH — CHARACTER.

The reader cannot have failed to observe the very gentle and peaceful gradations by which my dear Father yielded to the almost imperceptible advances of age and infirmities; and relinquished, in slow and calm succession, his numerous and onerous engagements. He first retired from the labour of a third service on the Lord's-day; and instead of preaching in the evening at a distance from home, he returned with his family, after the afternoon-service at Fetter Lane, and found repose and delight in domestic devotion, and in retired communion with his God. After a considerable interval, he yielded to the earnest intreaties of his family, in resigning his very laborious engagements as Editor of the Evangelical Magazine. At length he retired, but with great reluctance, from the duties and responsibilities of his honourable office as gratuitous Secretary of the London Missionary Society, to which, for so many years, he had devoted his time, his energies and his heart. There now remained only the Pastoral Charge, and it was not only reasonable, but necessary, that, in his seventy-fifth year, the burden of that charge should devolve in a considerable degree on a junior colleague. This was accomplished, to his entire satisfaction, by the choice of the Rev. Caleb Morris as his associate in the pastoral office, with whom he continued to enjoy, to the end of his course, the most perfect harmony and cordiality.

When my Father came to reside in Hackney, I cherished the hope (as he did also himself) that here he would spend the remainder of his days; and that, in the evening of his life, my privilege of intercourse with him would be almost uninterrupted. I felt therefore that I had much to resign when he quitted this village to return to town. This removal terminated my hope of his coming to bless my home and my family by his residence under my roof, and to afford me the opportunity of rendering some filial assiduities in his old age.

The cause of my regret, however, regarded only myself. For *him* that removal was, in the highest degree, expedient and desirable. His malady rendered the professional skill and daily attentions of my brother, the physician, exceedingly important to him; and I am fully persuaded that his sufferings were greatly mitigated, and that, in all probability, his life was considerably prolonged, by the blessing of God on the medical and surgical skill of my brother, combined as it was with the unwearied attentions and delicate tenderness of my sister as well as of himself. Under these circumstances I naturally looked to my brother Thomas to draw up a narrative of that concluding and most interesting part of my Father's life which was spent under his roof. This he has done, in the following pages, in a spirit and style which, if I mistake not, will excite in the reader some degree of that feeling of obligation of which I am myself conscious.

Brunswick Square, Dec. 26, 1832.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

In attempting, agreeably to your request, to present a short history of our lamented Father's protracted malady, I have been almost unconsciously led to advert to his accustomed demeanour in the family during the long previous season of health and activity. I cannot expect, indeed, to point out any essential trait of character, which has not been fully recognized by your own attentive observation; yet, having enjoyed the high privilege of passing three-fourths of my life, either under the parental roof, or with our beloved parent under mine, I cannot but feel a peculiar interest in briefly stating the impression which I have received from such intimate and habitual converse.

Ever, my dear Henry,
Your attached and affectionate Brother,
Thomas Harrison Burder.

The prevailing state of my Father's mind was that of cheerful serenity. A remarkable degree of placidity and self-possession appeared on all occasions. His whole conduct seemed to be regulated by fixed and steady principles, which did not admit of the fickleness and vacillation too often observable in the character of the more gentle and amiable of mankind. The harmonious proportion which originally subsisted among the various faculties of my Father's mind, may doubtless have favoured not a little that happy uniformity of demeanour; but nothing, I conceive, short of the deeply-rooted influence of genuine piety could have diffused through his spirit such a settled, tranquil, abiding peace. From a very early period, indeed, my Father had unreservedly dedicated himself to the service and glory of God; and in steadily pursuing that object, unencumbered, so far as the human eye could discern, by any secular and selfish considerations, he was favoured with the approving smile of his heavenly Master, with "the peace which passeth all understanding."

Thus, with a mind at ease, he was enabled serenely to enjoy, even in the midst of various and important engagements, the society of his relations and friends; evincing a lively interest in all that was passing around him, especially in whatever betokened improvement and real happiness. This mental elasticity, supported by good constitutional health, proved most favourable to the prosecution of his arduous and extended labours, during a long succession of years.

Unlike many public men, my beloved Father appeared not less amiable—I might say, even more amiable—at home than abroad. He constantly evinced a desire to render the social circle as agreeable and interesting as possible; and was in the habit of imparting to it much of the pleasant and useful information which his various public occupations enabled him to acquire.

Such was the unwearied activity of my Father's mind, that it did not seem to require any lengthened intervals of entire repose. The simple exchange of one engagement for another generally afforded sufficient relief. Hence, his duties abroad did not interfere with his social cheerfulness at home. There was still an aptitude for receiving and imparting whatever friendship or affection might suggest. His conversation in the family was distinguished by a delightful degree of simplicity, gentleness, candour, and intelligence. It was singularly unobtrusive and peculiarly adapted to elicit the opinions of others, whose remarks were always received with the most kind and encouraging attention. My Father was, indeed, naturally affable, and, while imparting information to others, was also constantly desirous of adding to his personal stock of general knowledge. Through life, he had the habit of conversing with persons of different professions and employments, into whose society he was casually thrown, from whom he seldom failed to glean some valuable hints, or draw some useful inferences, which might afterwards become available in the illustration or enforcement of theological truth.

Although not fond of argumentation, my Father was a very clear and candid reasoner. He deprecated the practice of arguing for victory rather than for truth; and was himself, in discussion, remarkably free from the influence of preconceived opinions, never allowing them to render his mind insensible to the full force of opposing evidence.

The general tone of my Father's conversation was in pleasing unison with the principles he taught, as was also his estimation of individual character. Adventitious distinctions possessed but little value in his esteem; nor was he accustomed to pay that almost idolatrous homage to mere talent, which, he feared, was one of the prevailing evils of the day, even among the professed disciples of the meek and lowly Saviour. My Father appeared to estimate character according to the *scriptural* scale. The holy, humble, laborious, self-denying Christian, was regarded by him with heartfelt admiration, inasmuch as, in such a character, he saw the beautifully reflected image of his Lord and Master.

Notwithstanding the habitual cheerfulness of my Father's temper, he was highly susceptible of tender sympathy. So readily did he enter into the sorrows of others, and so willingly did he share their burdens, that he might be said "naturally to care for their state." If filial partiality do not deceive me, there was no part of my Father's character which evinced more genuine loveliness than his uniformly kind, compassionate, condescending attention to the poor and the afflicted; and this became increasingly evident as his own infirmities increased. So far from concentrating his sympathies upon himself, much of his retiring leisure, in the intervals of comparative ease, was engaged in devising and executing plans of mercy for the sick, and the aged, and the more destitute of his brethren in the ministry.

The virtues already enumerated almost necessarily imply the co-existence of *disinterestedness.* This trait of character was, in truth, strikingly manifested through every stage of my Father's public and private career. He sought "not himself, but Christ Jesus the Lord."

Humility and *meekness* were not less observable. My Father never appeared to covet distinction or pre-eminence; and although in his own demeanour a happy degree of unconscious dignity was blended with patriarchal simplicity, yet he rather retreated than otherwise from the respectful consideration which was, on many occasions, spontaneously awarded to him.*

Expansive benevolence was also an essential and pervading ingredient in my Father's character. A day seldom passed in the family without furnishing some additional proof of his public spirit and philanthropy. He rejoiced in every effort to remove or mitigate human suffering, and to improve the temporal, but more especially the spiritual, condition of his fellow men. Slavery, in every form, was his abhorrence, the very mention of which excited the expression of stronger feeling than almost any other subject. Even in the feebleness of age, a burst of holy indignation would escape from his heart when hearing of the continued oppression of the helpless and degraded slave. Spiritual emancipation was, however, the principal object of his life; every evidence of which afforded him the purest joy. Our domestic intercourse frequently led us to observe how little the subordinate considerations of sect or party entered into the high delight which the success of the Gospel never failed to communicate to my Father's mind. Although firmly and conscientiously attached to the principles of nonconformity, he had no sympathy with sectarian feeling. The extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, and not the prevalence of a party, was the constant aim of his life; and whether the instruments of its attainment were Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Baptist, or Independent, he unfeignedly rejoiced in the glorious result.

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* The Rev. Dr. Sprague, of New York, America, has the following interesting remark, in reference to a visit he paid to my venerable Parent, in the year 1828:

"I think I have never seen more of Christian meekness, sincerity, humility, and benevolence, embodied in a man's manners, than are to be seen in his. In approaching him, you get the impression instantly that you are in the presence of a man, in whose character you cannot be deceived; and in conversing with him, you might almost fancy yourself in the company of the disciple whom Jesus loved."—*Letters from Europe*, p. 79.

It may now be proper to advert more particularly to the calm and humble acquiescence of our lamented parent in the Divine will under family afflictions and bereavements, as well as under long-continued bodily suffering. During many years, his sympathising heart was exercised with a succession of severe illnesses within his domestic circle, in the persons of my tender and excellent mother and truly affectionate sisters, and, I may add, in my own also; through all of which, he was enabled to "possess his soul" in Christian equanimity and fortitude: often saying with Job, "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord and not evil also?" Thus, while tenderly sympathising with his afflicted relatives, his unshaken confidence in the wisdom and goodness of God enabled him to administer the sweetest and most appropriate consolation. Of the four members of his family who were thus favoured, one alone remains in this vale of tears to testify the value of those hallowed seasons in which the venerable patriarch was accustomed to visit the sick chamber. Memory dwells with peculiar tenderness on many Lord's-day evenings, which were partly devoted by the aged minister, on his return from the services of the sanctuary, to the edification of his invalids. It is impossible adequately to describe the attentive interest with which my Father listened to every expression of hope or fear; or the benign tenderness with which he soothed every sorrow, and led the drooping spirit to look beyond the sufferings of time, especially to look at an unseen but ever-present and compassionate Saviour. So delightful, indeed, were these visits of love and kindness, as to be anticipated with earnest expectation, even in the midst of debility and much bodily suffering. Our Sabbath evenings, indeed, were always peculiarly interesting. His petitions at the domestic altar were then unusually fervent, and particularly adapted to the existing state of his family, his connexions, and his pastoral charge. They also embraced the state of the country and the world at large. On these occasions, my Father was accustomed to join with evident delight in our songs of praise; and at the close of the little service, would sometimes remark, in the words of Philip Henry, on a similar occasion: "Well! if this is not somewhat like heaven, I cannot tell what is!"

The last season of this kind can never be forgotten. After reading had been concluded, I asked my Father whether he would like us to sing a hymn, remarking that I thought it might be too great an exertion for *him* to join us. We began those beautiful lines:—

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!"

My Father soon raised his melodious voice, and sang with great animation, especially the concluding verse:—

"When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side."

The two last lines—

"Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee"—

were sung with such unexpected energy and feeling, and in tones so thrilling and inspiring, as to lead us almost to imagine that the song of heaven had commenced below. I listened to him with a kind of presentiment that I should never again hear any earthly notes so sweet.

Nor was the submission of my bereaved parent to the will of his heavenly Father less strikingly exemplified under repeated and heart-rending *bereavements.* Keenly and tenderly as he felt them, no murmuring nor repining was ever heard. "He was still, knowing that it was God!" Never can we lose the recollection of the chastened grief which marked his venerable countenance after the loss of my endeared mother and sisters. It was a combined expression of deep sorrow and of heavenly peace.

In seasons of great affliction, my Father would often expatiate on the sovereignty of God in connexion with his wisdom and goodness; and, while silencing every rising of complaint, would remark, that the Lord of all had an undoubted right to do what he pleased with his creatures; and that as sinners, especially, it became us humbly to bow to his holy will even under the most trying and afflictive dispensations. He would then advert to the great designs of such painful discipline, and to the Christian's supporting hope, that bodily and temporary suffering will be rendered eminently conducive to spiritual health, and to greater meetness for the unmingled and enduring happiness of the heavenly world.

The same filial subjection to the will of heaven, was also uniformly evinced during a course of *personal suffering*, which extended through the long period of more than fifteen years. The malady at first appeared in the form of a pimple or "tubercle" on the right side of the cheek, about an inch below the eye. Ulceration soon followed. At that period, an eminent surgeon would have attempted to remove the diseased portion, had not the age of the patient (then sixty-five) appeared to render the operation inexpedient. During some months, the ulceration made but little progress, sometimes appearing to be almost healed, under the careful use of suitable applications. Yet, upon the whole, notwithstanding the most assiduous attention at home, aided, from time to time, by the advice of the highest surgical authorities of the day, the intractable malady (technically called "lupus") continued to advance, although by slow and almost imperceptible degrees.

During several years, the complaint was not attended with such a degree of pain as materially to interfere with my Father's comfort or with his various and important avocations; but, as might be expected, the uneasiness increased in proportion to the extension of the ulcer, until, ultimately, there was an almost constant feeling of soreness, with the frequent addition of acute pain. By its gradual encroachment upwards, the motion of the eye-lids became difficult, and the eye itself consequently exposed to occasional pain and irritation. This was a great aggravation of the former suffering, and required a frequent suspension of accustomed engagements. Painful, however, as was the privation, it afforded an opportunity for calm and continuous reflection, which my Father had often sighed for, during a life of extraordinary activity and labour. These seasons of abstraction were highly prized and diligently improved. While, however, any degree of sight remained, the vigour of my Father's mind induced him to employ (so far as prudence would permit) every interval of comparative ease in devotional reading, in preparation for the pulpit or the press, or in the formation of some benevolent plan. It was at this period, just before the blessing of sight was finally lost, that the volume of Sermons to the Aged was written, and under the full impression of its being his last literary undertaking. These discourses may be regarded as a transcript of his own feelings, in the near view of eternity, and under the pressure of age and of many infirmities.

In the early part of the year 1830, my Father was called to sustain the heavy, additional trial of a total loss of sight. At a distance, that privation had been contemplated with no small degree of apprehension and solicitude, but (such was the supporting grace of God) the reality was borne with exemplary resignation and tranquillity. This is the more remarkable when considered in connexion with my Father's long-continued habit of active exertion. It was indeed delightfully consoling to observe, that the affliction did not generally appear to lessen materially his comfort or cheerfulness. He was enabled to feel peculiarly grateful for the remaining sense of *hearing*, and for the opportunity of securing that ample extent and variety of reading, which, with other alleviating circumstances, so materially lessened the pressure of the affliction. Under these accumulated trials, my suffering parent still maintained much of his former serenity; and, in the absence of violent pain, was accustomed to converse with lively interest upon every circumstance connected with his family and friends, as well as upon the state of the country, the progress of religious societies, and the general advancement of Christianity both at home and abroad. He also continued to prepare weekly one sermon for the pulpit, and rarely allowed himself to have recourse to his ample store of notes. It was usually my Father's custom to fix upon his text, and form a general outline of his plan on Monday morning. He would then, from day to day, dictate to his amanuensis, such thoughts and illustrations as occurred to his mind. Towards the conclusion of the week, these rough notes were read to him, and after receiving such additions and improvements as then suggested themselves, were copied out fairly, and read to him twice or thrice on the Saturday, and again on the Sabbath morning. With this assistance, he was enabled to retain his general plan and leading illustrations, and to deliver himself with as much ease and fluency as at any period of his ministry within my recollection. This is the more remarkable, from its having been my Father's invariable custom, prior to the loss of sight, to use copious notes in the pulpit. I dare not trust myself to describe *how* these addresses were received. Suffice it to say, that they were listened to as the solemn and affectionate counsels of an aged and beloved pastor, who, having long adorned the Gospel of God his Saviour on earth, was expected very soon to leave his flock and to join the general assembly and church of the first-born in heaven.

I have already adverted to my Father's patient resignation under his painful malady. With gratitude, however, it should be stated, that until about the close of the year 1831 (consequently until within six or seven months of his decease), his constitutional health was less impaired than is usual at so advanced an age. About five years before, my Father had indeed been laid aside for many weeks by a serious and threatening illness, attended with great irregularity in the circulation, and indications of effusion within the chest. We scarcely then expected that he would ever again be restored to his public duties. But the disease was mercifully removed; and although both before and since, there were intimations of some morbid change in the valvular structure of the heart, yet, due precaution being observed, no serious inconvenience was sustained. Favoured with refreshing sleep at night, and with a comfortable appetite for food, the general powers of the system were surprisingly maintained, notwithstanding the demand which the painful ulceration was incessantly making upon them. At length, however, a general failure became evident. The heart was unequal to the task of carrying on the general circulation. The appetite gradually declined, and all the bodily functions were feebly and imperfectly performed. With this corporeal decay, some diminution of mental energy became also perceptible. Even reading and conversation soon produced fatigue. Yet my Father continued to preach on Sabbath mornings. On the 6th of March, he delivered his last sermon, from those affecting words, "A man of sorrows;" and concluded the discourse with the following remark and quotation: — "Believers are to expect a mixture of sorrow in the present life. They are predestinated to be conformed to the image of Christ. This may reconcile us to affliction.—But our sorrow shall be turned into joy!

'Yet a little, and ye know
Happy entrance shall be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.'"

On that memorable occasion, it was painfully evident that the season of public labour was about to close. There was no incoherence; every remark was in its proper place, and delivered with the most touching simplicity and affection; yet the brevity of the discourse, and the feebleness of the bodily frame, too clearly intimated that the aged pastor was not likely again to appear in the public assembly. This was the *only* sermon which excited in my mind any doubt of the expediency of my Father's continuing to preach.

With the assistance of his valued associate, the Reverend Caleb Morris, my Father afterwards administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; during the celebration of which, the still more evident failure of accustomed vigour deeply affected his attached flock, conveying to them the painful impression that they should never collectively meet him again, until the happy period when they should meet together in the kingdom of God.

From that period, there was an almost daily decline of strength. A state of drowsiness and torpor frequently oppressed the energies of the brain, and indisposed it for any continued engagement. The realities of an unseen world appeared much to occupy the mind when at all capable of exertion. The Scriptures—especially the promises—were frequently read to him, with short portions from devotional writers. Yet, even under all these infirmities, my Father was generally tranquil and serene, and still continued to engage in our family worship, offering a few simple, earnest, appropriate petitions, in the most humble and affecting manner, not only for spiritual blessings, but for mercies adapted to the peculiar state of the metropolis and of the country, in which a fatal disease, and an alarming spirit of insubordination were simultaneously raging; not omitting special supplications for the king, and the queen, and the government, under those anxious circumstances.

At length, even sitting in an easy chair became burdensome. *All* was labour and sorrow: so much so, indeed, that on awaking from sleep, the beloved sufferer would sometimes say, "Well, I hoped it would have pleased God to release me before this time." No very marked change, however, occurred until the morning of the 29th of May, when I could not but perceive that life was fast ebbing away. The breathing became laborious; the pulse faltered; and there seemed to be but little power of expression, although, in the intervals of sleep, we had reason to believe there was still perfect consciousness. The prayer my brother Henry offered, while we knelt down around the dying bed, received our dearly-loved parent's hearty Amen. As the day advanced, respiration became more and more difficult, yet unattended, we had reason to hope, with any increase of actual pain. At length, between nine and ten o'clock, our dearest Father having placed his arms in their natural position, with the most tranquil expression on his venerable countenance, gently, and almost imperceptibly, ceased to breathe.

The following article appeared in the Evangelical Magazine for July, 1832.

On the 29th of May last, died the Rev. George Burder. We know not that since the commencement of this Magazine, it has ever fallen to the lot of the editor, for the time being, to record the death of a man more generally known, or more justly dear to the Christian world. By the readers, and especially by the *elder* readers, of this periodical, his name is held in affectionate remembrance, on account of his having been one of the originators of the work, and for many years its final editor. *Missionaries*, in all parts of the world, will read the announcement of his death with no ordinary feelings, for with no inconsiderable number of them was he personally acquainted; nor can they ever forget the fatherly advice he gave them on their departure for a foreign land, and the deep interest he manifested in their comfort and success. The myriads of readers of the Village Sermons, including, it is believed, some *thousands* of persons who have received spiritual advantage from "the truth as it is in Jesus," which is so simply and beautifully delineated in those discourses, will be ready to exclaim, when they hear of his departure, "My father, my father!" When to all these we add his family, and relatives, and personal friends; the church at Fetter Lane, London, to whom he had ministered in holy things for twenty-nine years; the congregation at West Orchard, Coventry, to whom he had preached the Gospel for nearly twenty preceding years; and the surviving persons in Lancaster and Lancashire generally, who enjoyed his earliest labours, it is obvious that the number of mourners, on occasion of his removal from our world, must be unusually great.

Joy and gratitude, however, must, in this case, be blended with lamentation. Let us thank God for "the grace which was bestowed on him," and which assuredly was "not in vain." For fifty-five years he was "a preacher of righteousness," during the whole of which period it pleased God so constantly to "preserve his feet from falling," that in no one instance did he bring a reproach on "that holy name by which he was called." And let us thank God, also, that his valuable life was prolonged to the age of fourscore years, and that his powers, both of body and of mind, were so graciously continued as to enable him, with comfort to himself, and advantage to his greatly-attached hearers, to preach almost every Lord's-day morning till within three months of his decease. As, for more than two years, he had totally lost the precious sense of sight, it was a matter of admiration to his family and friends, that, considering he had been accustomed, during the whole of his life, to make use of notes in preaching, he should be able, in advanced age, to express himself in an orderly and connected manner without such aid.

They who had the privilege of attending his pulpit labours, during the last years of his life, will never lose the impression which those labours have made on their hearts. His appearance, always dignified, was now most truly venerable; and if his countenance had lost something of its youthful animation, it retained an expression of placidity, mildness, and benignity, which could not fail deeply to interest every spectator. His voice, always melodious, was now tender and pathetic in no common degree. There were associations, moreover, in the minds of his hearers, which deepened the impression. They were aware of the honour which God had put upon him by making him an instrument of most extensive good in his church; they knew the loveliness of his character in private life; they were acquainted with the many relative and personal afflictions through which, of late years, he had passed; and they knew that, in the natural course of events, the day of his removal from earth to heaven could not be distant. He was himself a most striking example of that patient suffering of affliction which he was exhorting them to manifest. He was himself on the very threshold of that glory which he besought them to seek. He spoke as a dying man to dying men.

His last discourse, which was shorter than usual, was delivered on the first Sabbath in March last, from the text, "He was a man of sorrows." After sermon, with difficulty he assisted the junior pastor of the church, the Rev. Caleb Morris, in administering the Lord's Supper. It was a solemn and affecting service, at the conclusion of which the members of the church remained for some time in mournful silence, fully anticipating, what proved to be the fact, "that they should see his face no more."

From that time his strength declined rather rapidly. Almost every day brought with it some such fresh indication of the approach of the last hour, as was like the loosening of another pin of the mortal tabernacle. His memory also very greatly failed him. Yet, twelve days only before his death, he was able to pray aloud with the family. This was in the evening of May 17th. He had, for some time, ceased to desire that the newspaper should be read to him, as he wished to withdraw his mind, as much as possible, from worldly things; but being aware, in some measure, of the critical situation of public affairs, he manifested, in the few petitions which his remaining strength allowed him to offer, his characteristic patriotism, by praying for the king and queen, and government, and that we might be preserved from anarchy and commotion. Then, having prayed for divine protection and for spiritual blessings, he concluded with imploring, in tones (as his family, who were present, state) sweet and pathetic beyond description, that "our *poor, poor, poor* prayers might be accepted through the blessed Redeemer."

All labour, both of body and of mind, seemed now to be painful to him. He conversed but little, and could not comfortably listen to much conversation. He desired *rest,* and frequently appeared to anticipate heaven under that view. The circumstances which attended his last days and hours scarcely allowed the utterance of those expressions of joyful hope which fall from the lips of some dying Christians. He was able, however, to pronounce an audible amen to a short prayer which one of his sons offered at the side of his bed about six hours before his death. That solemn event occurred at a quarter before ten o'clock in the evening. His family were all with him. During the day he had manifested much of that restlessness which often precedes dissolution; but, before he expired, he placed his arms in an easy posture, with his hands extended, his countenance, at the same time, indicating the absence of pain both of body and mind. His departure was so tranquil that it was difficult to ascertain the precise moment when it occurred. It was merely ceasing to breathe. Thus, having "served his generation by the will of God, he fell asleep."

His mortal remains were deposited in the family vault in Bunhill Fields on the 5th of June, the eightieth anniversary of his birth. His three sons, the four eldest of his grandsons, with other relatives and friends, together with the deacons and many of the members of his church, and the ministers who officiated on the solemn occasion, accompanied the body from the house of his youngest son, in Brunswick Square, where his last years had been spent, to the City Road Chapel, where a large body of Directors of the London Missionary Society, with some of the members of the church at St. Thomas's Square, Hackney, were waiting to receive the mournful procession.

The following is an extract from the Missionary Chronicle for July, 1832.

Death of the Rev. George Burder, *formerly Secretary to the London Missionary Society.*—This event took place at the house of his son, Dr. Thomas H. Burder, in Brunswick Square, at a quarter before ten, on the night of the 29th of May last. As soon as possible after the officers of the Society had received information of the mournful event, a special meeting of the Directors was called, on Friday, the 1st of June, and the following resolution passed:

EXTRACTED FROM THE MINUTES.

"Resolved,—That the Directors cannot receive information of the removal, by death, of the Rev. George Burder, without being led, not less by a sense of what is incumbent upon them as the representatives of the Society at large, than by their own feelings, as individuals, to offer to his family the expressions of their sincere condolence on the bereavement they have sustained by the decease of their revered parent.

"The Directors are sensible, that instead of indulging the feelings which spring from worldly sorrow, they are called to cherish those which arise from a firm belief of the happiness of that transition which their long-esteemed friend, and former colleague, has made from the sufferings of mortality, to the perfect blessedness of that state into which he has entered.

"The Directors would further bless God for the example held out to themselves and others, by the devotedness and manifold labours of his long and eminently-useful life, in promoting the kingdom of the Redeemer in the world, particularly in the work of missions to the heathen; and more especially in his relation to this Society, as one of its founders; and in the office of gratuitous Secretary, which he zealously and effectively filled for nearly twenty-four years.

"The Directors present, at the same time, their sincere condolence to the church and congregation in Fetter Lane, on the loss which they have sustained, by the decease of their much-loved and faithful pastor; and to the surviving pastor of that church, on the removal of his greatly-revered colleague."

The Directors, at the same time, ordered a copy of the foregoing Resolution to be presented to the family of their late highly-respected friend, and appointed a deputation from their own body, to wait upon the Rev. Dr. H. F. Burder, to propose, as a further expression of their unfeigned respect, a full attendance of the Directors at the funeral, so far as that might be made compatible with the intended arrangements of the family on the mournful occasion, which was kindly and promptly acceded to by the family.

The Officers and Directors of the Society accordingly assembled on Tuesday, the 5th of June, the day which had been fixed for the interment, in the Wesleyan Chapel, City Road, which the trustees had kindly lent for the purpose, where suitable Scriptures were read by the Rev. Caleb Morris, the late colleague of the departed, and an appropriate address was delivered by the Rev. Robert Winter, D.D. Six of the Directors received the body at the gates of the chapel, who, with the rest of their number, and the officers of the Society, afterwards joined the solemn procession to the family-vault, in Bunhill Fields, where the mortal remains of our revered friend were deposited; and a solemn prayer was offered, with much devotion and earnestness, by the Rev. George Collison, in the presence (besides the immediate attendants at the funeral) of a multitude of persons who also had assembled on the mournful occasion, to testify their respect for the deceased.

In compliance with the wish expressed in a paper written by my Father long before his decease, the Funeral Sermon was preached by my valued friend, and former associate in study, the Rev. Dr. Fletcher, at Fetter Lane Chapel, in the morning of the following Sabbath; and at my request, at Hackney, on the evening of the succeeding Sabbath. It was a discourse worthy of the occasion and of the preacher. The text, selected by my Father himself, was part of the 21st verse of the Epistle of Jude: "Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life." The delineation of my Father's character was accurate, faithful, and touching.

At a Meeting of the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, the 5th of June, 1832. The death of the Rev. George Burder having been reported to the Committee, it was

RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY,

That this Committee, on receiving the intelligence of the decease of their venerated friend, the Rev. George Burder, desire to express their sympathy with his bereaved family and church, and to record their great obligations to him, as one of the founders of the Institution, and as the author of several of its tracts, especially of Twenty-four Cottage Sermons, Twelve Sermons for Seamen, and Twelve Sermons for the Aged; by which important publications he being dead yet speaketh, and will continue to speak, in various languages, of the glories of the Saviour, of the way of salvation, of the dangers of sin, and of the beauties of holiness.

From an account with which I have been favoured by Mr. Lloyd, it appears that before the time of my Father's decease, there had been issued by the Tract Society the following numbers of his Sermons:—

Cottage Sermons	757,649
Sea Sermons	91,389
Sermons to the Aged	139,976
Total	989,014

It will perhaps be expected that, in bringing to a conclusion these extended memoirs, some attempt should be made to present to the reader a general, if not even a specific and minute delineation of character. From any laboured effort to produce such a portraiture, I acknowledge my mind recoils. I feel a deep conviction that such an attempt would be, at this moment, interdicted by my revered Father, could he, "although dead, yet speak" from the blessed abode of the "spirits of just men made perfect." That he was *perfect* as a man or as a minister, *must* not be said of *him*, because it *cannot* with truth be said of *any* inhabitant of our world. That he was most feelingly and most painfully alive to the consciousness of remaining imperfection; that under the influence of divine grace he was constantly aiming at perfection of character; and that he was enabled habitually to be making approaches towards it, *may* be affirmed with unhesitating confidence. For an assent to the truth of this assertion, I cannot but think that the mind of the reader must be already prepared by the perusal of the preceding pages. They have already put him in possession of the materials requisite for the formation of a correct estimate of character. The intellectual and moral portraiture is already before the eye of his mind. All that remains for me to attempt, is to invite his attention to those features which were unquestionably prominent in the original, and which should not therefore be overlooked in the portrait. A flattering likeness I would not intentionally present. Such a likeness no man needed less than my Father, no man would have disapproved more. Deep and powerful was the persuasion of his mind, that "a man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven." "If then he has received it," he was ever prepared to ask, "Why should he glory as if he had not received it?" "By the grace of God,' he would say, "I am what I am." "Not unto me, but unto him be glory:"—

> "Whate'er in me seems wise or good,
> Or strong, I here disclaim."

Let the writer then, and let the reader "glorify God in him."

In the faculties of my Father's mind, as in the features of his face, there was a symmetry and proportion. No *one* was particularly striking. Regularity and harmony gave a character and a tone to the whole assemblage. The judgment, indeed, claimed and obtained precedence among his powers of intellect, and seemed to preside with tranquil and undisputed ascendency. His judgment, if not in the highest degree acute or prompt in its intuitive decisions, was yet discerning, deliberative, and discriminating. He was considerate rather than rapid in weighing evidence on a question, and in balancing inducements to action ; but when he had ascertained the preponderance, he was neither slow in forming his resolutions, nor timid in carrying them into effect. Seldom had he occasion to retrace his steps, to reverse his decisions, or to repent his determinations. The value therefore attached to his advice, and the confidence reposed in his counsel, were usually in proportion to the knowledge of his character. It may safely be said of him, that good sense, in vigorous exercise, was the predominant characteristic of his mind.

His memory was tenacious of facts as well as of principles, though not of words. He complained indeed sometimes of its treachery ; but a sufficient vindication of its fidelity was often apparent, when any demand was made on the affluence of those stores, which had been collected both from books and from personal acquaintance with "men and things."

Imaginative in his habits of thought and of expression he certainly was not. Yet some of the elements and sources of imagination were not wanting. He had an eye singularly correct in perceiving forms and proportions. He was susceptible of high delight from the beauties of natural scenery. He had a taste for elegant simplicity in the works of art, and was always prepared to admire the productions of genius. He was deeply interested in the discoveries of science. Through life he acted on the principles of great self-denial, as to the pleasures of the arts, the sciences, and literature, in order that he might consecrate his time and his energies more devotedly to the grand purposes of the Christian's existence upon earth.

Although my Father had not an imaginative mind, in the sense usually attached to the term, yet he had certainly, within a very extensive range of pursuits, an *inventive* mind. He had a great aptitude for contrivances of the useful, the convenient, and the agreeable, in all the departments of labour with which he was conversant. Evidences of this aptitude for invention, and adjustment, and systematic arrangement, were perceptible in his house, in his study, and in almost all the scenes of his customary engagements. But this talent appeared to most advantage in his contrivances for doing good. He had a species of originality of mind which prompted him to attempt, and aided him in devising, new methods of usefulness. He was constantly considering what were the peculiar aspects, and exigencies, and claims, of the age and of the country, and of the locality with which he was connected; and by what methods important objects might be accomplished. The result of these workings of the mind, under that impulse from above which he never failed to seek, has been the origination, either by himself solely, or with a few others conjointly, of new societies, and new measures, and new publications, for the promotion of purposes religious and benevolent, on a larger scale, to a greater extent, and at a greater expenditure of time and labour, than can be traced, so far as I am aware, to any other individual of his own times.

There was another peculiarity of my Father's mental habits, which I will describe in the language of my brother John, to whom I owe the suggestion. He was remarkable for a facility of "giving attention, at the same time both to great things and to small. While duly mindful of the grand outlines of some extended scheme of benevolence, he did not overlook the most minute circumstances, either of the plan itself, or of the agents who were to be employed in carrying it into effect. This was observable in all his arrangements for missionary and other public meetings, and in the planning of missionary enterprises generally; in which, while the spread of the Gospel was his first concern, the health and comfort of the missionaries were objects of deep interest to his considerate mind. This amiable trait in his character was equally apparent in domestic concerns. In the morning of a day of urgent business of a public nature, in which it devolved on him to take the lead, he would still not think it a trouble to be consulted on domestic arrangements, nor even to execute some little commissions on his way to the public meeting. In the same spirit, when at a distance from home, he would often contrive, in the course of a busy and exciting and fatiguing day, to seize half an hour for writing an affectionate letter to a wife or to a child."

In my Father's mind, by the singular goodness of God, a susceptibility of tender and even powerful impression was blended with an unusual degree of equanimity. In the midst of arduous avocations, and under the pressure of accumulated business, his mind could retain its serenity. Even interruptions, however unwelcome, did not, in general, disconcert him. He would break off from his engagement with readiness, converse with cheerfulness, and resume his task with unperturbed placidity. His mind seemed gifted with a power of unwearied application. He was not indeed an early riser, nor did he permit himself to sit up later than eleven or twelve o'clock at night (although inclination was often urgent); but during the entire day, with the exception of a little time allotted to cheerful conversation, at the hours of domestic repasts, he was indefatigably assiduous in making the most and the best of his time. His steadiness and coolness of persevering energy were daily observable. He might have adopted without hesitation the words of Mr. John Wesley: "I am always in haste, but never in a hurry." He seemed, happily, a stranger to impetuosity both of feeling and of effort. Retaining his calmness, even in the most vigorous exercise of his mind, his spirits were not exhausted, and he required scarcely any other relief or recreation than a change of employment. It was indeed highly favourable to his health and to his comfort, that his days were, for the most part, very desirably divided, between his studious application at home, and his more active and social engagements abroad.

In punctuality and order he was a pattern worthy of imitation. His domestic arrangements had a character of precision which promoted the economy of time and the convenience of the entire family. In his public engagements he acted on the conviction, that punctuality is a positive and imperative duty.

"If one term," Dr. Fletcher most justly observes, "might be considered as describing the prominent feature of his character, it was—SIMPLICITY. It was that simplicity of purpose and aim which proved at once the strength and the integrity of his mind. Its one object was *usefulness;* to this every plan of action was steadily and uniformly subordinated. There was no parade, no ostentation, no attempt at display, no ambitious effort; and he was therefore free from the anxieties and the perturbations of pride and vain glory. This concentration of aim and motive gave unity, efficiency, and consistency to his character; imparted a corresponding simplicity to his manner, his style, and his arrangements; and pervaded the entire system of his private intercourse and his public life. This was the secret spring of that calmness and repose which he usually maintained. In patience he possessed his soul; his 'eye was single, and his whole body was full of light.' Yet amidst all these excellencies of character, no one had more lowly thoughts of himself; he was clothed with humility; and, towards the close of life, seemed more than ever conscious of his obligation to the sovereign grace of God, as the sole cause of his salvation. Every reference to his own character and usefulness gave him pain; he disclaimed all self-dependence; he felt that no righteousness but that of the Divine Redeemer could form the basis of his hope; and thus he died as he lived,—'looking for the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ.'"

This ardent desire of usefulness produced that habit of feeling which has been fitly designated "Public spirit." It was his delight to embark in enterprises dictated by enlarged, by elevated, and by liberal views of christian philanthropy. These he was prepared to promote, not only by advocating their interests in the pulpit or on the platform of an annual meeting, but also by the self-denying expenditure of time and labour throughout the year. As gratuitous Secretary of the London Missionary Society, for so many years of active and efficient service, he may be regarded as a contributor to the funds of that noble Institution of several thousand pounds; for to such an extent must he have saved from disbursement the finances of the Society. His private and public contributions to the cause of Christ and of benevolence were also regulated by a scale of proportion which was adjusted by conscience, under the impulses of love and gratitude to his God.

He was an ardent lover of all good men. The image of his Saviour, wherever he discerned it, attracted his esteem and affection. There was nothing sectarian in his soul. He was, from the force of conscience, a dissenter from the national church ; but bigotry and party spirit were no inmates of his heart. Most cordially did he cherish private friendship, as well as public co-operation, with Christians and christian ministers of various denominations, declining only such unions as appeared to him to involve a compromise of principle, or a violation of allegiance to our common Lord.

In the dispatch of business on the Committees of our Religious and Benevolent Institutions he appeared to great advantage. His coadjutors and fellow-labourers highly valued his strong sense, his sound discretion, his sobriety of mind, his integrity of purpose, his clearness of conception, his perspicuity of statement, his promptitude in suggesting measures, his moderation in urging his own plans, his candour in discussion, and the spirit of love and meekness by which he often maintained or restored the harmony of those who had differed in opinion.

In the intercourse of christian friendship, his manners were pleasing and attractive. There was a benignity of expression in his countenance, with a gentleness and urbanity of demeanour, to which no one could be insensible. He seemed to inspire respect and esteem, without ever exacting or even desiring it. He seemed unconsciously, but most happily, to combine dignity and seriousness, with ease and cheerfulness. Every thing in his conversation appeared perfectly natural and unaffected; the spontaneous flow of a well-informed mind, never attempting display,—never thinking of effect,—never courting applause. Being perfectly at ease himself, every one felt at ease in conversing with him. He never unduly engrossed the conversation, never dogmatized, never tried the patience of his friends. The very tones of his voice were expressive of the gentleness of his feelings, and the kindness of his heart. "While firm and full, they were soft and melodious in an unusual degree. He considered himself not sufficiently skilled in the introduction of spiritual topics of conversation. The deficiency, however, if such there were, few perceived; and if any persons were long in his society without deriving some advantages from it, the fault must usually have been their own."

In his family he could not but be loved. His affectionate and delicate attentions to my honoured and beloved mother, in assiduously consulting her comfort, and convenience, and inclinations, as well as her health, at once did justice to his own feelings, and to her surpassing worth. His own example taught his children most impressively to honour as well as to love their mother. Both the parents ruled by love, and thus rendered their home and their fireside most attractive and pleasurable to their children. " I never met with any person," says one of my brothers, " who uniformly took such pains as my Father, to render himself agreeable to his family. He imparted as much pleasure by his conversation at home as abroad, and was always willing to listen with kind attention to the remarks even of an inexperienced child. He was accustomed to relate to his family any interesting circumstances which had occurred during the day; and thus he inspired them with a lively interest in his own benevolent pursuits."—" I cannot but think that we derived considerable advantage, in the formation of character, from my Father's domestic conversation. He was accustomed, in adverting to the characters of others, to notice excellences much more than defects. Seldom did he allude to the latter, except with some important design; and if the language of censure became necessary, it was employed with caution and with reluctance. His favourite topics were connected with the extension of the kingdom of Christ, and with schemes of practical benevolence. Sympathy with the sufferings of his fellow-men, compassion for the poor, concern for the aged and infirm, and commiseration for the oppressed, were habitually prevalent in his mind, and feelingly expressed in his conversation. On the subject of slavery it was difficult for him to touch without kindling into a just and holy indignation of the oppressor."

" In the conduct of Family Prayer," observes my youngest brother, who had the best opportunities of judging, " my Father greatly excelled. The breathings of his soul were poured forth in language the most simple, the most devotional, and the most touching; when any afflicted member of the family was remembered in his prayer, there was a tender earnestness, quite affecting. His prayers were short, but most appropriate and full of feeling." As he advanced in years, his heart seemed to acquire a progressive accession of tenderness; and as several of the family were removed by death, all the affections of his heart seemed concentrated with proportional intenseness on the survivors."

" The very sight of my Father seemed always to impart delight to his children. Where he was," says my brother John, " *there* was home. My Father's house, especially on a Sabbath evening after public service, was to us all the very perfection of earthly bliss. While he inculcated and required what some would call a strict observance of the Sabbath, he was anxious that his children should not associate with it ideas of gloom or dulness. His cheerful and instructive conversation at once delighted and elevated our minds; so that now, at the distance of more than thirty years, the vividness of recollection presents in all their freshness those occasions of high delight."

On my Father's character, as a *preacher*, it seems almost unnecessary to enter. It has been well understood and justly appreciated by no small proportion of the christian world. His constant aim was to preach — "not himself, but Christ Jesus his Lord." Simplicity of structure, clearness of arrangement, perspicuity of style, fulness of truth in fewness of words, unity of design, fidelity in exhibiting "the mind of the Spirit" in the text selected, and pungency of application to the conscience of the hearer,—were among the characteristics of his discourses. "The impression they produced on the mind," observes one who had the best opportunities of forming a correct opinion, "seemed to be the result, not of any thing remarkably striking in any particular part of the sermon, but of its excellence as a whole. There was an adaptation of each part to every other part, displaying a beautiful symmetry and entireness—all illustrative of the sentiment and spirit of the text." In the absence of all embellishment, there was a dignified, and sometimes even an elegant simplicity, which was admired as well as approved by the most enlightened and refined among his hearers. But that which it is most delightful to record, is the abundant blessing with which it pleased the God of all grace to honour his faithful preaching. Many were the "seals of his ministry" in the town and county of Lancaster; at Coventry, hundreds, it is believed, will bless God to all eternity for having heard the Gospel from his lips; and in London also "much people were added to the Lord." How glorious will be "the crown of his rejoicing" "in the day of Christ!"

I have been favoured with the following communication from the Rev. Caleb Morris, my Father's excellent and attached colleague in the pastoral office at Fetter Lane.

"The characteristics of the Rev. George Burder's preaching are well known. His matter was evangelical, his manner and style were chaste, serious, free, and remarkably simple. His preaching I always considered as a reverential homage to the Bible,—to its fulness, clearness, and power. He had no roving propensities, no wildness of sentiment; he was ever at home with himself, his hearers, and his subject. His sermons were not elaborate exhibitions of metaphysical reasoning, philological criticism, or rhetorical ornament. He was generally content to walk in the open and frequented paths of truth; and if his steps were not gigantic, they were always graceful; if not rapid, always firm. If he was not a daring adventurer that excited our astonishment, he was certainly a safe guide that always deserved and secured our confidence. His aim was to explain and enforce the word of God, and not to fabricate novelties. He was a natural preacher of supernatural truths. In his thoughts, expressions, attitudes, and looks, there was nothing artificial; a holy sedateness pervaded all he said and did. His mind was generally full of serenity; and in the pulpit this was not only visible in his countenance, but audible in the tones of his voice. Mr. Burder's preaching was, to the last, remarkably methodical. The spirit of order which reigned in his mind and habits communicated itself to every subject he discussed. He greatly loved order, though evidently not for its own sake. The plans of his discourses were admirably simple; the most ignorant might understand them; the most forgetful might remember them. Some one remarks, that the sermons which may be remembered with ease are generally worth remembering. If so, all must admit that those of Mr. Burder possessed unusual worth; for many of them are well remembered by his flock, and will be till the day of death. May the recollection of them be blessed!"

His prayers in public, no less than in the family, were peculiarly excellent. They had a character not unlike the best parts of the Liturgy of the Established Church. They were distinguished by great variety, comprehensiveness, earnestness, reverence, and simplicity. In confession of sin, there seemed the lowliest prostration of spirit; in adoration, the most reverential awe of the divine Majesty; in supplication for mercies, an intense desire of the blessings implored; in pleading the promises, a filial confidence in the Divine faithfulness; in thanksgiving, the outpouring of the soul's gratitude and love;—in all, a scriptural simplicity in uttering the language of the heart.

And now it remains only to glance at his character as an author. In all his publications, his one exclusive aim was usefulness. He wrote, not for the small class of the educated and talented, but for the mass of those who might be induced to read religious books or tracts. He knew the mass to be unlettered and unrefined; and he deemed it of immeasurable importance, that to the poor the Gospel should not only be preached from the pulpit, but also explained and enforced by the press. Their interests he had most at heart in his publications; while, at the same time, he was desirous of rendering it evident, that there might be plainness without coarseness, and simplicity without vulgarity. That in this attempt there was no failure, will, I believe, be conceded by all competent judges. He began by writing for children, in his Early Piety; he then wrote, The Good Old Way, and some other tracts, designed for general distribution among the unenlightened. After some time, with much patient labour, he abridged the ponderous work of Dr. Owen on the Holy Spirit, retrenching, condensing, arranging, and simplifying, with successful perspicacity of mind. Reference has already been made, in the preceding Memoirs, to his Notes on Bunyan's Pilgrim, to which it may be added, that he published also an edition, with explanatory, but briefer notes, of Bunyan's Holy War. Several other useful works he also edited with more or less of labour and attention. His Supplement to Watts's Hymns speedily obtained, and still commands, a very extensive circulation. His minor publications, including single sermons, it is not necessary here to specify or enumerate. His Cottage Sermons, Sea Sermons, and Sermons to the Aged, are similar in spirit and in style to the Village Sermons, only still plainer perhaps, and still shorter. His name will, in future years—might I not say ages?—be chiefly known as the Author of the Village Sermons. The character, the value, the reception, and the success of these discourses, are exhibited with so much truth and force by my excellent and valued friend Dr. Fletcher, in the Funeral Sermon, that I cannot deny myself the gratification of introducing the entire passage.

" The Village Sermons are publications which will never be forgotten, and they deserve the immortality which they will assuredly obtain. Evangelical in sentiment, — pervaded by a tone of spiritual and practical piety, preeminently lucid and simple in their style, their method, and their object; marked by a calm dignity, and an unaffected plainness, as remote from vulgarity as it is from display; and free from every thing polemic and directly controversial, yet always maintaining the great truths of the common salvation, they have attained an extent of circulation, and secured a degree of usefulness, altogether unparalleled in the history of sermons. They have gone through numerous and large editions, have been widely circulated in America, and have been translated into several of the continental languages; they have been read in villages and schools in all parts of the country; they have been the means of introducing the Gospel into districts, and even parish churches, where before it was comparatively unknown; thousands and tens of thousands have been benefited by them, where the name of their author was unknown. Numerous and most encouraging have been the instances of conversion by their means; and some are now preaching the Gospel with zeal and success, who, by the blessing of the Divine Spirit on the reading of them, have been ‘turned from darkness to light.’ Had Mr. Burder written only the Village Sermons, his name would be for ever embalmed in the grateful remembrance of the Church of God.”

I will only corroborate these representations by stating, that the numerous instances of success of the highest order, and especially in the conversion of clergymen of the Church of England and Ireland, authenticated by letters from themselves or their friends, cannot be contemplated without devout and grateful thanksgivings to God. Unto Him be given glory on earth, while, by the perfected spirit of his honoured and faithful servant, glory is now rendered before the throne of God and of the Lamb, both in loftier and in humbler strains. There may his family, his flock, and his friends, reunited to part no more, blend in the song of consummate salvation their ceaseless hallelujahs!

BRIEF MEMOIRS

OF

MRS. SARAH BURDER,

WIFE OF THE REV. GEORGE BURDER;

AND OF

MISS SOPHIA MARIA BURDER.

The first of the following Memoirs was written by the bereaved husband, and the greater part of it was read by the Rev. Dr. Winter, at the conclusion of the funeral sermon which he kindly delivered at Fetter Lane, on the Sabbath after the interment.

The latter Memoir is a tribute of fraternal affection, which also formed a part of a funeral discourse from the same pulpit, undertaken, not without some reluctance, at the express desire of a revered and beloved Father.

BRIEF MEMOIR

OF

MRS. SARAH BURDER.

Mrs. Burder had the honour of descending, in the maternal line especially, from pious ancestors, among whom was the Rev. John Machin, a minister of distinguished excellence and usefulness, who was ejected by the Act of Uniformity in 1662 from a living at Whitley, near Congleton, in Cheshire.*

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* Mr. Machin was the descendant of a family of the same name, who resided on their estate at Seabridge, near Newcastle-under-Line, for many generations. He received his education at Cambridge, where he was converted to God by the ministry of Drs. Hill and Arrowsmith. When ordained, he first settled at Ashburn in Derbyshire, where he was eminently useful, as he was also in the Moorlands and other unenlightened districts of Staffordshire in which he frequently itinerated. He was afterwards engaged during one year, as a lecturer at Atherstone in Warwickshire. In 1654 he removed to Astbury in Cheshire, where he preached very usefully for several years. While there, he established at his own expense a monthly lecture, to be preached by the most eminent ministers, in the principal towns of an extensive circuit,

For several succeeding generations, evangelical piety was cultivated, professed, and promoted, by this family, in the town and neighbourhood of

including, among others, Newcastle, Uttoxeter, Lichfield, Wolverhampton, and Stafford. In 1661 he removed to Whitley in Cheshire, where he was silenced by the Act of Uniformity in 1662.

Mr. Machin was eminent for holiness and a heavenly mind, and possessed a singular facility in the introduction of religious conversation, even with strangers. A pious divine (afterwards a dignitary of the Established Church) said of him, "I am so well satisfied as to his extraordinary piety, that I wish my everlasting portion may be with him. I never knew one more public spirited, more sensible of men's spiritual necessities, and more ready to supply them; more zealous for God's glory, more delighted, incessant, importunate, and successful in prayer, and more thankfully sensible of the returns thereof, than this holy person was, of whom this degenerate world was not worthy."

He did not long survive that act of ejectment which he regarded as his civil death. Referring to his being silenced, he would sometimes say, "I never lived since I died." In August, 1664, intending shortly to remove from Whitley to Seabridge, he paid a visit at the house of a friend, where he preached on Acts xx. 24: "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord." This was the last sermon he ever delivered; he was then very unwell, and on returning to Seabridge he became worse; his disorder proved to be a malignant fever, which carried him off in a few days, in the fortieth year of his age.

One of Mr. Machin's daughters (Sarah) became the wife of the Rev. Mr. Mather, a clergyman of Castle Donnington; one of *his* daughters, married Mr. Beech of Newcastle, Staffordshire; and one of Mr. Beech's daughters married Mr. Harrison, the father of Mrs. Burder.

The Life of Mr. Machin was published in 1671, with a recommendatory preface by Sir Charles Wolseley, Bart., and republished, with additions, by Mr. Burder, in 1799.

Newcastle; but serious religion was generally at a low ebb about the time of Mrs. Burder's birth, so that she derived little advantage from public instruction; she was, however, deeply indebted to her pious mother, who took every opportunity, especially on the Lord's-days, to teach her children the great things which belonged to their eternal happiness. She was thus induced to engage much in prayer, in reading the Scriptures, Dr. Watts's Hymns, and Janeway's Token for Children; the latter of which greatly affected her, so that she became earnestly desirous of obtaining an interest in Christ, and being made "a new creature." When only about six years of age, she would retire for private prayer, not only morning and evening, but at other times of the day. At that period, however, she had not obtained clear views of the Gospel, but was endeavouring by prayers, and tears, and by abstaining from the usual vanities of childhood, to avoid the dreaded wrath of God, and to recommend herself to his favourable regard.

Thus she proceeded, to use her own words, "in a poor, uncertain way, gradually becoming more indifferent about the one thing needful," until she was about thirteen years of age; when, not having had the small-pox, inoculation was proposed to her. To this she felt a strong reluctance, owing to the fear of death which then prevailed in her mind. She was unwilling to avow this reason to her parents, but at length disclosed it to an elder sister, who urged her to mention the cause of her reluctance. Her sister, who was at that time better acquainted than herself with the distinguishing truths of the Gospel, embraced the opportunity of representing the sufficiency of Christ's atonement, with his ability and willingness to save sinners; assuring her that Jesus was then as ready graciously to receive her, as it was possible that he ever should be at any future period.

After this conversation, she immediately poured forth her heart to God in importunate prayer, and wrestled hard for a sense of pardoning mercy, with ardent longings for redemption by the blood of the Lamb, adopting the Psalmist's words,—"As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

The Lord was pleased graciously to hear the voice of her supplication; a sweet calm and sacred peace ensued, and she immediately submitted to the inoculation proposed, divested of all anxiety respecting the result; humbly confident that "he who had promised, would be faithful."

It pleased God to carry her safely through the disorder, for which, it cannot be doubted, she was grateful. But she remarks, in one of her private papers, containing a retrospect of her early years: "Alas! I soon became trifling and careless, apt to wander from the Lord who had preserved me, and to pursue empty shadows in quest of happiness: but, blessed be his holy name, he kindly interposed on my behalf, and kept me from many a snare, into which, if left to myself, I might have fallen. With peculiar sensations of admiration and gratitude, would I acknowledge the care and kindness of my heavenly Father, in preserving me from forming unsuitable connexions in early life." She then proceeds to express her thankfulness for the formation of that conjugal union, which death has recently dissolved.

In another of her papers she writes: "Perhaps afflictions may be numbered amongst my greatest blessings, although at times they have been so painful to nature." She then refers particularly to the death of a lovely child, her first-born, who died of the small-pox, in the spring of 1787; and also of a younger child, who died two or three weeks after, of the same fatal disease. But amidst the unutterable anguish of heart she then endured, the consolations of God, conveyed by reading his word, were peculiarly great.

She thus records these affecting events:—

"In that memorable year, 1787, when our first-born, our dear Maria, was nearly four years and six months of age, it pleased the all-wise Disposer of events to permit that dreadful disease, the small-pox, to seize her delicate frame. From the first, the symptoms were unfavourable, and in a few days all hope was over. But O, what were my sensations? Indescribable! I felt as though I could scarcely sustain the agony of my mind; but the Lord was my helper. During her distressing illness, his word was my support. The Bible, which I had been accustomed daily to read, seemed to be a new book; and one passage after another, appropriate to my situation, proved a reviving cordial to my sinking spirits.

"After the great change had taken place, the twenty-second chapter of the Revelation was particularly consolatory to my distressed mind. Attention to her, and anxiety for her comfort and health, were such as led me to sacrifice not a little personal comfort; but when she was removed from my fond embraces, I hope I was satisfied that she was no longer exposed to heat or cold, or disease, or sin;—but was with the Lamb, who, I hoped, had washed her in his own blood, and presented her complete in his own perfect righteousness.

"Another stroke succeeded this. A fortnight after, my dear George, a most pleasant and endearing child (then at the breast) eight months old, was attacked in a similar manner. Of him also were we bereaved after eight days' illness; but the Lord, who knows our frame, afforded suitable support and consolation. I may, indeed, 'sing of mercy and of judgment.' How condescending, and how kind, is our forgiving God!"

Mrs. Burder's personal sufferings, from numerous and frequently violent and threatening attacks of disease, exercised her faith and patience for a considerable proportion of the last twenty years of her life. Under these trials the workings of her mind were by no means of an unvaried character.

Frequently had she to struggle with painful doubts and fears, yet she retained a humble hope, and sometimes was enabled to "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

She records, to the honour of God, one remarkable instance of the Divine goodness, during a most severe illness, in the year 1801. "At the commencement of this illness, a severe trial was approaching. My beloved Eliza, whose return from school (at Islington) I anticipated with eager and pleasing expectation, I received with tears, after ten months' absence. Oh how altered was she! I was shocked at her appearance, expecting to meet her in health and spirits. We both seemed struck with each other's countenance—alas! she was no more to revive; her desirable life was soon to close."

And so it proved—for at the Hot Wells, Bristol, to which place she was taken in hope of relief, she breathed her last on the 7th of August, 1801, and was interred in front of Hope Chapel, aged thirteen years and five months. But under this most severe affliction, Mrs. Burder was mercifully and wonderfully sustained, notwithstanding her own indisposition.

"In my own apprehension," she writes, "I was just stepping into Jordan, but was so delivered from the fear of death, to which I had been so long in bondage, that I could rejoice in the prospect of glory, though nature seemed still to shrink at the thought of dissolution. The night before, I was in a very distressed state of mind. My conflict between Satan's suggestions and my own corruptions almost drove me to the brink of despair. Afraid, or unable to pray, I knew not what to do, when those words encouraged me, 'I will look again towards thy holy temple.' I did so, and although, just before, I could hardly offer up a single petition, my heart was so melted and overcome by the power and grace of Christ Jesus, that I could no longer doubt either his ability or willingness to save. The appropriate passages of Scripture then suggested to my mind, were so numerous and so powerful, that my soul was filled with 'joy and peace in believing.' I thought (and O that I may not be deceived!) that I could trust a faithful God, for he had fixed me on the 'rock of ages;' and I experienced a sweet peace, which made this world dwindle into nothing, in my estimation. I longed for an angel's tongue to declare his grace, love, and mercy to one of the most vile, rebellious, and ungrateful sinners."

Speaking to her husband of this remarkable season, she said she thought she could never live after what she had experienced; adding, "An angel from heaven would not think it beneath him to publish to the world what God had done for her." She said those lines in one of Mr. Toplady's hymns would then suit her—

"More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven."

She then said that if she were well enough, she would write out the account, that each of her children might have a copy of it, and would leave it to them as a legacy. About this time, speaking of the vanity of all things here below, she said, "There is hardly any thing in the world I could wish to see, unless it were my son Henry in the pulpit, preaching the everlasting Gospel!" This maternal wish has since been more than gratified, by seeing and hearing two of her sons preaching the Gospel, though at that time there was no prospect of such engagements.

But it was not the lot of Mrs. Burder frequently to ascend the mount of joy and triumph; her general walk was in the valley of humiliation, often beset with painful doubts and fears, yet always "walking with God." She was a most diligent student of the Bible; this was her daily companion, and truly her "meditation was day and night therein;" and it was, together with Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns, the solace of very many sleepless hours, during the successive years of personal suffering and domestic affliction.

Until disease and increasing infirmities rendered it impracticable, she constantly visited the house of God with ardent and devout affection; and could sincerely say, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth."

But it was in her family especially, that the grace of God, which dwelt in her, most brightly shone. During forty-two years, she was the faithful, prudent, affectionate wife; and for more than forty years she was distinguished as the assiduously tender mother, whose unremitting attentions to her children, especially when infants, was probably the means of undermining a constitution originally good, and inducing the infirmities under which she laboured so many years. She was, however, highly gratified by the dutiful and respectful behaviour of those of them who survived; and she was thus rewarded for her own exemplary conduct to her own valuable parents, who, living and dying, feelingly acknowledged her dutiful deportment to them.

About thirteen months ago, after suffering unusually from the severe weather of December 1822, her foot happened to slip in coming down stairs, and she fell with force against the wall: and notwithstanding the most prompt and vigilant treatment, and the absence of any serious effects for many days, inflammatory symptoms at length made their appearance (whether in consequence of the fall or not, is uncertain,) and a paralysis ensued, which subsequently deprived her both of the power of action, and of the vigorous exercise of her mental faculties; additional disorders at length reduced her to the most debilitated state, and after a gentle sigh she was freed from all her sufferings; and the days of her mourning were ended.

By the nature of her disorder she was precluded in great measure from that declaration of her faith and hope, which doubtless would otherwise, to the delight of her family, have been evinced; but at one time, about ten months before her departure, in a conversation with her husband, she said, "I shall not be long here. I am not afraid to die now (which she repeated several times). The Lord is my portion; I hope I shall go to heaven. Jesus is gone before." She added, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will trust and not be afraid."

Thus terminated, on the 28th of February, 1824, in her seventieth year, a life, which we doubt not has been acceptable to God, eminently useful to her family, and truly exemplary to the church. To her may the words of Solomon be most justly applied, — "*Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also; and he praiseth her.*"

March, 1824.

BRIEF MEMOIR

OF

MISS SOPHIA MARIA BURDER.

In a letter addressed to her father in the month of August, 1811, on the subject of admission into the church, she states, that her recollections of early childhood, even before she was four years of age, were associated with religious impressions. Greatly did she delight the heart of her tenderly affectionate mother by the facility and the pleasure with which she committed to memory a considerable number of hymns and spiritual songs. It is believed that she could repeat at least a hundred before she was taught to read. When about thirteen years of age, she appears to have attained such discoveries of the evil and danger of sin, as to awaken great solicitude lest she should not enjoy an interest in the great salvation. This anxiety continued, in some degree, for several years; but gradually subsided under the cheering encouragements arising from the gospel of Christ, and the precious promises of his word.

In her correspondence with her most intimate friend, as early as the beginning of the year 1808, when fourteen years of age, she thus describes the state of her mind:—"I think I can say, I have but one real care—that is, my immortal soul; and but one burden worth mentioning—that of my sins; and that is indeed a heavy burden; but Christ says, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Why should I fear? I have committed my soul to Jesus, and laid myself at the foot of his cross, where no poor sinner ever perished. If he were to send me to hell, it would be what I well deserve; but if, in the riches of his grace, he admit me to heaven, the grace which saves me shall be all my song."

She appears to have acquired, at an early period of life, habits of decided and exemplary devotion. She was accustomed to retire, three times in the day, for the purpose of reading the scriptures and seeking communion with God. It was her practice, for some years before her illness, to rise at an early hour, in order to secure more ample opportunity of attending to the things connected with her eternal peace. In order to induce the greater punctuality, she kept an accurate register of the time of her rising, and of the manner in which were expended the hours of every day. She was accustomed to review and to record, not only the occupations in which she had been engaged, but also the dispositions and the motives by which she had been actuated. Among the questions to which she exacted of herself a daily reply, were the following:—"Did I rise this morning with pious thoughts? Did I offer my tribute of praise with gratitude, and renew my self-dedication with sincerity? Did I read the scriptures with prayer and attention? Did I pray that I might have wisdom to conduct myself as a Christian? Have I been careful to improve my time? Have I been careful to remark the providence of God in the various occurrences of the day? Have I thought much of death, of judgment, and of eternity? Have I endeavoured to maintain spirituality of mind throughout the day? Have I been constantly watchful over every motive? Have I endeavoured to do good to the soul of some heir of immortality? Have I committed myself to God with sincere resignation?" It may be here observed, that she entered on this method of keeping a journal, after considerable hesitation, fearing lest it might give excitement to pride, or to some unhallowed feeling of the heart.

She had imbibed, at an early age, the spirit of religious benevolence, and was exceedingly anxious, to the very utmost of her power, to do good to others. The interest which she felt in the prosperity of the Sunday Schools connected with her

Father's congregation, and the assiduity with which she devoted herself to the instruction of the children, will not, it is presumed, be soon forgotten, either by those who received the benefit of her exertions, or by her esteemed associates in those labours of christian love. On being urged, after the commencement of her indisposition, to diminish the frequency of her attendance at the school, she said, " Do let me work while it is day, for I am sure the night is coming."

She felt, as might be expected, the liveliest interest in the success of missions to the heathen. While resident at Camberwell Grove, she united with a few female friends, in very active exertions to augment the funds of the newly-formed Auxiliary Missionary Society, both by circulating intelligence, and by making personal applications, wherever there was any prospect of success. These efforts were regarded by her nearest relatives with some degree of uneasy solicitude, lest they should prove injurious to her health; but she was not easily induced to abandon engagements which yielded her so much delight.

Among the papers written for her own use, is one dated August 3, 1819, from which the following is an extract:—

" This day eight years ago, I first came to the table of the Lord—first entered into a public and solemn covenant with my God. The word of God asserts, that those who are planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of their God. I have been therefore induced to examine into my present state of mind, that I may ascertain whether I have at all flourished in the courts of the Lord.

"When I compare my views and feelings with what they were eight years ago, I can perceive some alteration. Sad indeed would it be, were no alteration visible. A very slow growth might effect this; a growth so slow, that so far from giving any evidence of a flourishing state, it is but just sufficient to prove that the vital principle of religion is still in the heart. *Thus* have I grown, if I have grown at all. Yet there is one disposition which I now feel, if ever I felt its soothing influence—RESIGNATION.

"To do, or not to do—to have,
Or not to have—I leave to thee.
To be, or not to be—I leave;
Thy only will be done in me.
All my requests are lost in one:
Father, thy only will be done.

"Welcome alike the crown or cross;
Trouble I cannot ask, or peace;
Nor toil, nor rest; nor gain, nor loss;
Nor joy, nor grief; nor pain, nor ease;
Nor life, nor death—but ever groan—
Father, thy only will be done."*

On removing, with her parents, to another residence, in which a little room was allotted her for retirement, she thus expresses her devotional desires, (May 8, 1820,) just before a severe illness:

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* Rev. Charles Wesley.

“Consecrate this little apartment, O my God, by thy gracious presence; make it a little sanctuary. Here do thou meet with me; here do thou bless me!

“Visit me with thy mercy when I direct my eyes unto thee in the morning; regard the early vow, the tribute of thanksgiving, the prayer for guidance and protection.

“Visit me with thy mercy when I seek thee at the evening time; convince me of my sin; listen to the cry of penitence; and give me an entire resignation to thy sovereign will. Make me to know the way in which I am to walk, when, involved in perplexity, I come here as to an oracle, and consult with thee that I may go in the way of duty. And O, my God, remember me with the favour which thou bearest to thine own people, should I ever, in this place, pour out before thee a heart ready to burst with sorrow. I know not that such anguish of mind may be at present experienced by me, as my boding spirit sometimes anticipates; yet would I provide an Almighty Friend to comfort me before the days of darkness come; that should they overtake me suddenly, I may not be overwhelmed. Bless me, upon whatever errand I approach thee, for Jesus the Saviour’s sake. Amen.”

Another paper is dated June 1, 1820; in which she expresses the interest and edification with which she had read the life of that eminent Christian, Mrs. Graham, and the intense desire it excited, of attaining similar resignation to the divine disposal. She adds, "It was but an evening or two before I was indisposed, that this suggestion entered my mind, 'Perhaps I am now preparing the way for some affliction.' So it proved. Already indeed had disorder fastened upon me, till I gradually grew so much worse, that my dear parents and friends felt much alarm. Then did a sweet answer to my prayers come down upon me. Without the least dismay could I behold the tearful eye and anxious look, for I had no anxiety. I did not dare to wish for life; I did not dare to wish for death. Not even could I beg that remedies might restore me. As I received the first medicines, the blessing which I entreated upon them was, 'Father, glorify thyself.' In the furnace I am content to stay, till the heavenly refiner has purified me from all my dross."

On the 2d of July she thus wrote:—"When doubts of my interest in the blessings of salvation disturbed my peace, to chase them away these sweet words came to my mind;—'All that the Father giveth me shall come unto me, and him that cometh, I will in no wise cast out.' I felt a firm hope that I had repeatedly fled to Jesus. I knew that the merciful Saviour would not reject me: and because I was conscious that to Jesus I had come, I found also good reason to believe that I was one of the many who were ordained unto eternal life, and whose names are written in heaven."

In the early part of the year 1822, her disorder was making gradual and insidious progress; but the state of her mind was habitually that of tranquil resignation. She sometimes seemed favoured with much spiritual enjoyment; so that even nights almost sleepless appeared neither wearisome nor long. She observed, that "the time went fast, and that the clock seemed to strike rapidly." She begged that if at any time she seemed to be depressed, it might be ascribed to pain and exhaustion, and not to the failure of her hope. She took frequent opportunities of expressing her grateful and strong affection to her dear father and mother, and her deep sense of their tender care. It gave her peculiar delight to hear of the kindness of those friends who had met together in the vestry to offer prayer on her behalf.

On the 4th of August, 1822, (her birth-day,) she thus expressed the feelings of her heart:

"And yet I live! Although I have had the sentence of death in myself so long a time, death has not been commissioned to execute that sentence. And wherefore do I yet live? Surely to glorify God. Not indeed by activity in his cause, but by the patient endurance of his holy and righteous will.

"That holy and righteous will has appointed that I should be a sufferer. I have suffered much.

I have suffered long; and probably I shall yet suffer much, and yet suffer long. And be it so, if my sufferings may augment his praise, for I am not my own, but his; chosen, I trust, in Christ Jesus; and surely in this thought I ought to rejoice, even, if chosen also in the furnace of affliction.

"During the past year, I have attained in my solitude a greater discovery of my sinfulness than I had ever made before; but this does not drive me to despair, for I have also been privileged to enjoy fuller and more glorious displays of that scheme which rescues man from sin and woe. I have often long ago admired and adored that infinite love, which induced the Son of God to die, that he might redeem his people from destruction; and I have been enabled to put my trust in him, but never, never until lately, have I seen so much of his beauty as the Mediator between God and man. I knew him as the intercessor. I came to the Father through Christ Jesus;—but the subject came not always home to my heart with such peculiar sweetness, such delightful consolation as I now find."

Although during the greater part of her long illness she appeared to feel a prevailing inclination and desire to depart and to be with Christ, rather than to be restored to health; yet some change in this respect was induced on the decease of her beloved Mother. She then seemed to cherish a desire to continue in life, were it the will of God, in order that she might be the solace of her dear Father, and promote the comfort of his advancing years. This object she had very much at heart. But when at length she felt convinced, by the progress of her disorder, that a recovery was not to be expected, her solicitude subsided; and she expresssed her persuasion, that her continuance in life was not necessary for his comfort; and her confidence, that the God he had served would never forsake him, but be far better to him than daughters, or than sons. From a tender regard to his feelings, she abstained, in general, from speaking explicitly of her anticipated departure, till within a few weeks of her death. At length, however, she expressed her opinion that relations should speak freely to each other on that subject; and on this conviction she proceeded during the short remainder of her continuance in life.

On one occasion she said, "I welcome every symptom—every thing that makes the cottage shake." A medical friend, (whose kind attentions, together with those of her affectionate and assiduous brother, she gratefully felt,) having admitted in conversation with her, that she was weaker than a few days before; she said after his departure, "It was welcome news to me."

On another occasion she said—"I am like a ship at anchor, waiting for a fair wind. I fear to be impatient; but I cannot help saying—O that the wind would rise! I am longing to sail.'

When her weakness was so great that she could not read or hear the scriptures read at any length, she found great comfort in directing her thoughts to some of those glorious promises, of which she had previously arranged a comprehensive selection for her own use, with a particular reference to the circumstances of sickness and of death. She also experienced throughout her illness, and more especially in its latter stages, the benefit arising from that ample store of appropriate hymns which had long been treasured up in her memory. She received much pleasure from those exquisitely touching lines written by the spiritual and holy Cennick, in the anticipation of his own departure.* On one occasion she applied to herself, with much feeling, those words of the patriarch Jacob, on his dying bed—"I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord." "What could I do now," she exclaimed, "if the great concern of religion had been neglected? I could do nothing;—it would be impossible." In reference to that good hope, through grace, with which she was habitually favoured, she said—"What could I do without it? How could I bear my sufferings? But I trust I can say;

"The Gospel bears my spirits up,
  A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation of my hope,
  In oaths, and promises, and blood."

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* Intitled "Nunc Dimittis."

On the 10th of February she intimated a wish that a letter should be written to her brother at Stroud, expressive of her desire to see him once more; and on his arrival she disclosed with great tranquillity and affection, her anticipations and her hopes. She presented to him some little books for the use of his children, as memorials of attachment, accompanying the gift with very kind and appropriate advice, which she wished to be conveyed to them in her name.

About the 15th of February, she remarked, that just five years had elapsed since the commencement of her illness, adding—"It was in February last that my dear Mother went to glory. I hope soon to meet her there."

On the 17th she said, "If any notice is taken of my death, I wish the children of the Sunday Schools (at Fetter Lane) may be addressed." She desired they might be told of the pleasure she had derived from early religion, and the great advantage she had reaped from the hymns taught her by her Mother, even before she could read, and the scriptures she had learned by heart.

During the last six weeks, it was deeply affecting to witness the rapid progress of disease, and the daily increase of debility. The last five weeks were passed entirely on the bed of death. Under extreme weakness and exhaustion, the habitual state of her mind, as she herself expressed it, "was rather peace than joy," adding, that "perhaps there were physical causes to prevent those enjoyments which she had previously experienced." A concern for the best interests of others never forsook her mind. She procured little books which she conceived adapted to the instruction of the young, some of which on her dying bed she put into the hands of her eldest brother's children, with affectionate counsels and encouragements.

Her patience was exemplary. Her confinement to her own room continued (with few exceptions) during the greater part of three years: for so long a period was she almost constantly suffering under distressing nausea, severe head-aches, and other pains which were frequently very acute. Notwithstanding all that she endured, this protracted period of suffering did not to herself appear long. She was throughout submissive and resigned. "God has given me," said she, "a disposition to be content in every state." She said that no words of scripture expressed more fully the character of her experience, than those in the Book of Nahum; "The Lord is good, a strong-hold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him." These, therefore, she wished to be selected as the text of her funeral sermon. She desired that it might be declared, to the glory of God, and for the encouragement of others, that these words were graciously verified during her long and painful illness.

On the morning of the day which preceded her dissolution, she was evidently drawing very near the termination of her earthly course. One of her brothers having repeated those words;—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me;" adding, "Jesus will be with you;"—she replied, with a faint, but tranquil voice—"He *is* with me." Soon afterwards she said—"I am ready;—O that he would send his angels!" During the course of the morning, it seemed for some time to those around her bed, as if she was just about to expire. She herself thought that the eventful moment was well-nigh come, and whispered, "Now you may rejoice." Afterwards, however, the vital energies, though so greatly debilitated, seemed to renew for a time the struggle to detain the spiritual inhabitant, even when expecting and longing to depart.

During the early part of the night her mind sometimes wandered; and she suffered much from indescribable feelings of restlessness, and pain, and apparent suffocation. She said at length—"I cannot breathe—I cannot live—Take me—Take me—Take me—Lord, help me—Lord, help me!" Her expiring prayer was heard in heaven; and so gentle was her dismission from the suffering body, that the anxious eye of fraternal affection could not ascertain the moment of her departure. She entered into rest, as the Sabbath was beginning to dawn. It was on a Sabbath morning that she was born: and it was (as she particularly wished it might be) on a Sabbath morning that she died. Her life was a happy life; and her death was a happy death; and "better was the day of her death than the day of her birth." It was the birth-day of eternal blessedness.

What were the characteristic qualities of her mind and heart, it cannot be difficult to ascertain, after the recital which has now been given. They may be compendiously and correctly described in words suggested, for the most part, by her lamenting but submissive Parent. Her disposition was amiable: her heart was formed for friendship; and her attachment to her relatives was tender and strong. Towards her father and her mother she cherished a spirit of ardent affection, tempered alike with gratitude and with reverence: and when one of her beloved parents was removed to a better world, it seemed as if all the feelings of endearment, before expanded to both, were now concentered on one. Of his unremitted and most soothing tenderness, of the unwearied assiduities of her medical brother, and of the kind attentions of her affectionate cousin, she well knew how to estimate and to acknowledge the value. Her habits of retired devotion, her attachment to the ordinances of the sanctuary, and her spirit of benevolent exertion in the cause of Christ, have been prominently conspicuous in the facts and circumstances now detailed. The language of eulogium it is not for a brother to employ; nor would it accord with the design of the simple narration now presented. Rather let there be traced and acknowledged, in this instance of early piety, the grace and the mercy of God, who alone maketh any to differ from the most wretched and the most vile. To Him who has so often connected his effectual blessing with parental prayer and parental instruction—to Him alone be glory—even to the God who remembereth his covenant, and whose mercy endureth for ever. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

LINES

WRITTEN BY MISS SOPHIA BURDER,

AND PRESENTED TO HER FATHER,

ON THE DAY OF HIS ATTAINING HIS SEVENTIETH YEAR.

My Dear Papa,

I cannot celebrate this happy day
With those who round the social table meet;
And filial gratitude and love display,
By pleasing intercourse and friendship sweet;
Yet, from the solitude of this retreat,
The scene of sickness, lassitude, and pain,
A Father's natal day I join to greet;
And he will kindly hear my feeble strain,
Though on the languid couch, disease my frame enchain.

For though I am a captive here enchained,
I do not love my much-loved Father less
Than they can love, who, free, and unrestrained,
Now, by their presence, filial love express:

Oh no!—and his paternal tenderness,
Since I have been a prisoner here detained,
Has spread within my prison such repose—
For all my sufferings felt so kind a care—
With so much softness sought to soothe my woes—
That (may I speak it?) if I should compare
The grateful love my ardent bosom knows,
I should at once without reserve declare—
Of gratitude, and love, I feel the larger share.

I err, yet only err, as all could err—
Will they forgive the error?—they who know
With what sincerity each might aver—
"I feel of grateful love the liveliest glow?"
They who feel consciously, how much they owe
To that paternal care, whose magic power
Has often charmed away the smart of woe,
Or brightened dark affliction's darkest hour,
With lovely rainbow hues, when clouds remained to lower.

And that fond Parent whose encircling arms
So softly rocked my infancy to rest;
Whose presence chased away the false alarms,
Which fear had fostered in my childish breast;
Whose vigilance, my youthful mind imprest
With the true tale of earth's false syren charms;
Whose love beamed pardon, while I grieved that love,
And, as it beamed forgiveness, gently sought
To melt, convince, and deep relentings move;—
Whose piety, my lisping accents taught,
Which yet retained, are yet with holy pleasure fraught.

That Parent—thinks she, that I can forget
The early kindnesses of early years?
Or an unworthy estimation set
On that solicitude which now appears,
Oft gently glistening through unbidden tears,
And thus increasing my uncancelled debt:—
That Parent! can she think I have forgot
The early kindnesses of years gone by;
Or sympathy with which she views my lot,
While on affliction's languid couch I lie?—
That Parent—that fond mother thinks it not:
But joins with me—with all—to waft on high
Those thoughts of ardent love, which prompt the prayerful sigh:

That he, whose placid, gentle, heavenly mien,
Has made this home the dwelling-place of peace;
And, midst a thousand cares, has careful been,
That sweet domestic bliss should never cease,
May ever find domestic bliss increase!
And 'neath a sky all cloudless—all serene—
Calm as that heaven which fills his tranquil breast,
Calm years of undisturbed enjoyment see,
Blest in that hour his presence renders blest;
Sweet years of social love, and amity;
A little paradise of pleasant rest—
And that fair paradise of pleasure, be
As the fair vestibule to full felicity.

That he, whose large benevolence of mind,
Beyond the little sphere of home extends;
That he, whose zeal, disinterestedly kind,
For human weal, health, life, and labour spends,

That he, whose love to earth's remotest ends,
Would all mankind in sacred union bind—
And to promulge the great Redeemer's name,
Midst savage hordes, and nations well refined,
Rejecting schemes for honour, wealth, or fame,
Concentres all his energies of soul—
The great Redeemer's name may still proclaim,
Until those energies escape control,
And yet expand—and yet—as endless ages roll.

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